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The New
Psalms and Hymns

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Presbyterian Committee of Publication

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The PSALMS AND HYMNS has been compiled and edited by a Committee of The General Assembly, consisting of :—

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Preface

The General Assembly of 1861 appointed a Committee (of which Rev. B. M. Palmer, D.D., LL.D., was made chairman) "to revise and prepare for use of our Church a suitable Hymn-Book." The work of this Committee, as finally reported, was approved by the General Assembly of 1866, and published as the "Psalms and Hymns."

Subsequent General Assemblies commended to the Church, for their use, two other compilations, in musical editions, viz.: "Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs" and "Hymns of the Ages."

Owing to the inadequacy of the "Psalms and Hymns" (of 1866), the only official book of praise, largely because not published in a musical edition adapted to general use, and in order that the Church might have a book of her own, and suited to her needs, in answer to overtures from at least one-third of the presbyteries, the General Assembly of 1898 took the following action:

"1. The Assembly hereby determines to undertake the preparation of a hymn-book that will meet the demands of our Church, the product of her own life and effort.

"2. To carry out this purpose, the following permanent committee is appointed: Rev. J. W. Walden, D.D., Chairman, Rev. E. H. Barnett, D.D., Rev. R. C. Reed, D.D., Rev. W. S. Lacy, D.D., Rev. A. W. Milster, D.D., Rev. W. L. Lowrance, D.D., Major John C. Whitner. This Committee is empowered to go forward in the work at once, with the purpose of having the book ready for use by 1903, when all arrangements for sale of other hymn-books shall have expired."

Before the work of the Committee was well under way, two valuable members died, viz.: Rev. E. H. Barnett, D.D., and Rev. W. S. Lacy, D.D. Their places were filled by Rev. S. L. Morris, D.D., and Rev. T. H. Rice, D.D.

By reason of business arrangement, made by the Executive Committee of Publication, as authorized by the General Assembly, the hindrances to early publication were removed. The Permanent Committee, therefore, proceeded diligently, so as to report their work as early as possible. A full report was made to the General Assembly of 1900, which was substantially approved, and the publication of the book was ordered; but to secure the best results in every way publication was delayed, and a final report of being ready for the press was made to the General Assembly of 1901. This Assembly took the following action:

"We express gratification that this work is now complete, and we earnestly commend it to all of our churches for use."

The Committee was exceedingly fortunate in securing the services of Prof. Joseph Maclean and Prof. John P. Campbell, Ph.D., as Musical Editors. Sincere thanks are expressed, in this public way, for the invaluable and self-denying labor of these gentlemen, wrought in love for the Church and the praise of God.

In the whole work of selecting hymns and tunes, and in their adaptation to each other, the Church was largely consulted, both in the original compilation as reported to the Assembly, and in the subsequent changes made in deference to criticisms and suggestions.

As to the hymns, a sincere effort was made to retain all those belonging to the older body of hymnology, that seemed to be endeared by use to the Church at large, and to select the very best of those that may be classed as new. Under the limitation not to make too large a book, it is apparent that, in both classes of hymns, some had to be omitted which many persons might have selected.

A large number of the versions of Psalms has been distributed through the book, under appropriate classification. An index of these, at the beginning of the book, puts them within as easy reach as if arranged separately, after the old way.

In editing the text of the hymns, the Committee endeavored, as far as possible, to present them as originally written, unless there was good reason for the contrary. In the case of some very familiar hymns it seemed better to retain an altered text, which had endeared itself to the Church by use. In this work, lasting thanks are due to Rev. Louis F. Benson, D.D., Editor of "The Hymnal," for the free use that has been allowed of that excellent book of praise, as also for his personal assistance in verifying the texts of hymns not found in that collection, and in settling many points of authorship and date.

In the selection of tunes, the Committee endeavored to retain every one that is in general use throughout the Church, and many are used because of association rather than musical merit. The greatest care has been taken to keep in mind the varying degrees of musical knowledge and culture likely to exist through the church. In adapting tunes to hymns, old associations have invariably been regarded, wherever they seemed to exist. In many cases where it seemed desirable an alternative tune has been used. By grouping hymns of the same meter, a further choice of tunes on the same page is often given, and in addition there are frequent cross references to tunes in other parts of the book. In looking over the older tunes especially, they are found, in various books, to show considerable variations in harmony. The attempt was here made not so much to get the original version as to get the best one that could be found.

The names given to the tunes are those given by the composers, except in cases where there seemed to be good reason for change. In every case the attempt was made to find for each hymn a tune that brings out its meaning. To this end the tune must not only agree with the hymn in having its accents fall upon the important words, where possible, but the sentiments of both must be in perfect accord. Every care has been taken to exclude tunes that are light,

flippant, and undignified, and to admit only those that are distinctly worthy of being used as a vehicle of praise.

No marks of expression or speed have been used, because it was recognized that these will differ in different places, and that a large congregation will sing more slowly than a smaller one, while the speed will appear to be the same. A wide range of speed is demanded for the proper rendition of the hymns in this book. The German tunes, such as Ein Feste Burg, Passion Chorale, etc., should be sung extremely slowly, and invariably in unison. The older Scotch and English tunes, as Dundee, St. Anne, or Farrant should be sung slightly faster, and these also are generally more effective if sung in unison. Many of them have been transposed lower than they are usually found, to bring them more easily within the range of male voices. The modern English and American tunes are the only ones in the book that should be sung decidedly briskly, and in many of these care should be taken to avoid racing just as much as drawling.

The dates given with the tunes, in nearly every case, indicate the time of first publication rather than of composition. In this part of the work, as well as in settling disputed points as to origin of tunes, the Committee has had the assistance of Mr. James Warrington of Philadelphia, whose thorough knowledge of the subject, and painstaking care constitute a guaranty of the accuracy with which it has been done.

The Committee is under obligation for the free use of copyright tunes to the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work for No. 11; to Bishop John H. Vincent for Nos. 54 and 553; to Bishop William Croswell Doane for No. 84; to Rev. Chas. L. Hutchins for No. 171; to Rev. Lyman Abbott for No. 249, and to Rev. J. S. B. Hodges for No. 552; also for use by purchase to Rev. J. E. Rankin for No. 26; to A. S. Barnes & Co. for Nos. 32 and 430; to Mr. Geo. C. Stebbins for No. 40; to Prof. Horatio W. Parker for No. 53; to the Tucker Hymnal for Nos. 86 and 491; to the Oliver Ditson Co. for Nos. 135 and 670; to Mrs. Chas. W. Rosan, for tunes by the late J. P. Holbrook; to Mr. Wm. G. Fischer for No. 236; to the Biglow and Main Co., for Nos. 239, 346, 347, and 579; to Mr. Charles H. Zundel for No. 323; to Mrs. Robert Lowry for Nos. 398 and 492; to the John Church Co. for Nos. 412 and 601; to Mr. Charles C. Converse for No. 469; and to Mr. S. A. Ward for No. 695.

We have preserved the historic name of the book of praise of the Presbyterian Church in this country, — "Psalms and Hymns."

We present to the Church that which has been wrought by us, in much prayer and joy, hoping by means of our work to swell the volume of worthy praise to our adorable Lord.

On behalf of the Committee,

J. W. WALDEN, Chairman.

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Psalms and Hymns

Psalms and Hymns

WORSHIP

The Beginning of Worship

1 RAPHAEL 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7 — Edward J. Hopkins, 1862

1. In Thy name, O Lord, as - sem- bling, We, Thy peo - ple, now draw near;
Teach us to re - joice with trem- bling, Speak, and let Thy ser - vants hear—
Hear with meek - ness, Hear Thy word with god - ly fear.

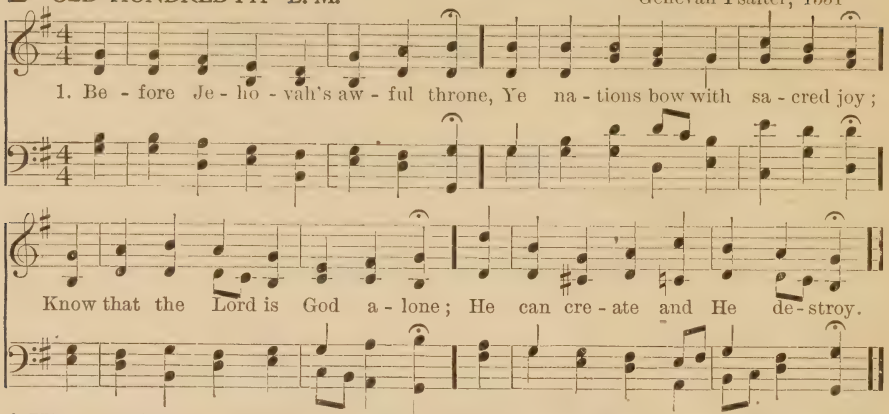
2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before—
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1815

2 OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Genevan Psalter, 1551



2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

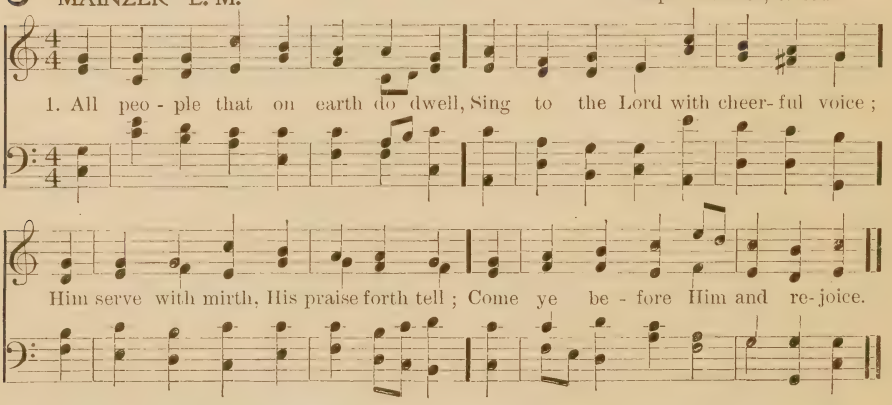
4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1706, 1719; Verse 1, ll. 1, 2, alt. Rev. John Wesley

3 MAINZER L. M.

Joseph Mainzer, c. 1840



2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

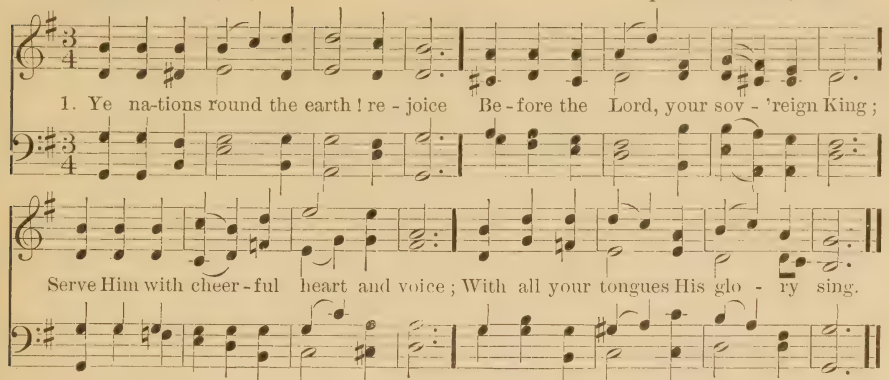
3 O enter then His gates with praise;
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Rev. William Kethe, 1561

4 ROSE HILL L. M.

Joseph E. Sweetser, 1849



2 The Lord is God; 'tis He alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are His work, and not our own;
The sheep that on His pastures live.

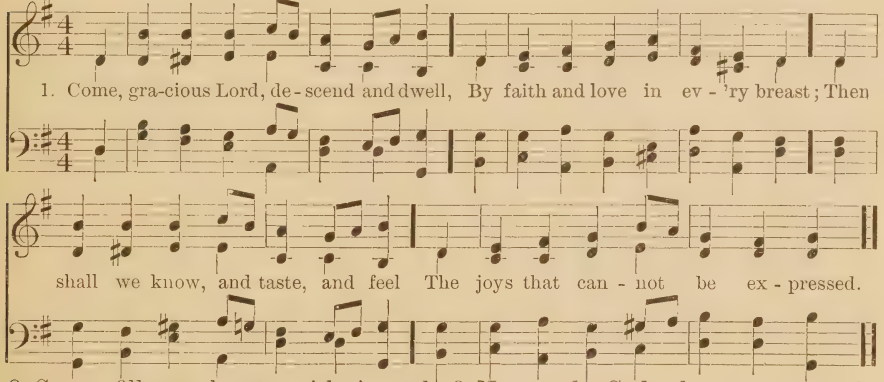
3 Enter His gates with songs of joy;
With praises to His courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is His grace, His mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

5 CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. from Robert Schumann



2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth and length
Of Thine immeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ His Son.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

6 L. M.

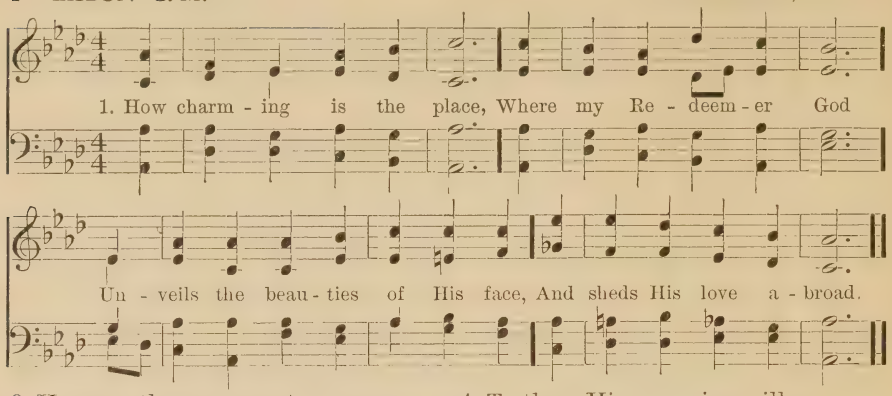
1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall set and rise no more.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

7 LISBON S. M.

Daniel Read, 1785



2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.

3 To Him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

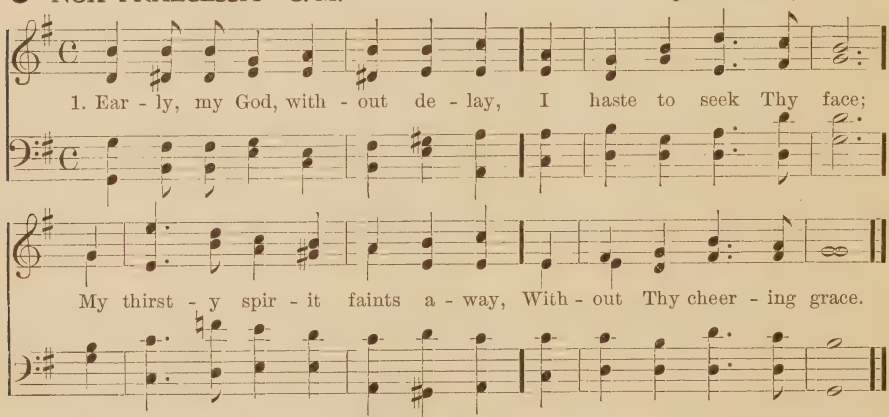
4 To them His sovereign will
He graciously imparts,
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

5 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blest abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1787

8 NOX PRAECESSIT C. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1875



(*Or to Lanesboro, No.* 68)

2 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
Through all Thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

3 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when Thy richer grace I taste,
And in Thy presence dwell.

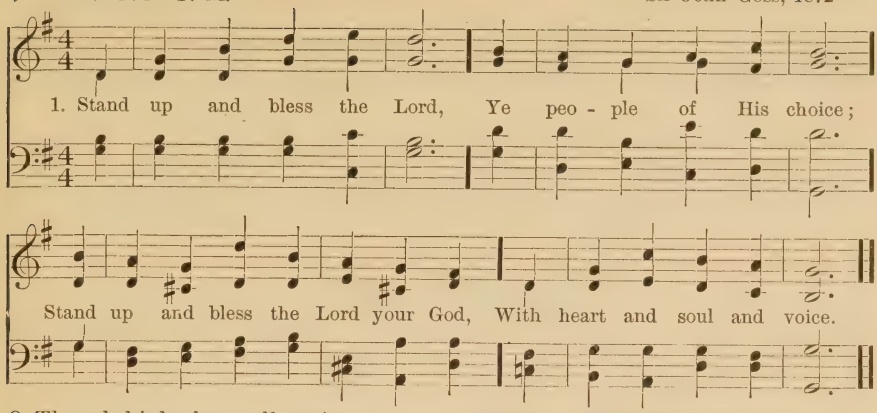
4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.

5 Thus till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

9 ADVENT S. M.

Sir John Goss, 1872



2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

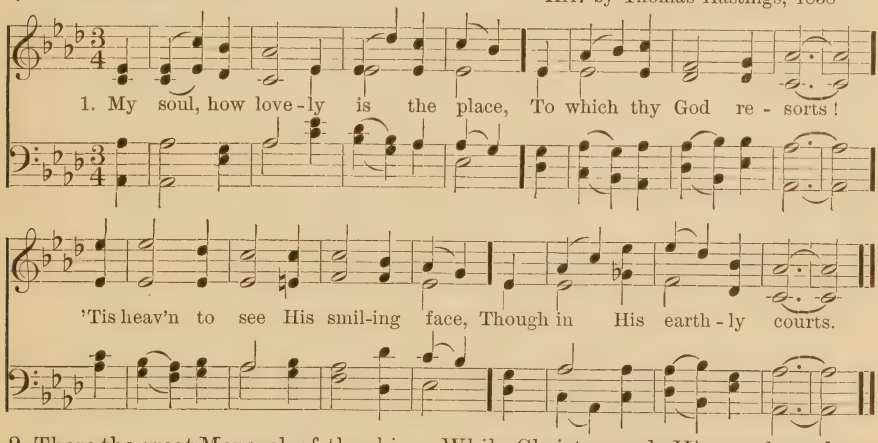
4 God is our Strength and Song,
And His salvation ours:
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

James Montgomery, 1824

10 MONSON C. M.

S. R. Brown
Arr. by Thomas Hastings, 1838



2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With His rich gifts, the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place;
While Christ reveals His wondrous love,
And sheds abroad His grace.

4 There, mighty God, Thy words declare
The secrets of Thy will;
And still we seek Thy mercy there,
And sing Thy praises still.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

11 MANT 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Irvin J. Morgan, 1905

1. Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed, Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim
Filled His tem - ple, and re - peat - ed Each to each the al - ter - nate hymn:
"Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with its ful - ness stored;
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord!"

(*Or to Faben, No.* 515)

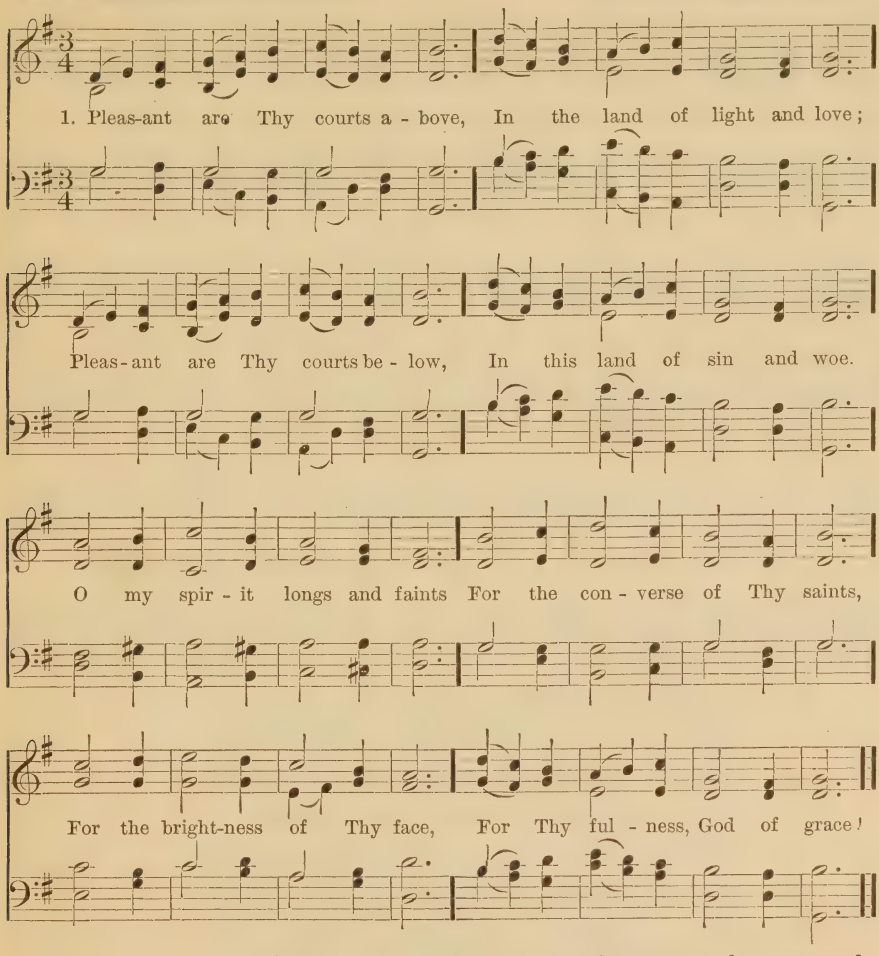
2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord Most High."
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!"
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
We adopt Thine angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord of hosts Most High.

Bishop Richard Mant, 1837

12 MAIDSTONE 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Walter B. Gilbert, 1863



2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heav'nly Father's breast!
Like the wand'ring dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.

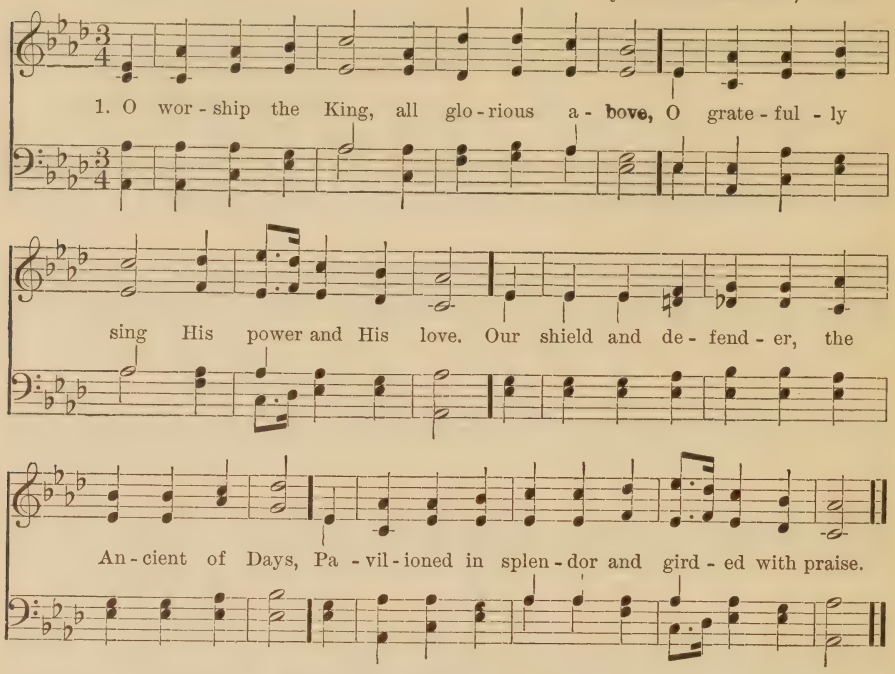
3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

13 LYONS 10. 10. 11. 11

Arr. from Haydn
By William Gardiner, 1815



2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace!
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail.
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant, 1833

14 HOSANNA L. M., with Refrain

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1865

1. Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to th'In - car - nate Word!

To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Sav - iour, King, Let earth, let heav'n, Ho - san - na sing!

Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - est!

2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

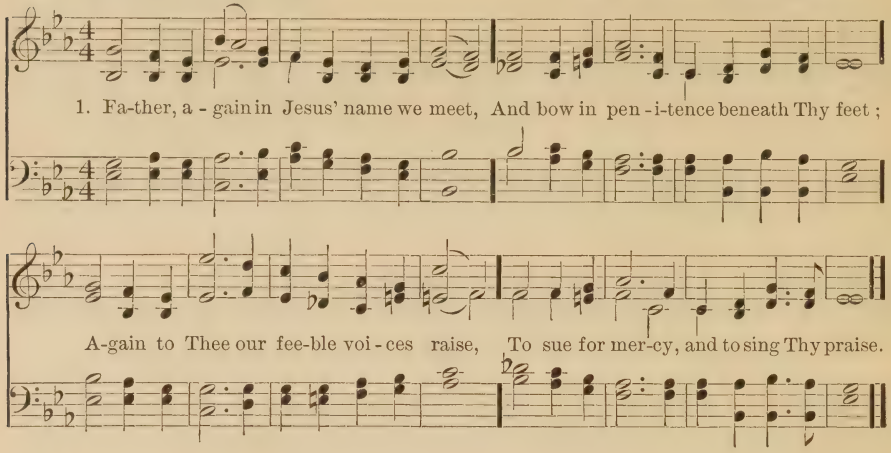
4 But, chiefest, in our cleanséd breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple, pure, and worthy Thee!
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1811

15 RAYNOLDS 10. 10. 10. 10

Arr. from Felix Mendelssohn



2 O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy work from day to day declare!
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?

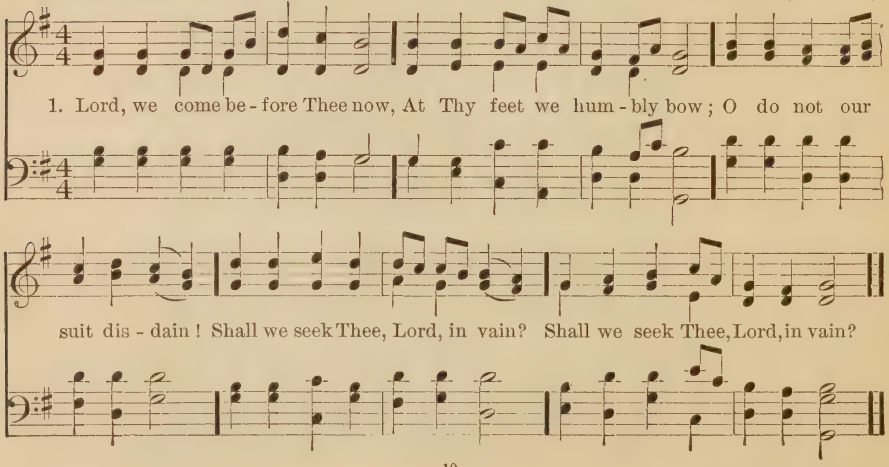
3 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.

4 O by that name in which all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in!

Lucy E. G. Whitmore, 1824

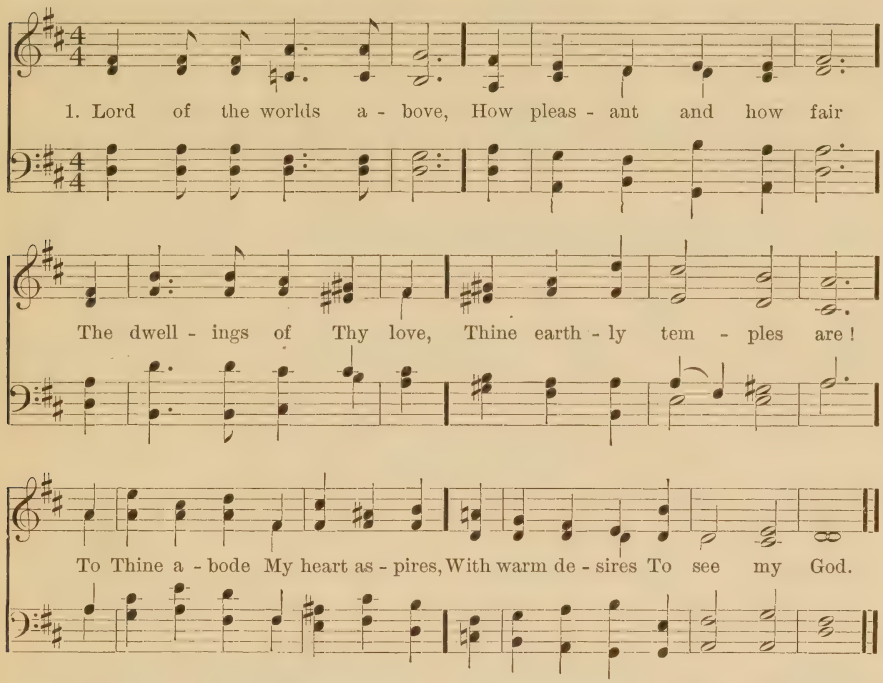
HENDON 7. 7. 7. 7

Rev. H. A. Caesar Malan, 1827



16 VIA PACIS 6. 6. 6. 6. 4. 4. 4. 4

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1889



2 O happy souls who pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
Who love the way
To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

17 HENDON 7. 7. 7. 7

1 Lord, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee; here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

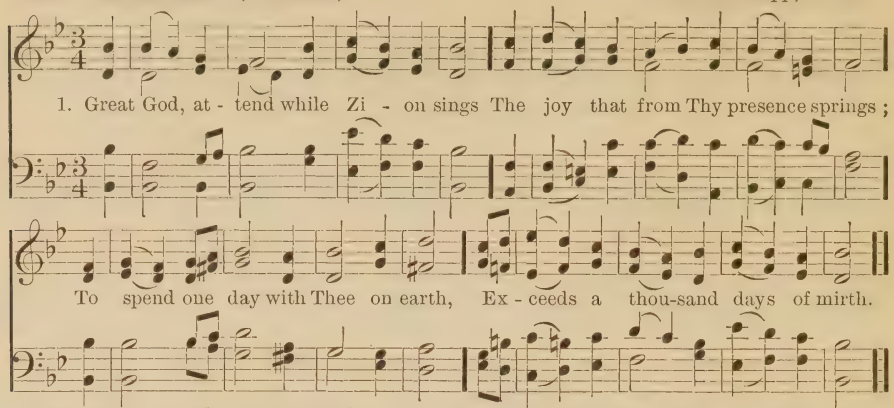
4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

Rev. William Hammond, 1745

18 WAREHAM (All Saints) L. M.

William Knapp, 1738



2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.

3 God is our Sun, He makes our day;
God is our Shield, He guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

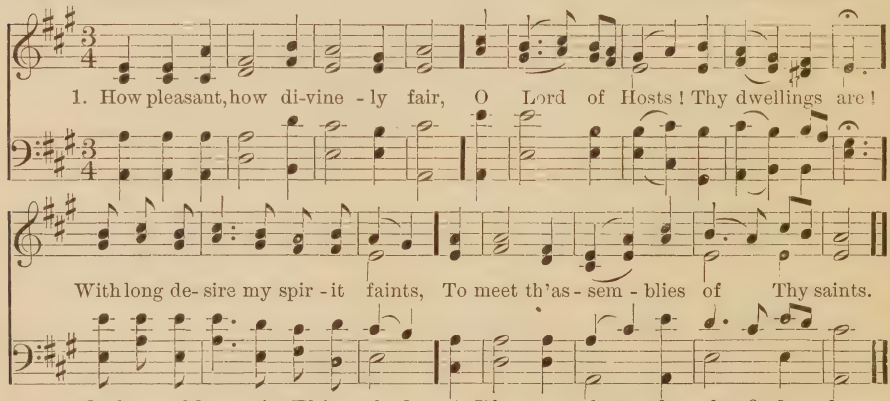
4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at Thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

19 MIGDOL L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1841



2 My flesh would rest in Thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys, and Thee?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around Thy throne above the sky;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

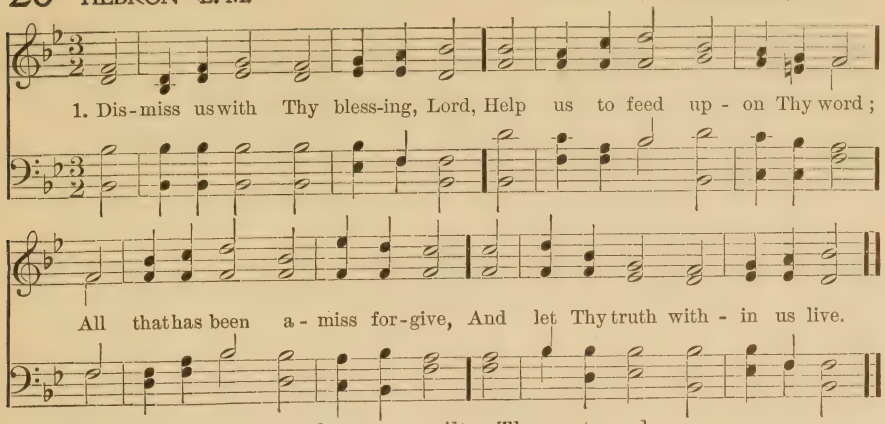
4 Blest are the souls, who find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

20 HEBRON L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830



2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood:
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

Rev. Joseph Hart, 1762

21 L. M.

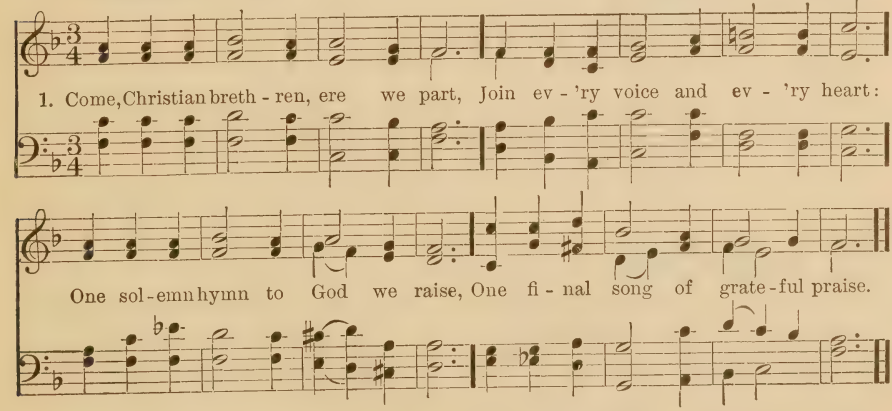
1 Almighty Father, bless the word
Which through Thy grace we now have heard;
O may the precious seed take root,
Spring up and bear abundant fruit.

2 We praise Thee for the means of grace
Thus in Thy courts to seek Thy face;
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here,
May all at last in heaven appear.

Anon, 1823

22 HOLBORN L. M.

Old Melody
Arr. by Rev. C. Elven

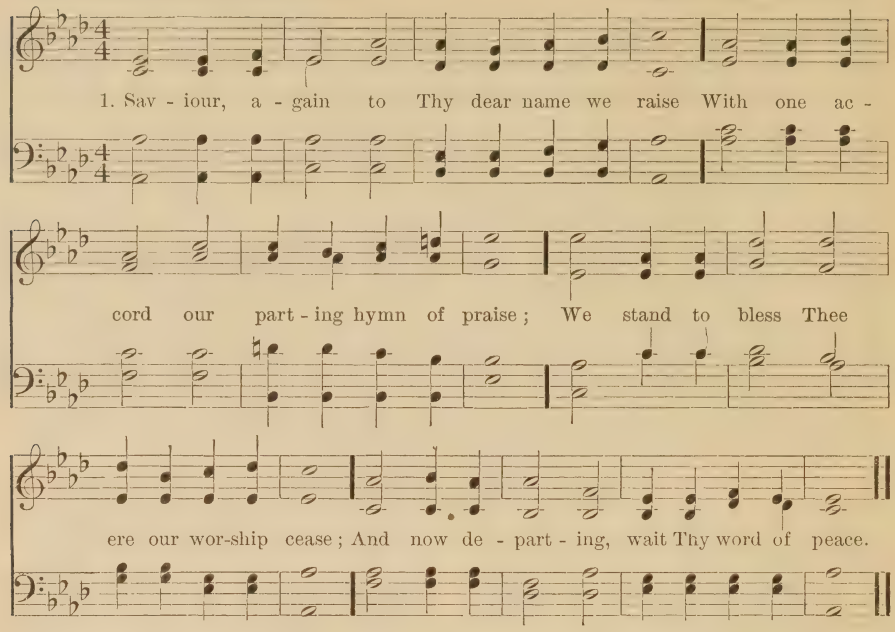


2 Christians, we here may meet no more;
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

Henry Kirke White, pub. 1812

23 ELLERTON 10. 10. 10. 10

Edward J. Hopkins, 1869



2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day:
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1866

24 MANOAH C. M.

1 Almighty God, Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
O may it grow in humble hearts,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in praying souls
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But may it, in converted minds,
Produce the fruits of joy.

4 Let not Thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to Thy throne,
Return to Thee, and sadly tell
That we reject Thy Son.

Rev. John Cawood, 1816

25 BENEDICTION 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7

Arthur H. Mann, 1879

1. God of our sal - va - tion! hear us; Bless, O bless us,
ere - we go; When we join the world, be near us, Lest we cold and
care - less grow. Sav - iour! keep us, Keep us safe from ev - 'ry foe.

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our everlasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May Thy presence cheer the gloom.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1820

MANOAH C. M.

Arr. by George Holden, 1840
from Rossini (1792–1868)

1. Al - might - y God, Thy word is cast Like seed in - to the ground;
O may it grow in hum - ble hearts, And right-eous fruits a - bound.

26 GOD BE WITH YOU 9. 8. 8. 9. with Refrain

William G. Tomer, 1882

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
With His sheep se-cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,
Till we meet, . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

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2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still divide you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meeet again.
Till we meet, etc.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.

Rev. Jeremiah E. Rankin, 1882

27 ETON COLLEGE 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1889

1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let us each Thy love pos - sess - ing Tri - umph in re - deem-ing grace
O re - fresh us, Trav - 'ling thro' this wil - der - ness.

(*Or to Greenville, No.* 253)

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found!

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ready
Rise, and reign in endless day.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1773

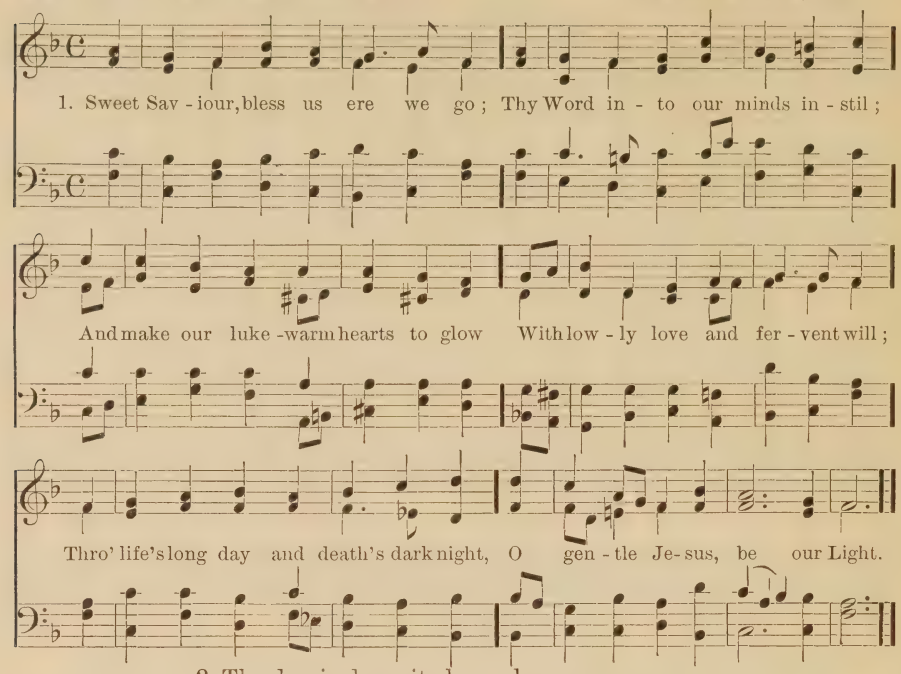
SICILY 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7 (*Second Tune*)

Tattersall's Psalmody, 1794

1. { Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
{ Let us each Thy love pos - sess - ing Tri-umph in re - deem - ing grace.
O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav-'ling thro' this wil - der-ness.

28 MATTHIAS L. M. with Refrain

William H. Monk, 1861



2 The day is done, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

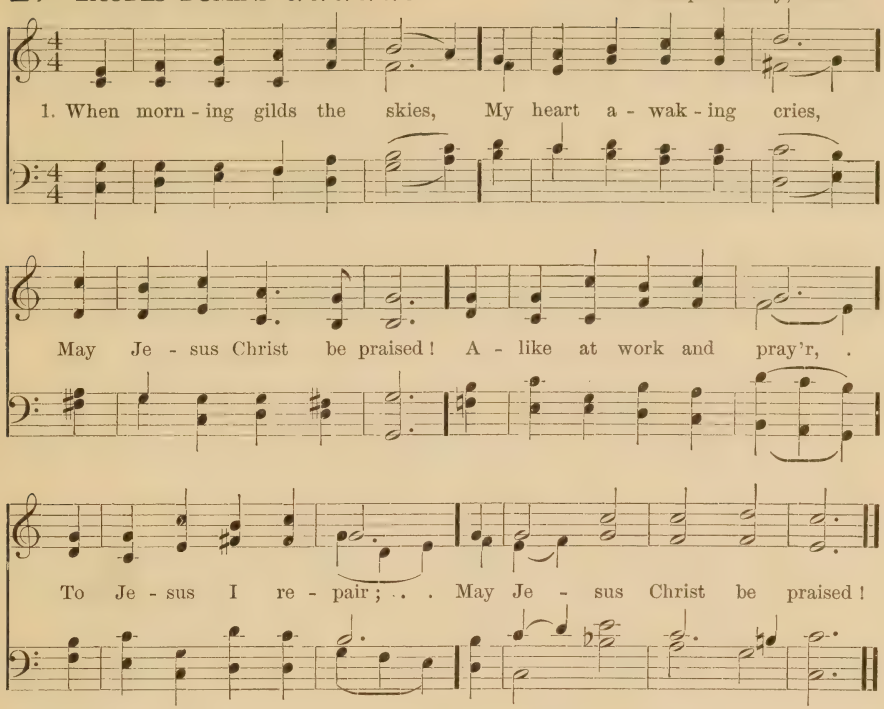
4 Do more than pardon, give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be with Thee.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1849

29 LAUDES DOMINI 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1868



2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell
May Jesus Christ be praised!
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 Does sadness fill my mind,
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss,
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

6 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

7 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

8 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

German, 1828; Tr. E. Caswall, 1854

30 RATISBON 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7

Werner's Choralbuch, 1815

1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light,
Sun of Right-eous - ness, a - rise, Tri-umph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near, Day - star, in my heart ap - pear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Rev. Chas. Wesley, 1740

31 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7

1 Ev'ry morning, mercies new
Fall as fresh as morning dew;
Ev'ry morning let us pay
Tribute with the early day;
For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure,
Thy compassion doth endure.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought, to those who pray,
Strength to stand in evil day.

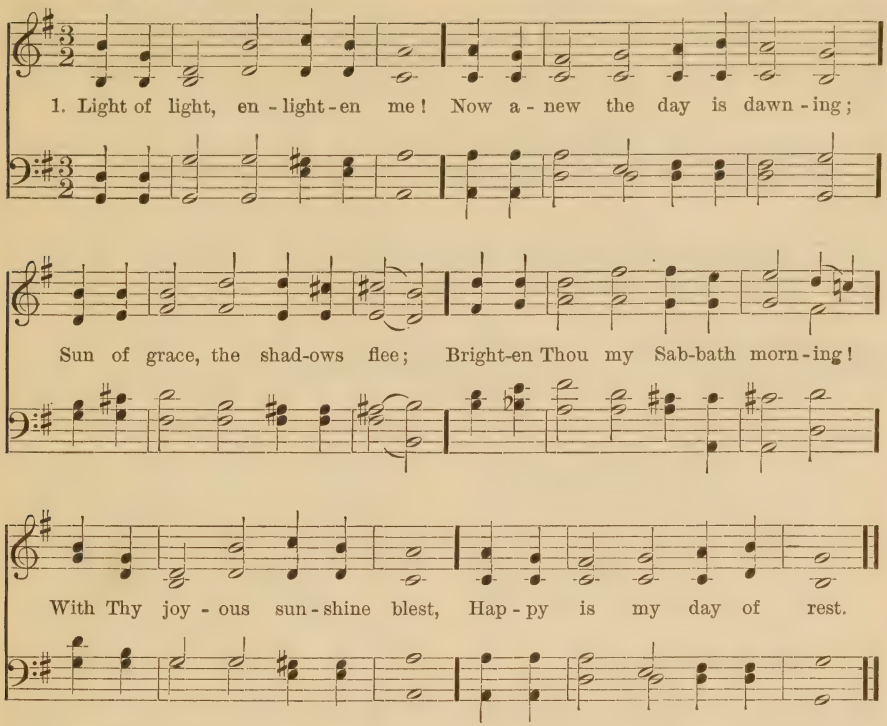
3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Every morning for the strife,
Feed us with the Bread of Life.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever blessed Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

Rev. Greville Phillimore, 1863;

32 HINCHMAN 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1869



2 Fount of all our joy and peace,
To Thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bless Thy word that it may prove
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire may in me glow
That Thine altar doth not know.

4 Let me with my heart today,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to Thee up-springing,
Have a foretaste inly given,
How they worship Thee in heaven.

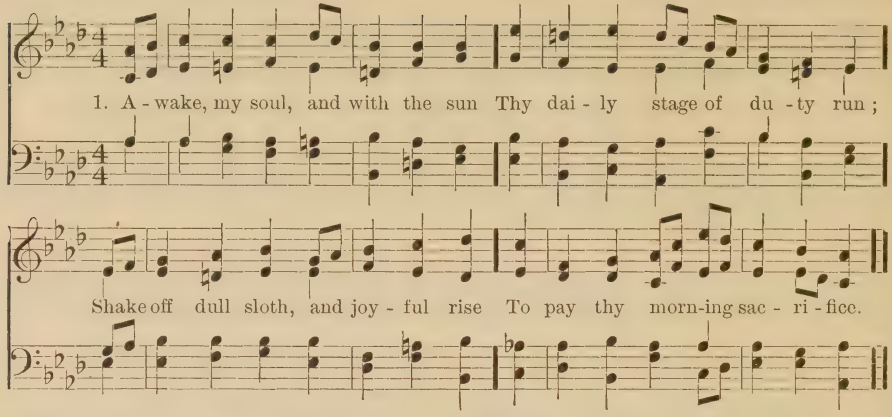
5 Rest in me and I in Thee,
Build a paradise within me;
O reveal Thyself to me,
Blessed Love, who died'st to win me;
Fed from Thine exhaustless urn,
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

6 Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy:
Come, Thou glorious majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Naught today my soul shall move,
Simply resting in Thy love.

Rev. Benjamin Schmolck, 1714
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

33 MORNING HYMN L. M.

François H. Barthélémon, 1791



2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 All praise to Thee, who safe has kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

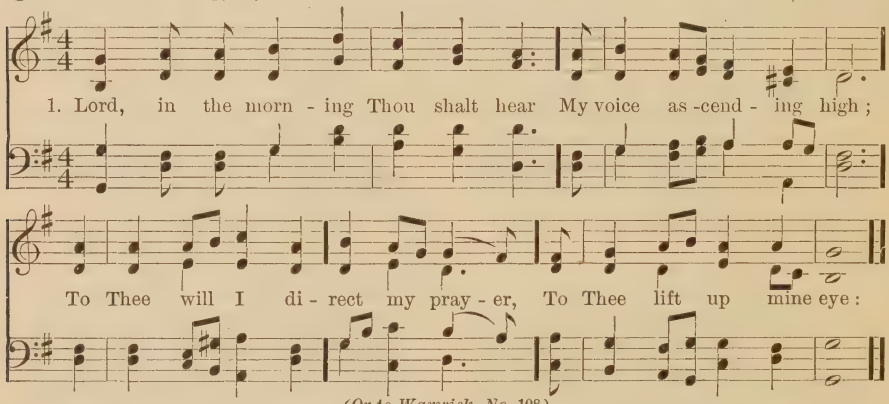
4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

5 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1695 (text of 1709)

34 DEDHAM C. M.

William Gardiner, 1812



(*Or to Warwick, No.* 108)

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

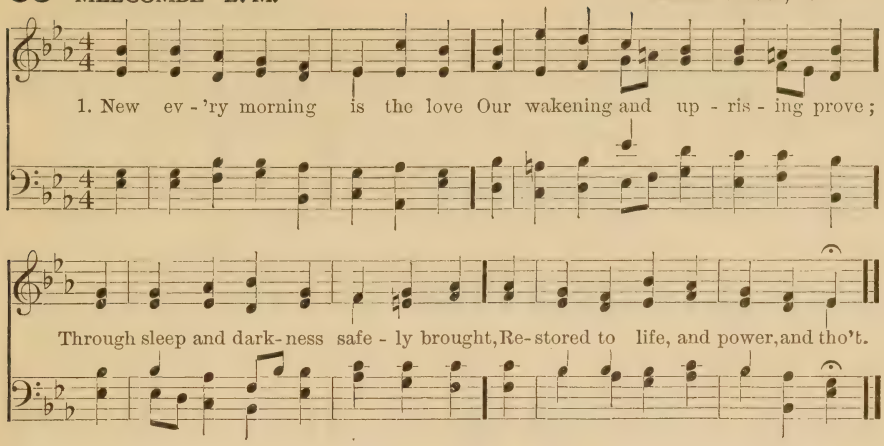
4 But to Thy house will I resort
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

35 MELCOMBE L. M.

Samuel Webbe, 1782



2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

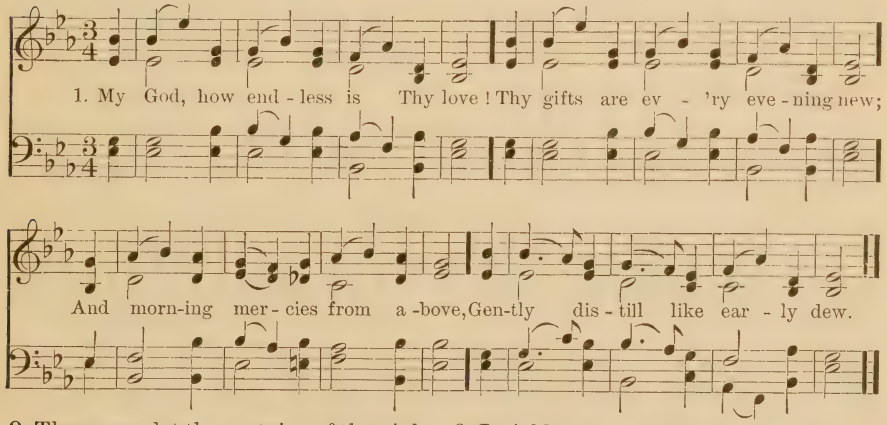
4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask —
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

Rev. John Keble, 1822

36 GRATITUDE L. M.

Arr. from Ami Bost
by Thomas Hastings, 1838



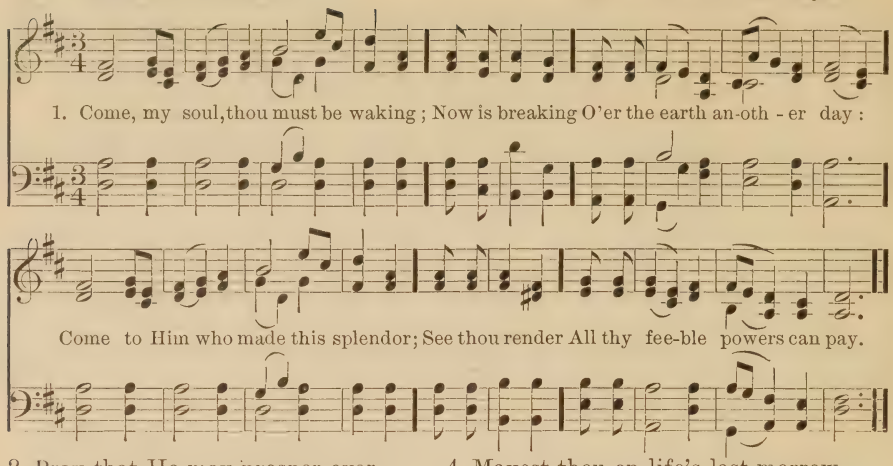
2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

37 HAYDN 8.4.7.8.4.7

Arr. from Franz Josef Haydn



2 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
Every stain of shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

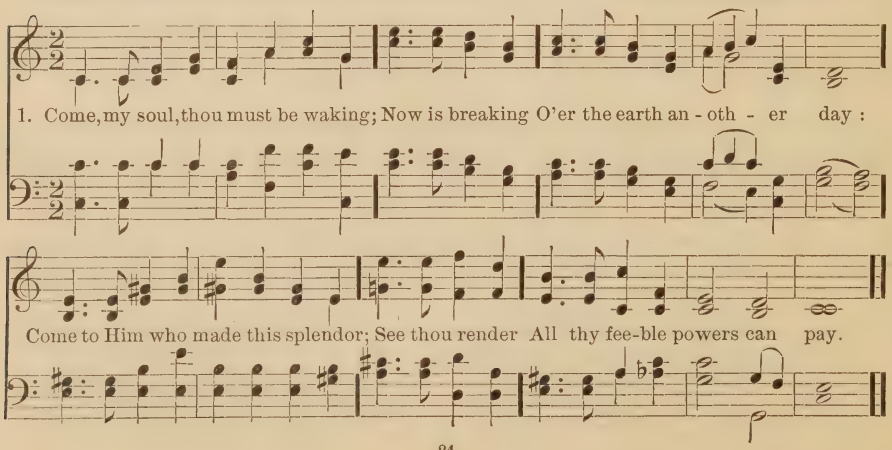
4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light unfolding
All things in unclouded day.

F. R. L. von Canitz, pub. 1700
Tr. Rev. Henry J. Buckoll, 1841; Verse 5, alt.

LUX PRIMA 8.4.7.8.4.7

Sir John Stainer, 1872



38 LEONARD C. M. D.

Henry Hiles, 1868

1. The shad - ows of the eve - ning hours Fall from the dark - 'ning sky ;
Up - on the fra - grance of the flow'rs The dews of eve - ning lie.
Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day ;
Look on Thy chil - dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls ;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

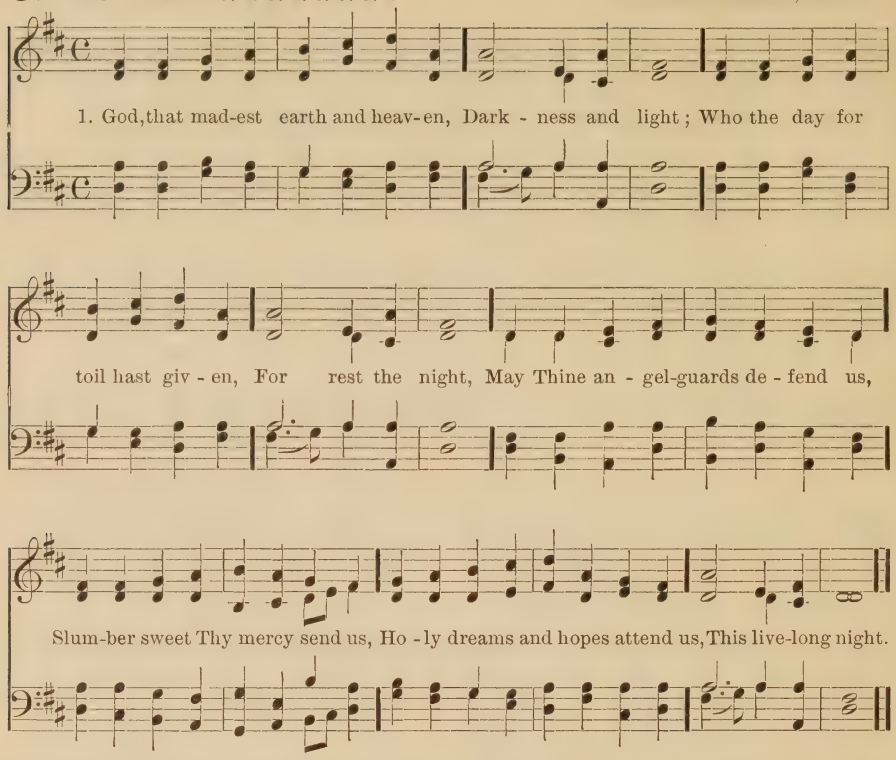
3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade :
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine :
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend ;
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend.
Give us a respite from our toil ;
Calm and subdue our woes ;
Through the long day we labor, Lord,
O give us now repose.

Adelaide Anne Procter, 1858

39 NUTFIELD 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8. 8. 4

William H. Monk, 1861



2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:

When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

Verse 1 Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827
Verse 2 Archbishop Richard Whateley, 1860

40 EVENING PRAYER 8. 7. 8. 7

1 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly;
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

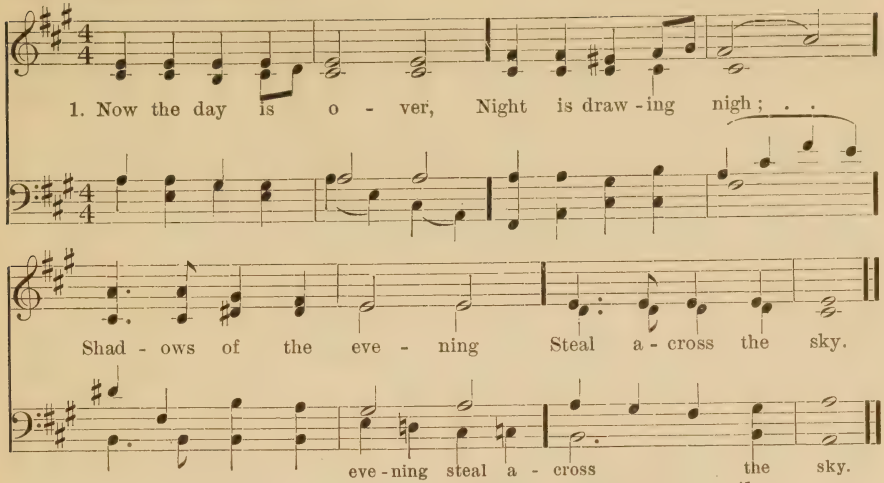
3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston, 1820

41 TWILIGHT 6. 5. 6. 5

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869



2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

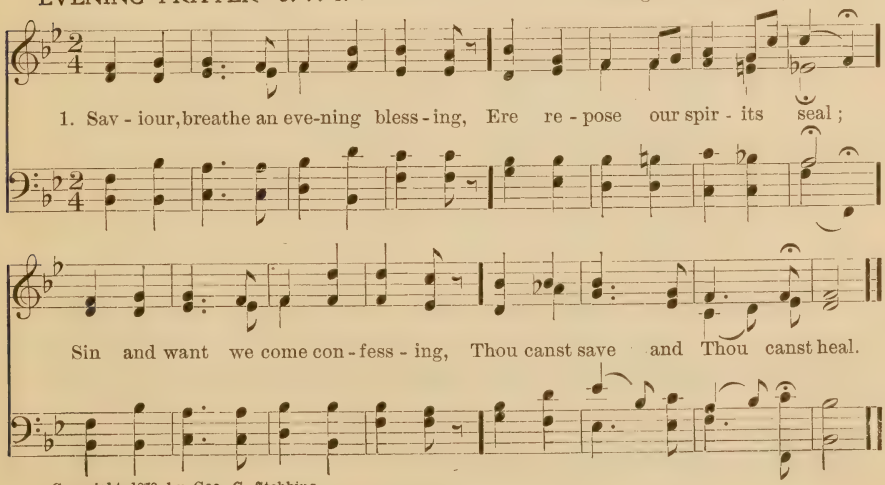
5 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

EVENING PRAYER 8. 7. 8. 7

George C. Stebbins, 1878



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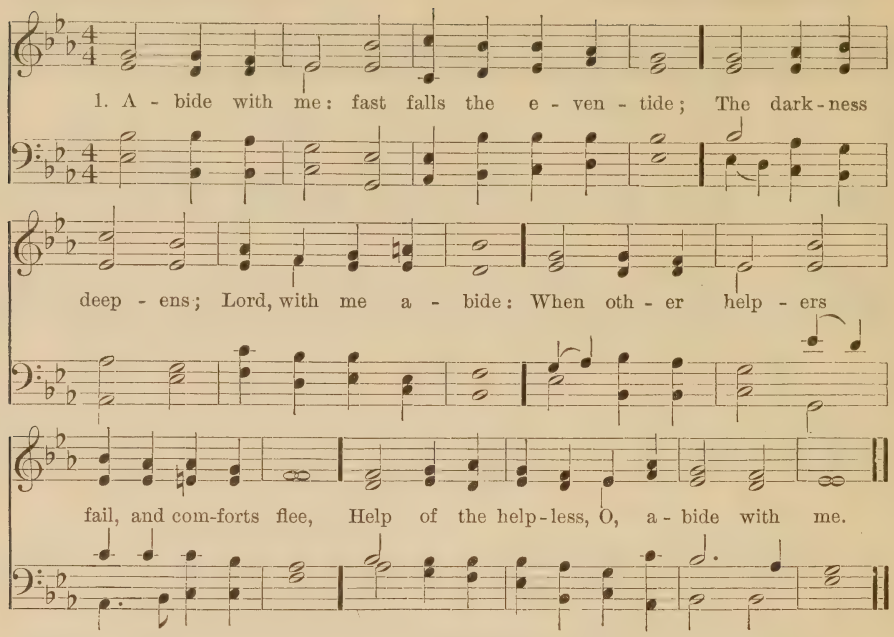
42 EVENTIDE 10. 10. 10. 10

William H. Monk, 1861



2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

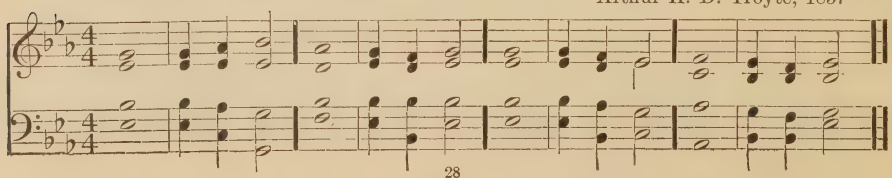
4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee—
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1847

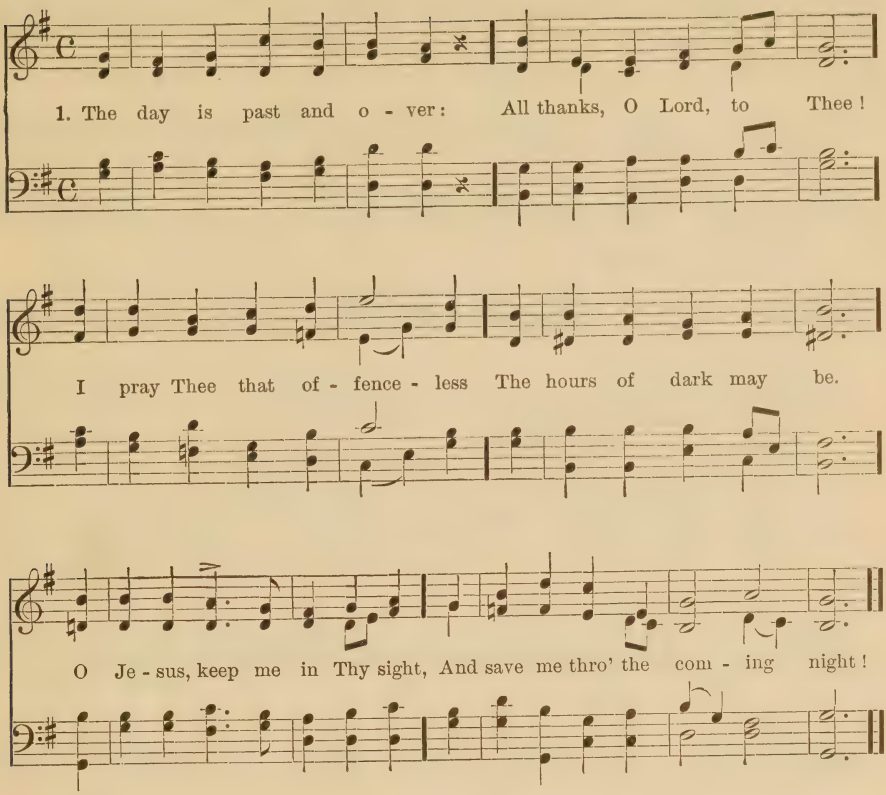
TROYTE, No. 1 (Chant) (*Second Tune*)

Arthur H. D. Troyte, 1857



43 ANATOLIUS 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862



2 The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee;
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me thro' the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry
"He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night."

5 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1853, 1862
Cento from early Greek Service Book

44 BROWN C. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1844

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - 'ry cum - b'ring care,
And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful pray'r.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect does my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Phoebe H. Browne, 1818; Alt. in Village Hymns, 1824

45 TALLIS'S CANON L. M.

Thomas Tallis, 1560

1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be - neath Thine own al-might - y wings.

* At this note the Tenor takes up the melody of the Soprano.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close —
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly tho't's supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 O when shall I, in endless day,
Forever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1695 (text of 1709)

TALLIS'S EVENING HYMN L. M. (*Second Tune*)

Alt. from Thomas Tallis, 1560

All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light:

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thine own Al - might - y wings.

46 HURSLEY L.M.

Arr. by William H. Monk, 1861

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if thou be near;

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned today the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep tonight,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Rev. John Keble, 1820

47 NIGHTFALL 11. 11. 11. 5

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1872

1. Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing;
The light and dark - ness are of His dis - pos - ing, And 'neath His
Slower.
shad - ow here to rest we yield us, For He will shield us.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing,
Thy praise pursuing.

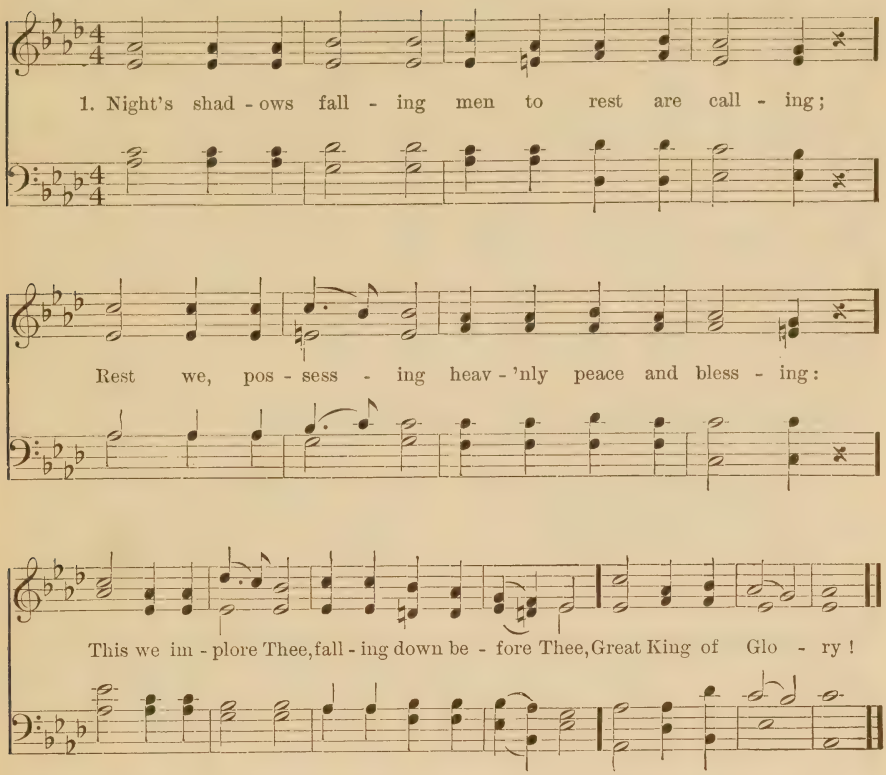
4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
But Thy dear presence will not leave them lonely,
Who seek Thee only.

5 Father, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

Bohemian Brethren, 1530; Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858, abr.

48 INTEGER 11. 11. 11. 5

Arr. from Friedrich F. Flemming



2 O Saviour, hear us! Son of God, be near us!
Thine angels send us; let Thy love attend us:
He nothing feareth, whom Thy presence cheereth,
Light his path cleareth.

3 Be near, relieving all who now are grieving;
Thy visitation be our consolation:
O hear the sighing of the faint and dying;
Lord, hear our crying!

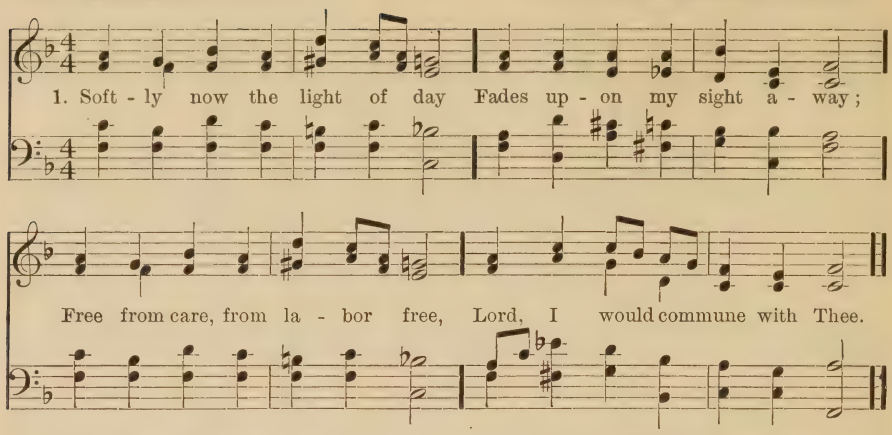
4 Thou ever livest; endless life Thou givest;
Thou watch art keeping o'er Thy faithful sleeping
In Thy clear shining they are now reclining,
All care resigning.

5 O Lord of Glory, praise we and adore Thee —
Thee for us given, our true Rest from heaven!
Rest, peace, and blessing, we are now possessing,
Thy name confessing.

Rev. Arthur T. Russell, 1851

49 SEYMOUR 7.7.7.7

Arr. from Carl Maria von Weber



2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

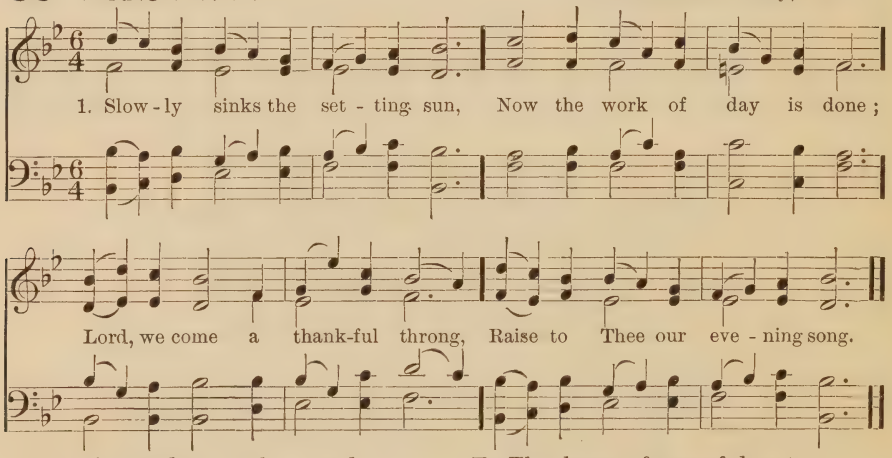
3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity,
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Bishop George W. Doane, 1827

50 VERNON 7.7.7.7

Rev. William S. Lacy, 1891



2 For Thy tender care bestowed,
For Thy pardoning blood which flowed;
For Thy love that crowns our days,
Lord, accept our grateful praise.

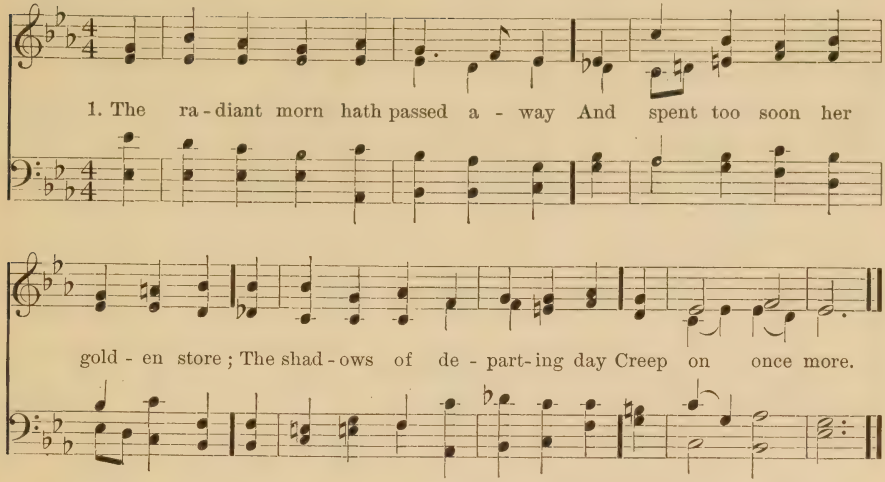
3 And when sets life's weary sun,
When the toil of earth is done,
To Thy home of peaceful rest,
Lord, receive us, ever blest.

4 For the robe, the palm, the blood,
May we always praise our God,
And with all the ransomed throng,
Swell high heaven's triumphant song.

Rev. William S. Lacy, 1891

51 GABRIEL 8. 8. 8. 4

Rev. Sir Frederick A. G. Ouseley, 1868



2 Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, Thou living way,
Safe home at last.

3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

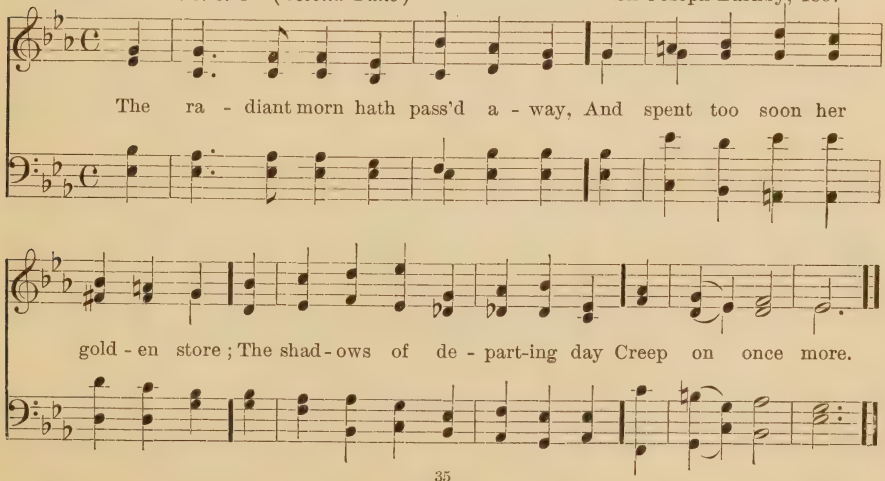
4 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1864

SUNSET 8. 8. 8. 4 (*Second Tune*)

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1887



52 HOLLY SPRINGS 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7

Joseph Maclean, 1899

1. Thro' the day Thy love has spared us; Now we lay us down to rest,
Thro' the si - lent watch - es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest;
Je - sus! Thou our Guard - ian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose,
And when life's brief day is past
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

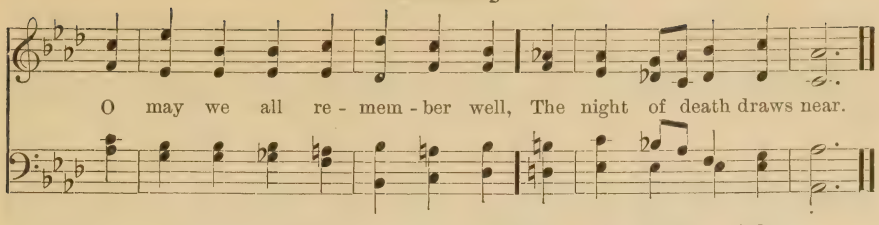
3 Triune God, let all adore Thee,
Saints on earth, and saints in heaven;
Every creature bow before Thee,
Who hast all their being given;
Who dost seek and save the lost;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1806

53 GARDEN CITY S. M.

Horatio W. Parker, 1890

1. The day is past and gone, The eve - ning shades ap - pear;



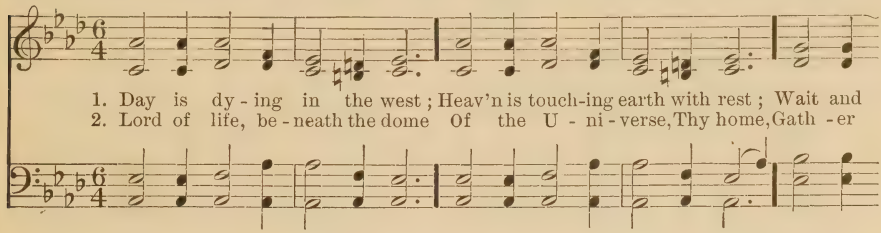
2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possest.

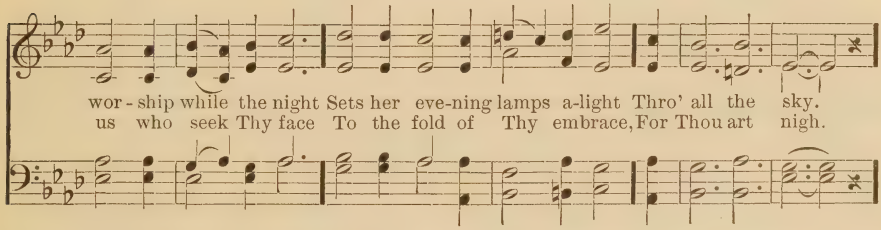
3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

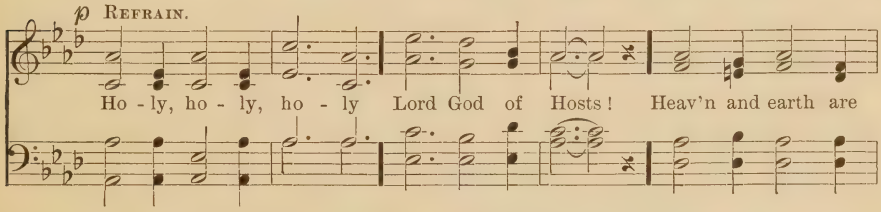
Rev. John Leland, 1792, Ab.

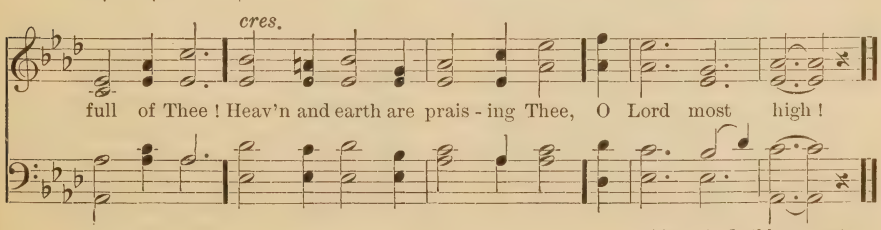
54 CHAUTAUQUA 7. 7. 7. 7. 4. with Refrain

William F. Sherwin, 1877









Mary A. Lathbury, 1880

55 SOUTHWELL C. M.

Herbert S. Irons, 1861

1. Now from the al - tar of my heart Let in-cense-flames a - rise.
As - sist me, Lord, to of - fer up Mine eve - ning sac - ri - fice.

(*Or to Belmont, No.* 69)

2 Awake, my love! awake, my joy!
Awake, my heart and tongue!
Sleep not: when mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a song.

3 This day God was my Sun and Shield,
My Keeper and my Guide;
His care was on my frailty shown,
His mercies multiplied.

4 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day:
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

5 New time, new favor, and new joys
Do a new song require:
Till I shall praise Thee as I would,
Accept my heart's desire.

6 Lord of my time, whose hand hath set
New time upon my score,
Then shall I praise for all my time,
When time shall be no more.

Rev. John Mason, 1683

56 HEBRON L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow'r pro - longs my days;
And ev-'ry eve - ning shall make known Some fresh me - mo - rial of His grace.

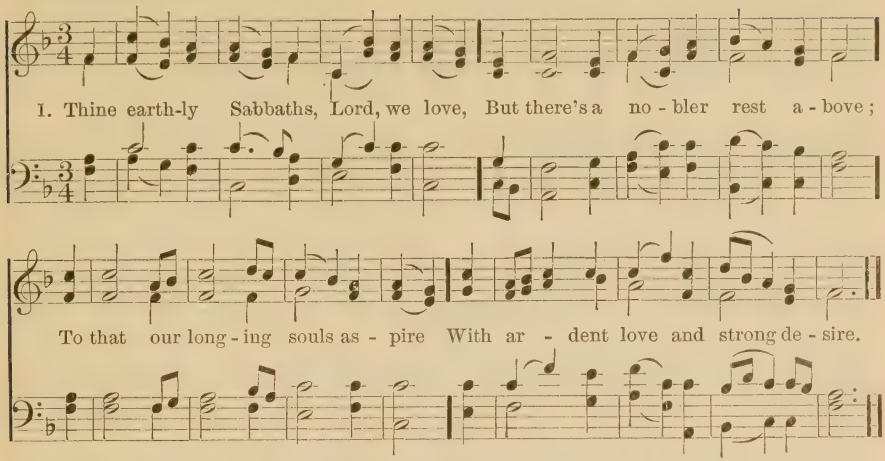
2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

57 EFFINGHAM L.M.



2 In Thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

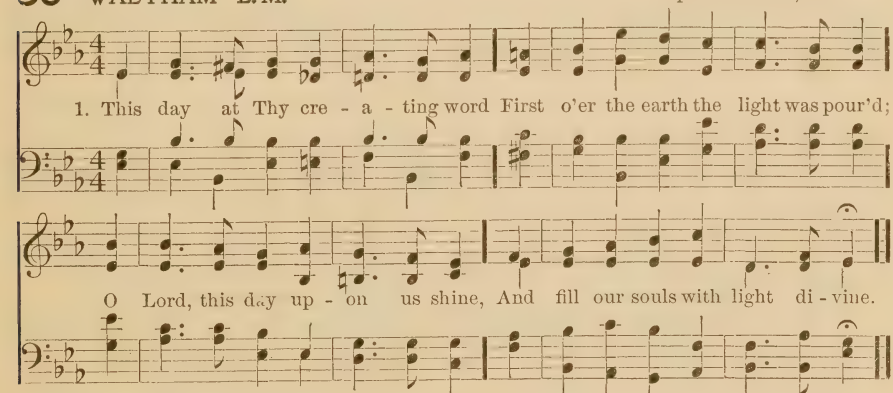
3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long expected day, begin;
Dawn on this world of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, and rest in God.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1737

58 WALTHAM L.M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872



2 This day the Lord for sinners slain
In might victorious rose again:
O Jesus, may we raised be
From death of sin, to life in Thee.

3 This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven-flame:
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

4 O day of Light, and Life, and Grace,
From earthly toils sweet resting-place,
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,
Give we again to God above!

5 All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore
Forever and for evermore.

Bishop William W. How, 1854, 1871

59 SABBATH 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7

Lowell Mason, 1836

1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day:
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest,
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconcilèd face,
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

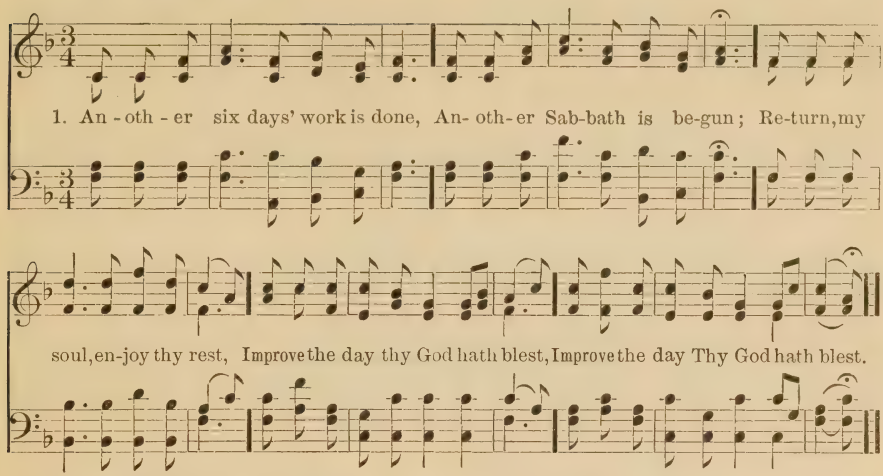
3 Here we're come Thy name to praise;
May we feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Such let all our Sabbaths prove
Till we join the Church above.

Rev. John Newton, 774

60 ANVERN L. M.

German Melody
Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1840



2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows!

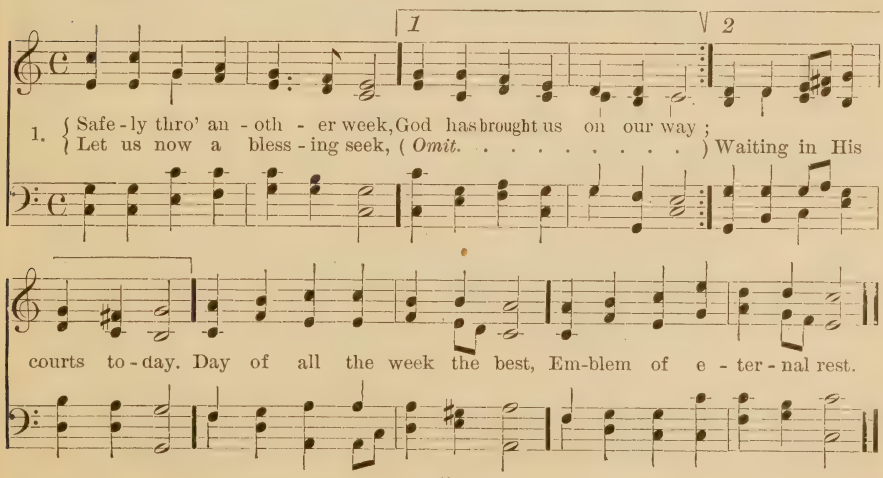
3 That heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains.
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

Rev. Joseph Stennett, 1732

TEMPLE 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7 (*Second Tune*)

Genevan Hymnal, 1860



61 REED 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8

John P. Campbell, 1899

1. Welcome, delight-ful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest! I hail thy kind re-turn,
Lord, make these moments blest; From the low train of mortal toys I soar to reach immortal joys.

* The small notes and slurs are for the third verse only.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

"Hayward" in Dobell's Selections, 1806

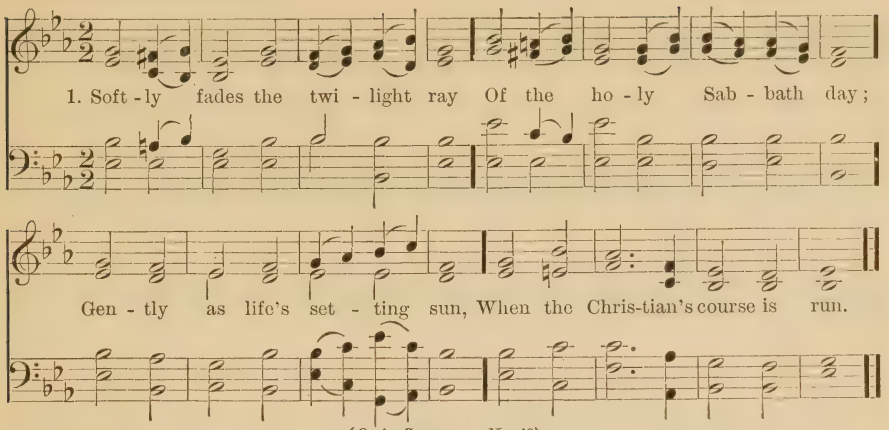
LISCHER 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8 (*Second Tune*)

Arr. from Friedrich J. C. Schneider, by Lowell Mason, 1841

1. { Welcome, delightful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest! / I hail thy kind return, Lord, make these moments blest; } From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach im - mor-tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.
I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.

62 HOLLEY 7. 7. 7. 7

George Hews, 1835



(*Or to Seymour, No.* 49)

2 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God;
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

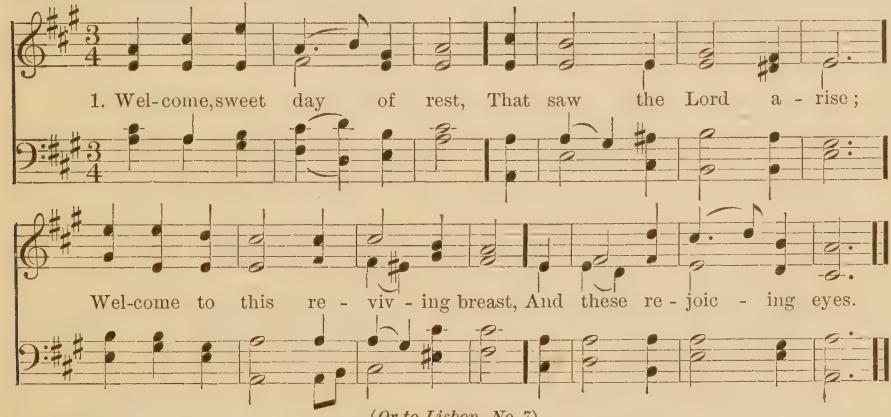
3 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

4 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in Thee!
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1832

63 BANKFIELD S. M.

Rev. Ralph Harrison, 1784



(*Or to Lisbon, No.* 7)

2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints today;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love and praise and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

64 ROTTERDAM 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Berthold Tours, 1875

1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright; On thee the high and low - ly, Thro' a - ges joined in tune, Sing Ho- ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly, To the great God Tri-une.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

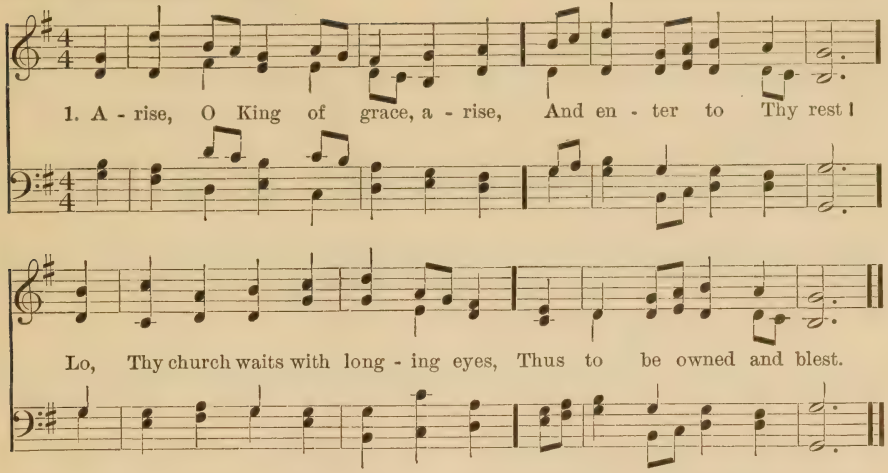
4 Today on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls:
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

65 STEPHENS C. M.

Rev. William Jones, 1789



2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

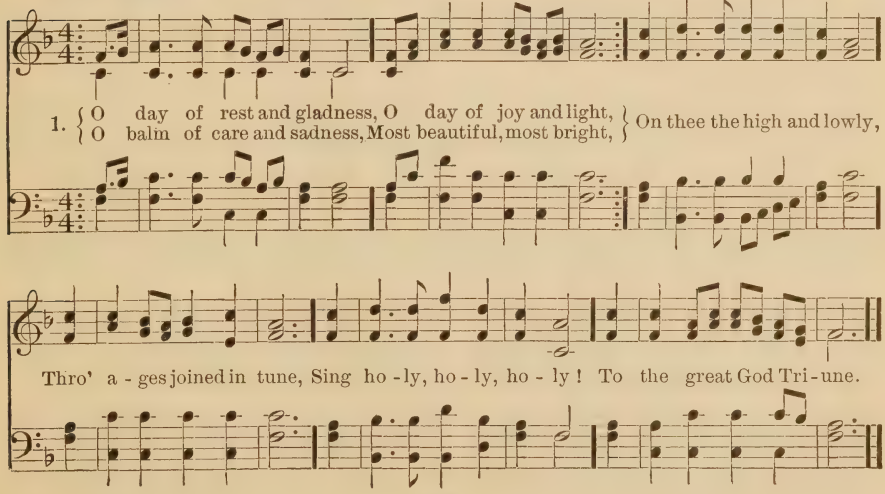
4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine,
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne;
And, as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

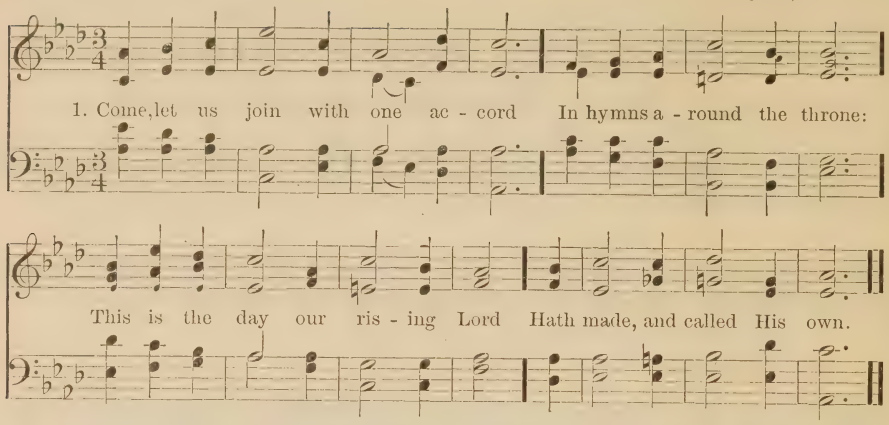
MENDEBRAS 7. 6. 7. 6. D. (*Second Tune*)

German Melody
Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1839



66 BEATITUDO C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875



2 This is the day that God hath blessed,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

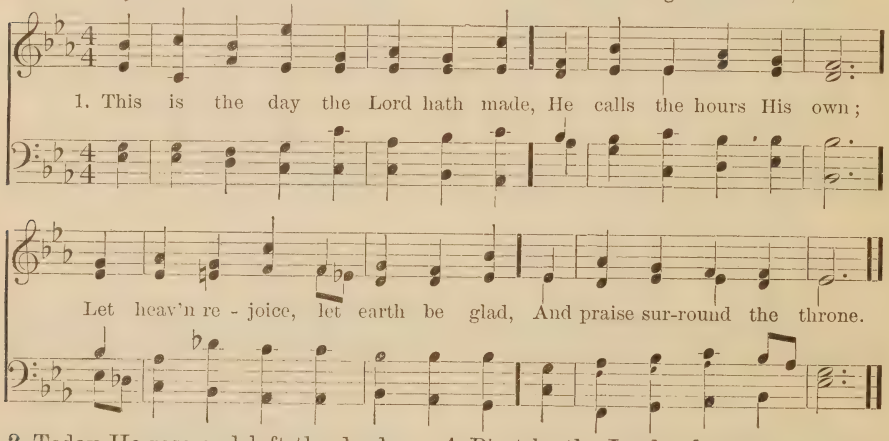
3 Then let us in His name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing, go
To His eternal joy.

Rev. Chas. Wesley, 1763

67 ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE C. M.

George M. Garrett, 1872



2 Today He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
Today the saints His triumphs spread
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna, to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.

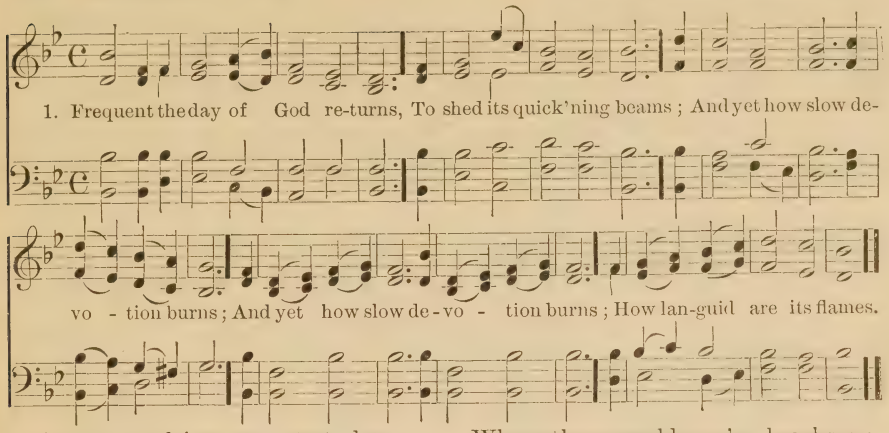
4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna, in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

68 LANESBORO C. M.

William Dixon (1750–1825)



2 Accept our faint attempts to love;
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like Thy saints above,
And praise Thee while we live.

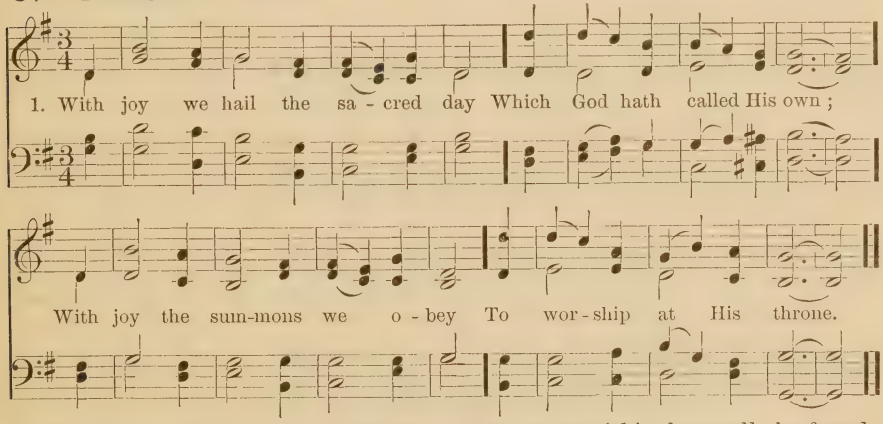
3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbaths ne'er shall end.

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

Rev. Simon Browne, 1720

69 BELMONT C. M.

Arr. from William Gardiner, 1812



2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here Thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell
Within Thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with holy zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which Thou hast called Thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at Thy throne.

Harriet Auber, 1829

70 LEICESTER C. M.

W. Hurst, 1875

1. Fa-ther of mer-cies! in Thy word What end-less glo-ry shines!
For-ev-er be Thy Name a-dored For these ce-les-tial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele, 1760

71 NOX PRAECESSIT C. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1875

1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path, when wont to stray,
Stream from the fount of heav'n-ly grace, Brook by the trav-eller's way.

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky:

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
Or radiant cloud by day;
When waves would 'whelm our tossing [bark,
Our anchor and our stay:

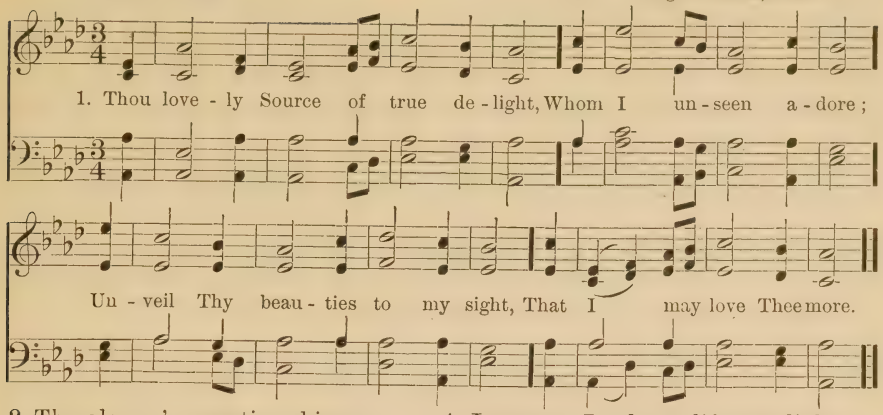
4 Word of the ever-living God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

Bernard Barton, 1827

72 AVON C. M.

Hugh Wilson, c. 1800



2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in Thy sacred word,
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

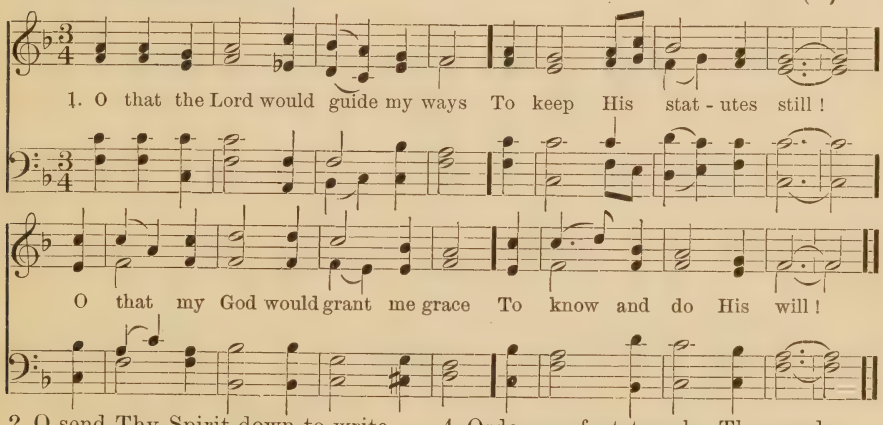
4 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with blissful ray;
Break radiant thro' the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of Thy love;
But the full glories of Thy face
Are only known above.

Anne Steele, 1760

73 ALEXANDRIA C. M.

William Arnold (?)



2 O send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

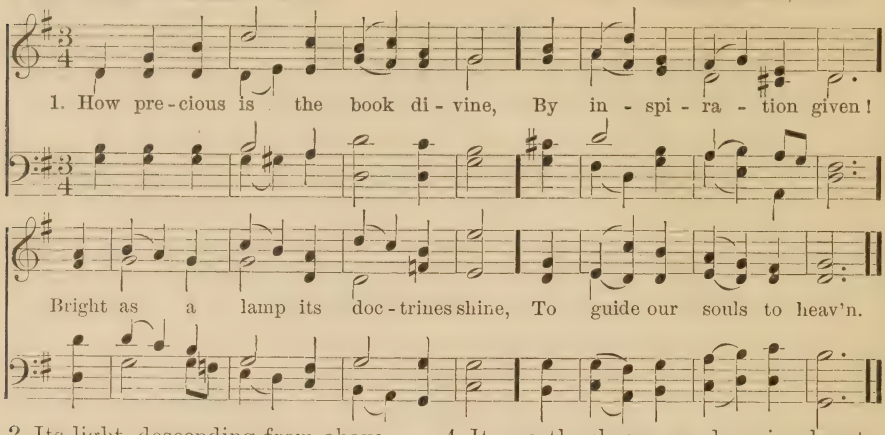
4 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere:
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
Offend against my God.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

74 CHESTERFIELD C. M.

Rev. Thomas Haweis, 1780



2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.

3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

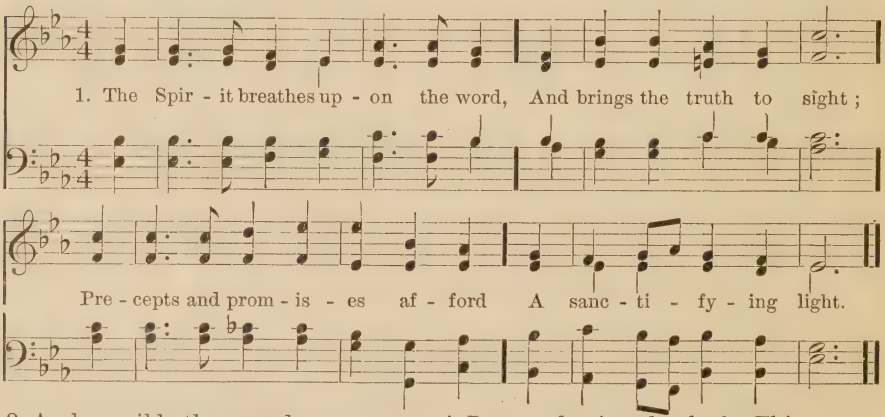
4 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

5 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1782, ab.

75 GREEN HILL C. M.

Albert L. Peace, 1885



2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

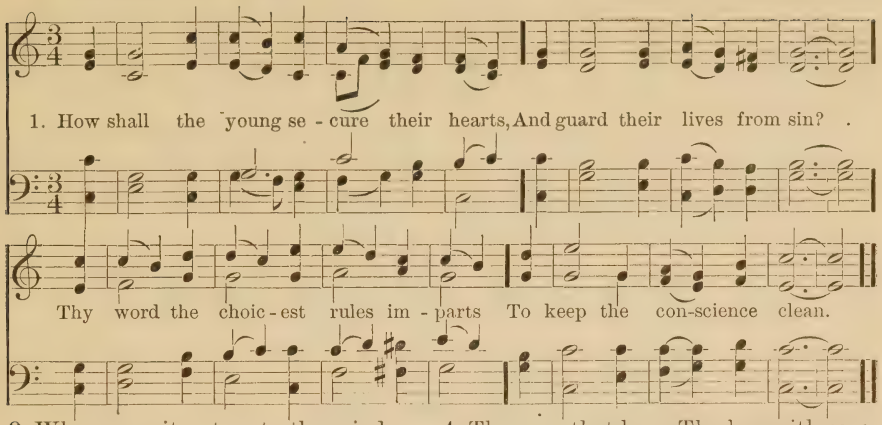
3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper, 1772

76 COVENTRY C. M.



2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

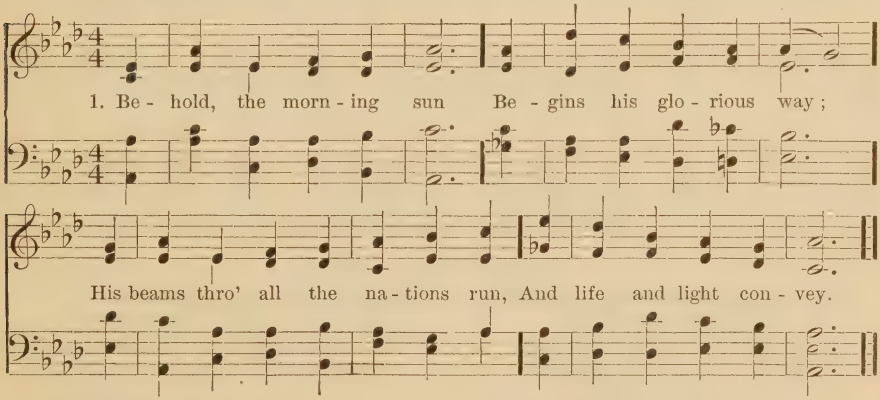
3 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, thro' the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 The men that keep Thy law with care,
And meditate Thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

5 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

77 SCHUMANN S. M.



2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is Thy word!
And all Thy judgments just;
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 I hear Thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send Thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

5 While with my heart and tongue
I spread Thy praise abroad;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

78 CHENIES 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Rev. Timothy R. Matthews, 1855

1. O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,
O Truth un - changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;
We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - low'd page,
A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.

(Or to Aurelia, No. 531)

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

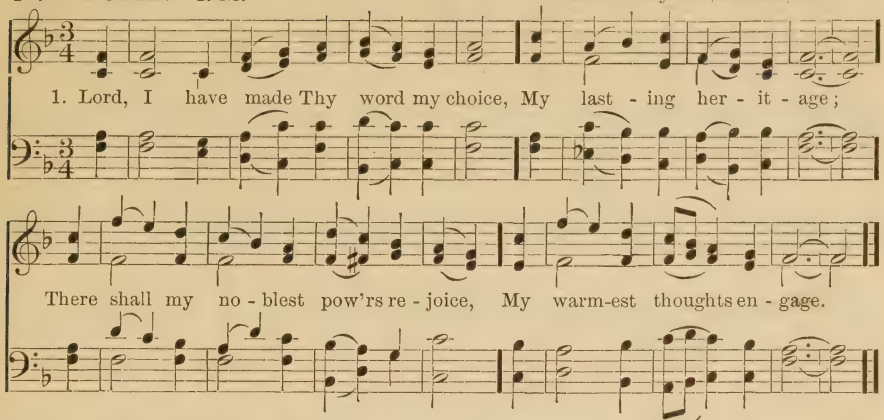
3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

Bishop William W. How, 1867

79 DUBLIN C. M.

A Coll. of Hymns, Dublin, 1749



2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

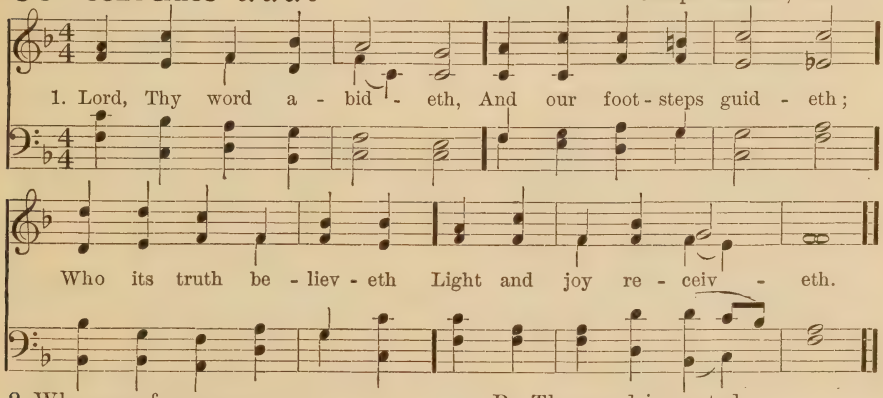
3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

80 GOETCHIUS 6. 6. 6. 6

Joseph Maclean, 1901



2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us;
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted,
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1861

The Holy Trinity

81 ITALIAN HYMN 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4 — Felice de Giardini, 1769

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
Let Thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on Thee be stayed:
Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

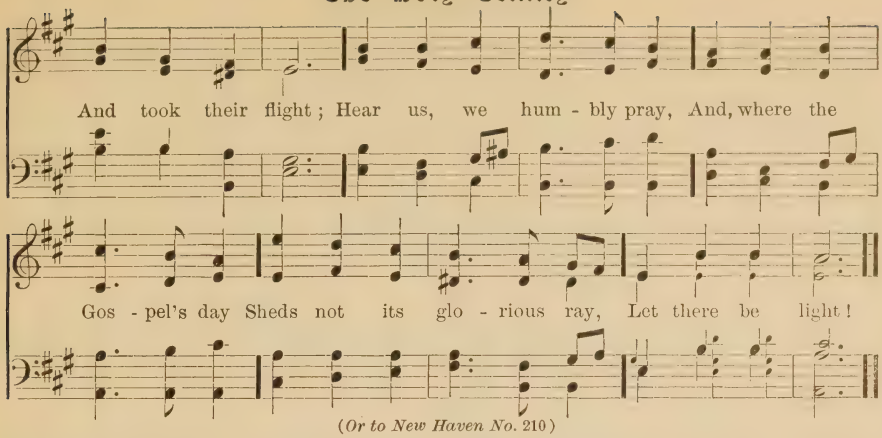
4 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

5 To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1757

82 FIAT LUX 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4 — Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875

1. Thou, whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,



(*Or to New Haven No.* 210)

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now, to all mankind,
Let there be light!

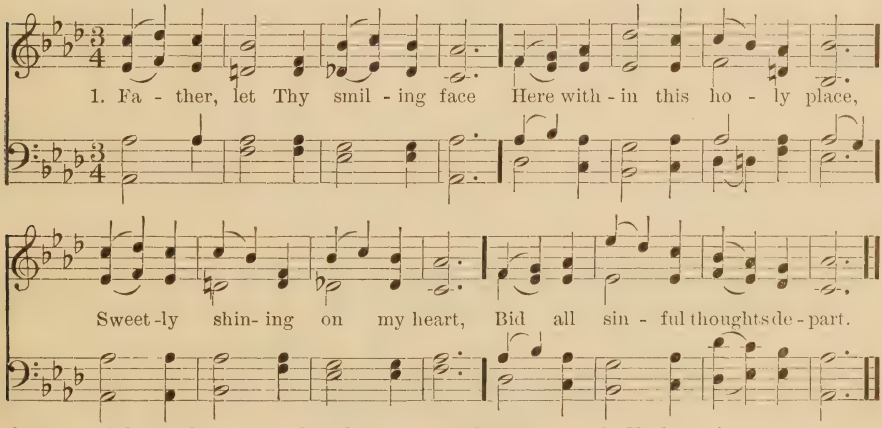
3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight,
Move o'er the waters' face
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light!

4 Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

Rev. John Marriott, c. 1813

83 HAVEN 7.7.7.7

Edwin H. Lemare

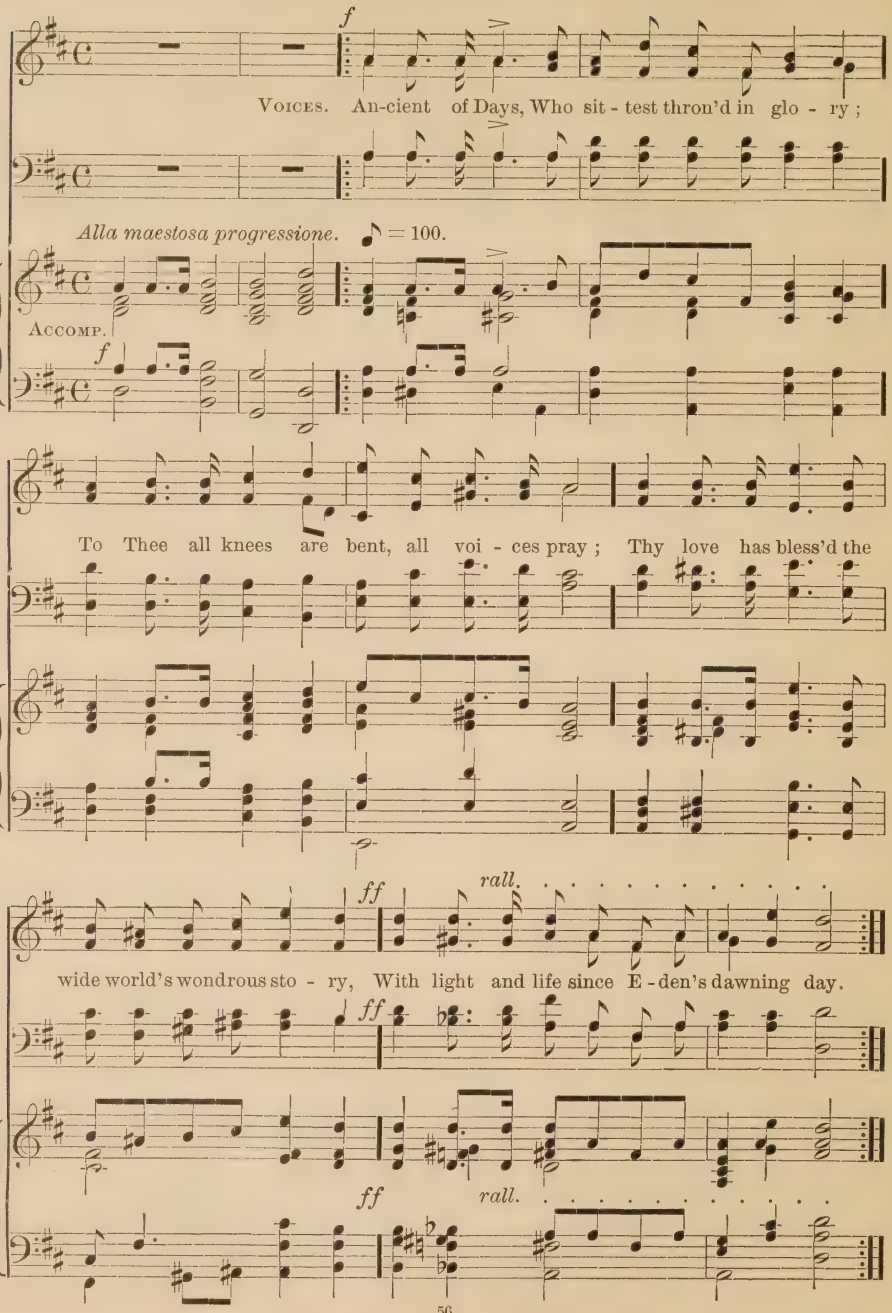


2 Jesus, Thou whose ceaseless love
Intercedes for us above,
Bend to me Thy listening ear,
Make my wayward heart sincere.

3 Comforter of all the saints,
Gently heal my soul's complaints;
May a foretaste now be given
Of the Sabbath day of heaven.

Rev. Thomas V. Moore, 1866

84 ANCIENT OF DAYS 11. 10. 11. 10 J. Albert Jeffery, 1886



2 O Holy Father, who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the Fire and Cloud,
Through seas dry-shod ; through weary wastes bewildering ;
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

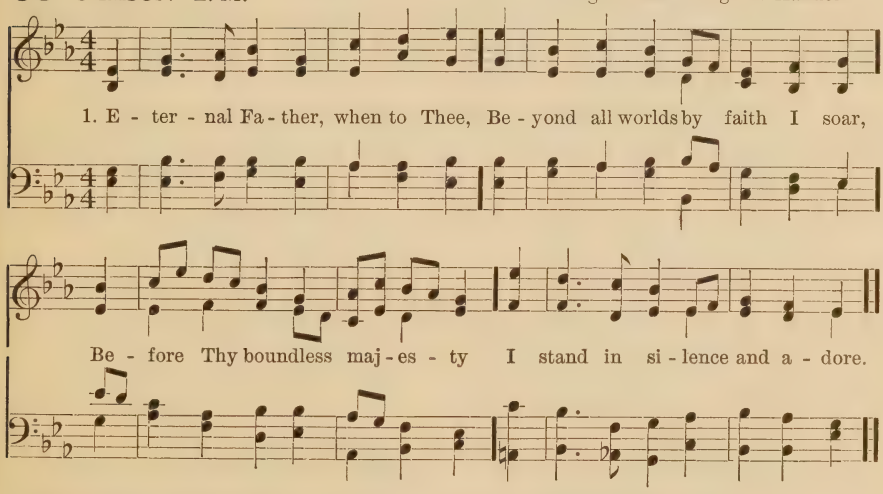
4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase.
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.

5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days ;
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us always.

Bishop William C. Doane, 1886

85 SAMSON L. M.

Arranged from George F. Handel



2 But, Saviour, Thou art by my side ;
Thy voice I hear, Thy face I see.
Thou art my friend, my daily guide,
God over all, yet God with me.

3 And Thou, Great Spirit, in my heart
Dost make Thy temple day by day :
The Holy Ghost of God Thou art,
Yet dwellest in this house of clay.

4 Blest Trinity, in whom alone
All things created move or rest,
High in the heav'ns Thou hast Thy throne,
Thou hast Thy throne within my breast.

Rev. Hervey D. Ganse, 1872

86 ATHANASIUS 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7

Edward J. Hopkins, 1872

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, God of hosts, e - ter - nal King,
By the heav'ns and earth a-dored! An - gels and arch - an - gels sing,
Chant-ing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

By permission Tucker Hymnal.

2 Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honor paid,
Praise to Thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
Spirits blest, before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And, when Thy behests are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.

5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee, the Church in every land,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

6 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Godhead One, and Persons Three!
Join us with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

87 ANGEL VOICES 8. 5. 8. 5. 8. 4. 3

Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872

1. An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,

An - gel harps, for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;

Thou-sands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee Lord of might.

2 Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

3 Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

4 Here, great God, today we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity:
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

Rev. Francis Pott, 1861

88 NICÆA 11. 12. 12. 10

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee! Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert and art and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827

89 LEONI 6.6.8.4.D.

Ancient Jewish Melody

1. The God of Abrah'm praise, Who reigns enthroned a - bove; An - cient of ev - er - last-ing days, And God of love: Je - ho-vah, great I AM! By earth and heav'n con- fest; I bow and bless the sa - cred name, For - ev - er blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

3 He by Himself hath sworn;
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

4 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace.
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And, glorious, with His saints in light
Forever reigns.

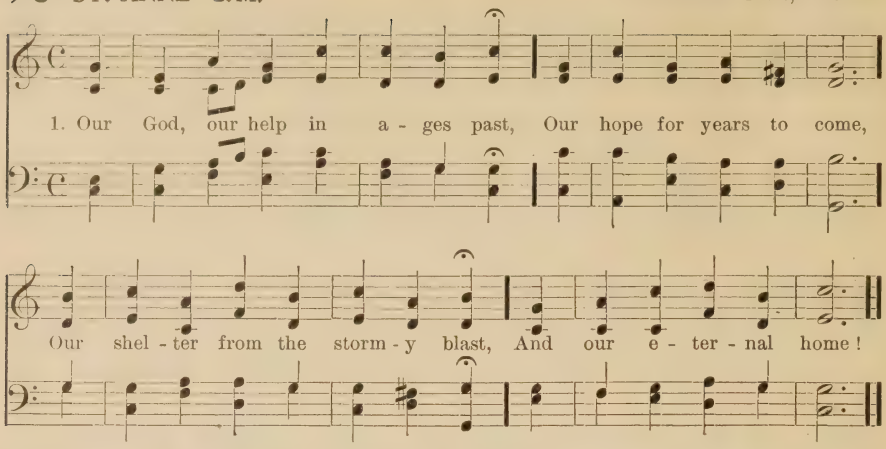
5 The God who reigns on high
The great archangel's sing;
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was, and is, the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM!
We worship Thee."

6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

Rev. Thomas Olivers, 1770

90 ST. ANNE C.M.

William Croft, 1708



2 Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by Thy flood,
And lost in following years.

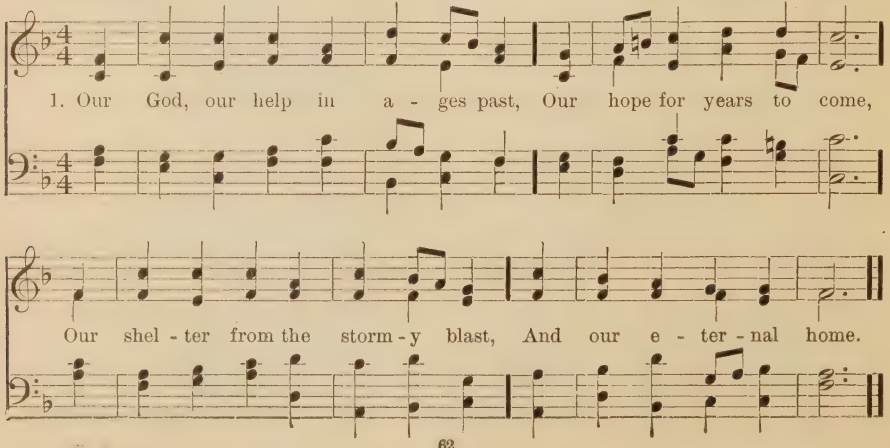
6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719; Verse 2, l. 1, alt.

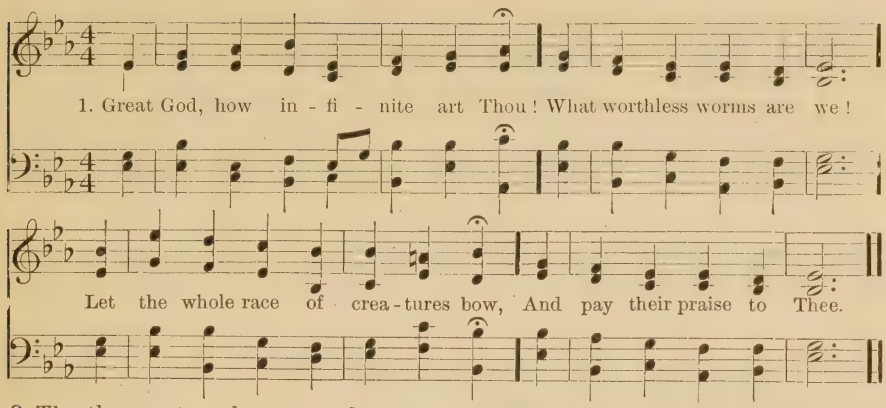
HERMANN C.M. (*Second Tune*)

Nicholas Hermann, 1560



91 DUNDEE C. M.

Arr. from Christopher Tye, 1553



2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

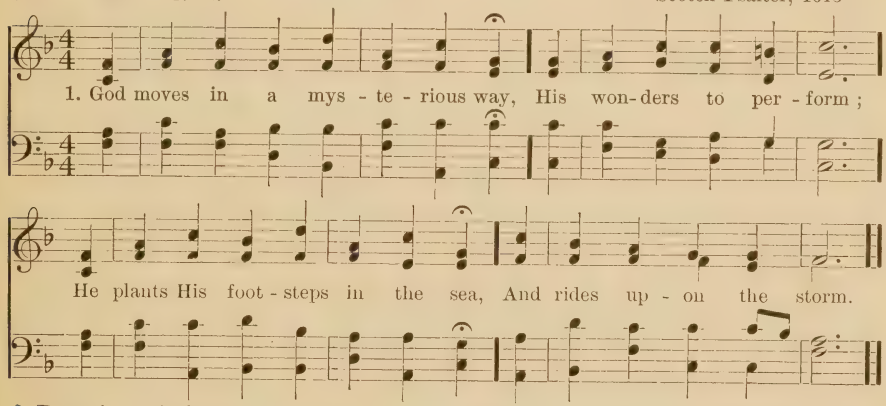
3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view;
To Thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God, there's nothing new.

4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

92 YORK C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615



2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

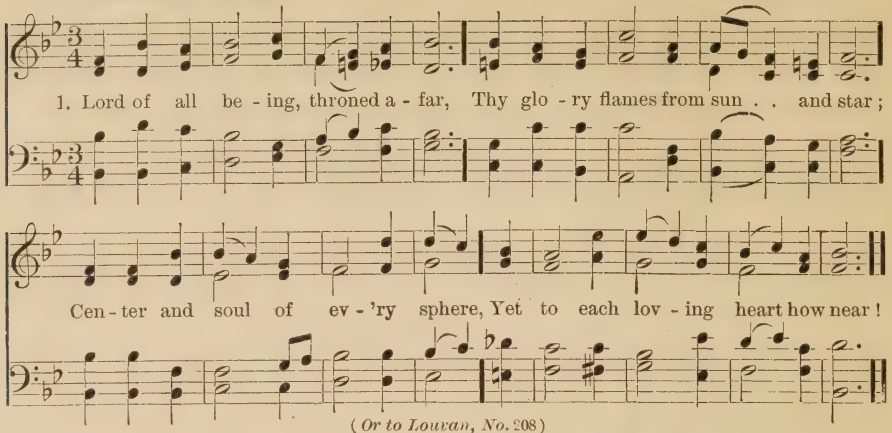
5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper,

93 GERMANY L. M.

Arr. by William Gardiner, 1815



(*Or to Louvan, No.* 208)

2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

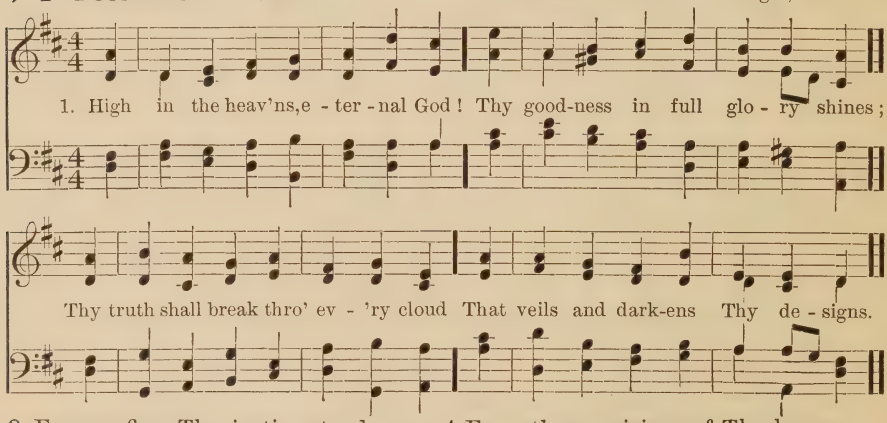
4 Lord of all life, below, above, [love,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1848

94 DUSSELDORF L. M.

Rev. William H. Havergal, 1849



2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort [spring!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.

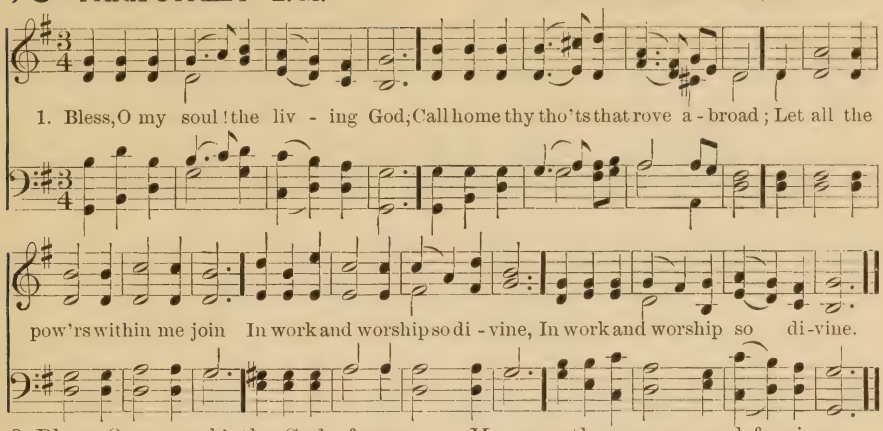
4 From the provisions of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

95 PARK STREET L. M.

Arr. by William Gardiner, 1815
from Frederic M. A. Venua, c. 1800



2 Bless, O my soul! the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

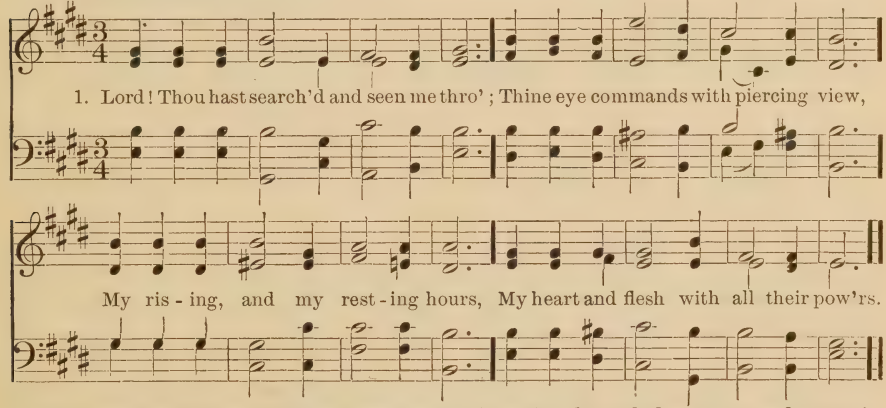
3 'Tis He, my soul! who sent His Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let the whole earth His power confess,
Let the whole earth adore His grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

96 ST. CRISPIN L. M.

Sir George J. Elvey, 1862



2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within Thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find Thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

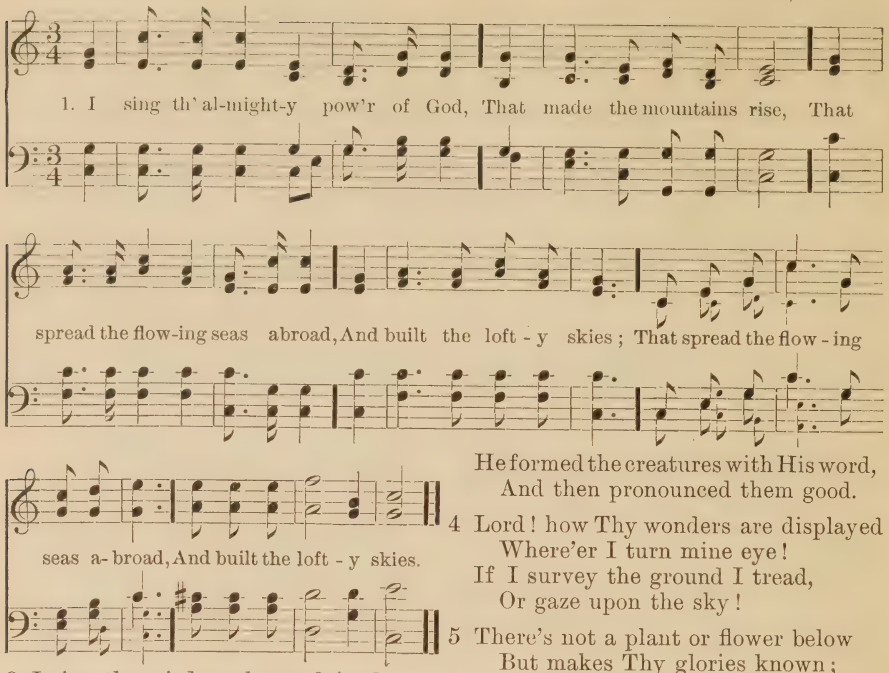
4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

97 ZERAH C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1837



2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord! how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

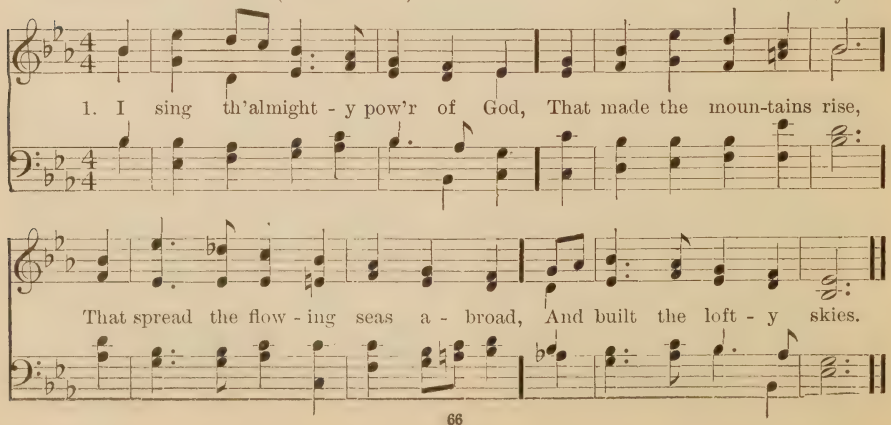
5 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

6 Creatures as numerous as they be
Are subject to Thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

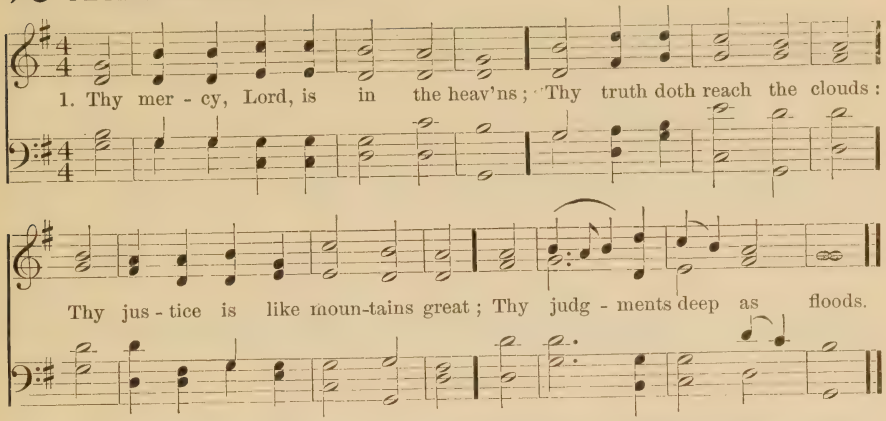
HOLYWELL C. M. (*Second Tune*)

W. Joy



98 PETERBOROUGH C. M.

Rev. Ralph Harrison, 1791



2 Lord, Thou preservest man and beast;
How precious is Thy grace!
Therefore in shadow of Thy wings,
Men's sons their trust shall place.

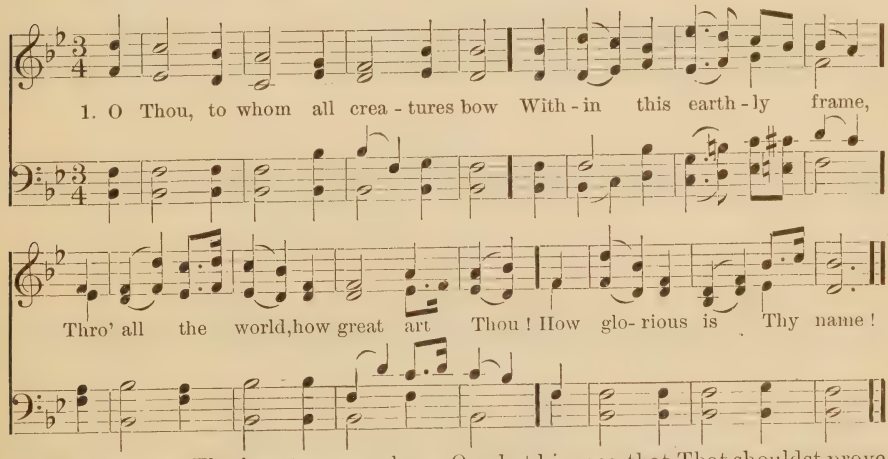
3 They with the fatness of Thy house
Shall be well satisfied;
From rivers of Thy pleasures Thou
Wilt drink to them provide.

4 Because of life the fountain pure
Remains alone with Thee;
And in that purest light of Thine
We clearly light shall see.

Francis Rouse, pub. 1646

99 BEMERTON C. M.

Henry W. Greatorex, 1849



2 When heaven, Thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondering sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

3 Lord, what is man, that Thou shouldst deign
To bear him in Thy mind!
Or what his race, that Thou shouldst prove
To them so wondrous kind!

4 O Thou to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame;
Through all the world, how great art Thou!
How glorious is Thy name!

Tate and Brady's New Version, 1696

100 CREATION L. M. D.

Arr. fr. Franz Josef Haydn, 1798

1. The spa - cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e -

the - real sky And span-gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their

great o - rig - i - nal pro - claim. The unwearied sun from day to day.

Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis - play, And pub - lish - es . . to

Ped.

ev - 'ry land The work of an . . al - might - y hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison, 1712

101 DARWALL 6.6.6.6.8.8

Rev. John Darwall, 1770

1. The Lord Je-ho - vah reigns, His throne is built on high; The garments He as - sumes
Are light and ma - jes - ty. His glories shine with beams so bright, No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of His hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard His holy law;
And where His love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

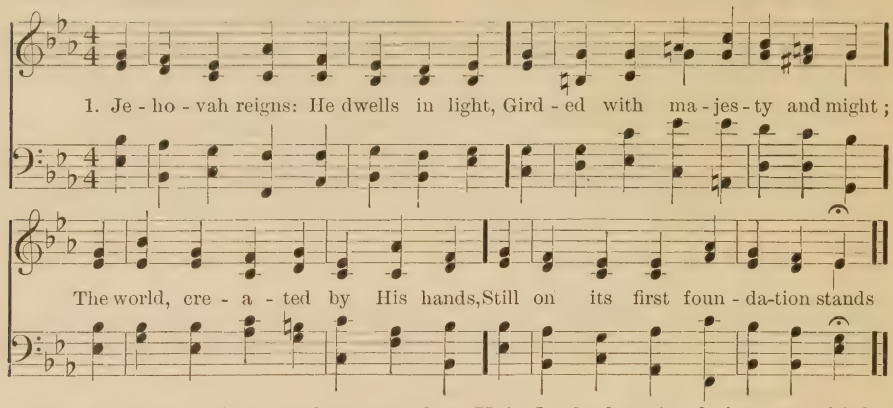
3 Through all His ancient works,
Surprising wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs.
Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees, His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend,
And will He write His name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love His name, I love His word;
Join all my powers and praise the Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

102 KIDLINGTON L. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1865



2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

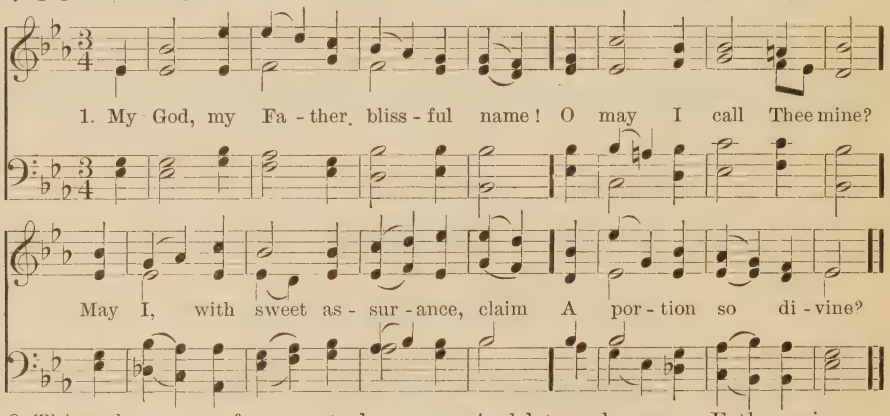
3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods that aim their rage so high!
At Thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall Thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of Thy grace.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

103 ABRIDGE C. M.

Isaac Smith, 1770



2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er Thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For Thou art just, and good, and wise;
O bend my will to Thine.

4 Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.

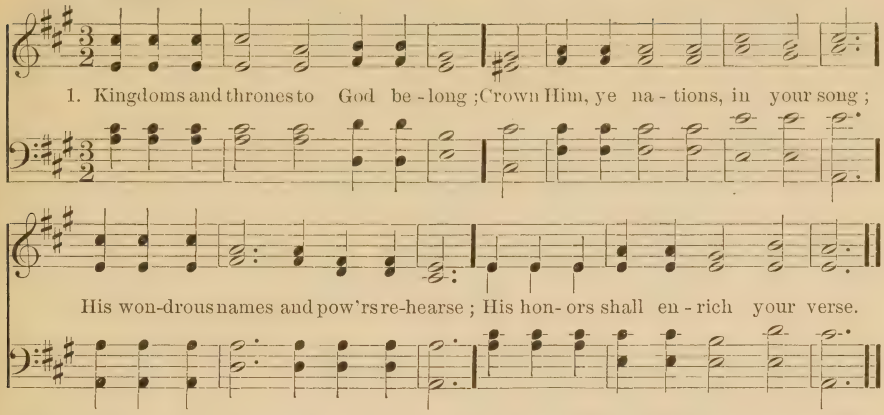
5 If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Is not Thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart?

6 My God, my Father! be Thy name
My solace and my stay;
O wilt Thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away?

Anne Steele, 1760

104 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

Charles Zeuner, 1833



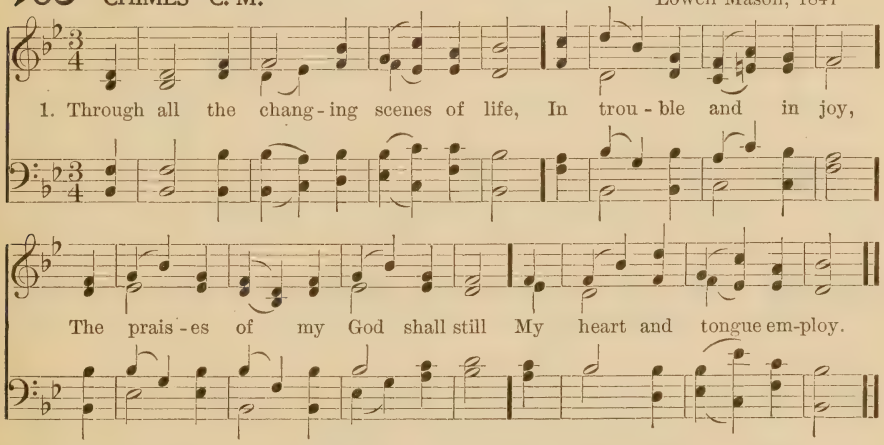
2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are His mercies known,
Israel is His peculiar throne.

3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

105 CHIMES C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1841



2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed,
From mine example comfort take,
And soothe their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.

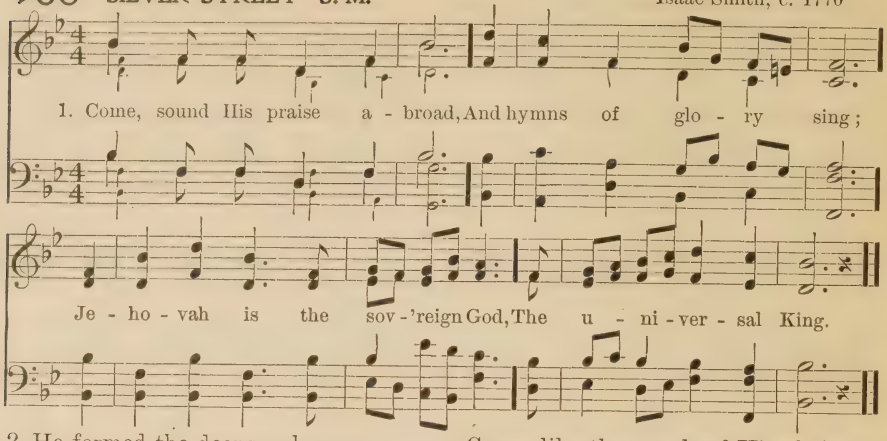
5 O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

6 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make but His service your delight,
Your wants will be His care.

Tate and Brady, New Version, 1696

106 SILVER STREET S. M.

Isaac Smith, c. 1770



2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are His works, and not our own;
He formed us by His word.

4 Today attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod!
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

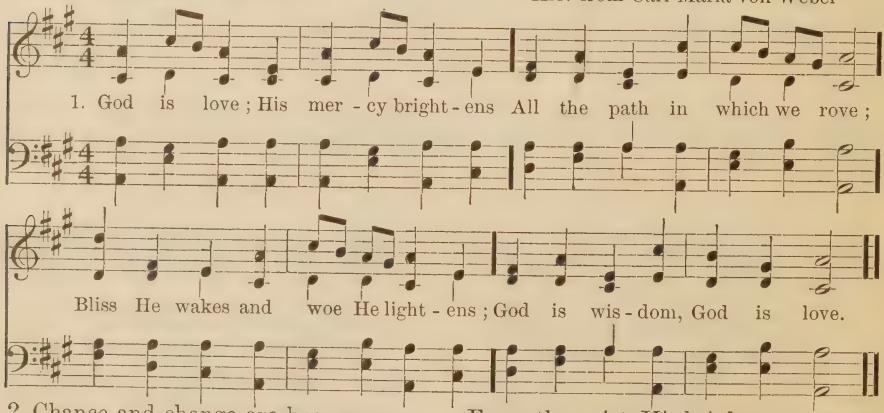
5 But, if your ears refuse
The message of His love; [choose
And hearts grow hard and will not
The blessings from above;

6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift His hand and swear,
"You that despise My promised rest
Shall have no portion there."

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

107 WILMOT 8. 7. 8. 7

Arr. from Carl Maria von Weber



2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

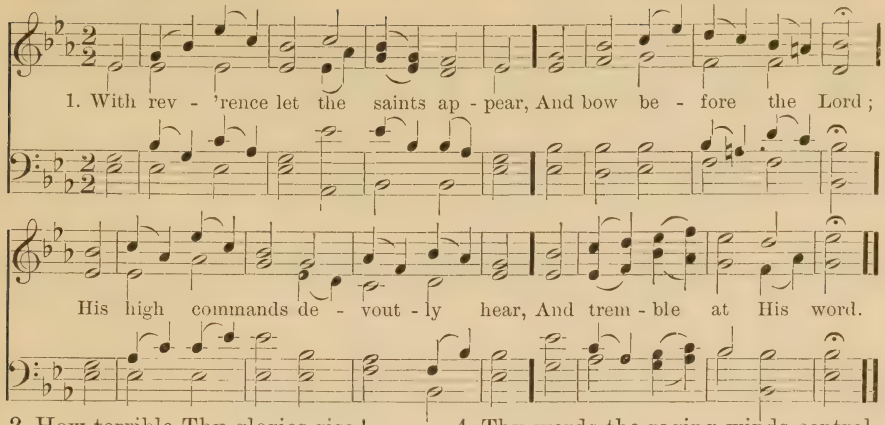
3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness stream-
God is wisdom, God is love. [eth;

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring, 1825

108 WARWICK C. M.

Samuel Stanley, 1800



2 How terrible Thy glories rise!
How bright Thine armies shine!
Where is the power with Thee that vies,
Or truth compared with Thine!

3 The northern pole and southern rest
On Thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at Thy command.

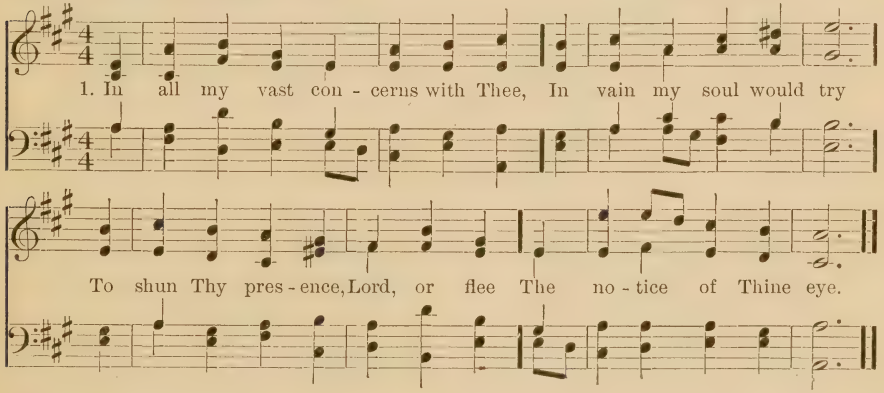
4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Justice and judgment are Thy throne,
Yet wondrous is Thy grace;
While truth and mercy joined in one,
Invite us near Thy face.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

109 NOTTINGHAM C. M.

Jeremiah Clark, 1708



2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide;
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

5 So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

110 CALKIN 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1887

1. A - round the throne of God The host an - gel - ic throngs;
They spread their palms a - broad, And shout per - pet - ual songs;
Him first they own Him last and best; God ev - er blest, and God a - lone.

2 Their golden crowns they fling
Before His throne of light,
And strike the rapturous string,
Unceasing, day and night: [clare,
"Earth, heaven, and sea Thy praise de-
For Thine they are, and Thine shall be.

3 "O holy, holy Lord,
Creation's sovereign King,
Thy majesty adored
Let all creation sing;
Who wast, and art, and art to be;
Nor time shall see Thy sway depart.

4 "Great are Thy works of praise,
O God of boundless might;
All just and true Thy ways,
Thou King of saints, in light;
Let all above and all below
Conspire to show Thy power and love.

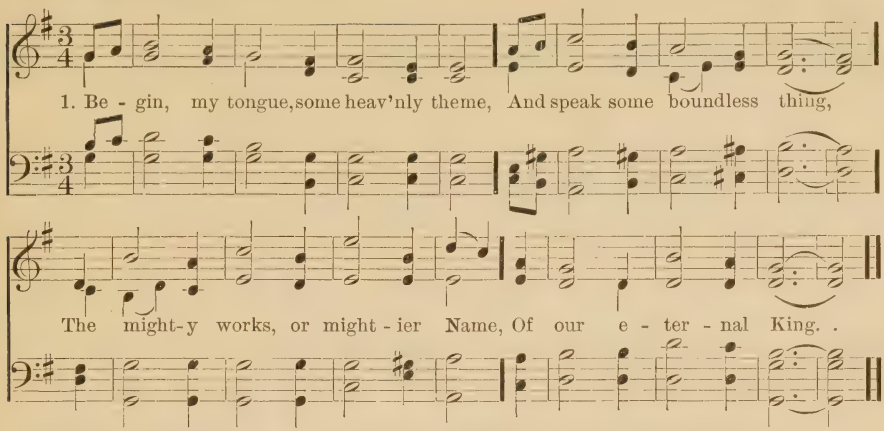
5 "Who shall not fear Thee, Lord,
And magnify Thy Name?
Thy judgments, sent abroad,
Thy holiness proclaim:
Nations shall throng from every shore,
And all adore in one loud song."

6 While thus the powers on high
Their swelling chorus raise,
Let earth and man reply,
And echo back the praise:
His glory own, first, last, and best;
God ever blest, and God alone.

Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., 1823

111 MANOAH C. M.

Arr. by George Holden, 1840
from Rossini



2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.

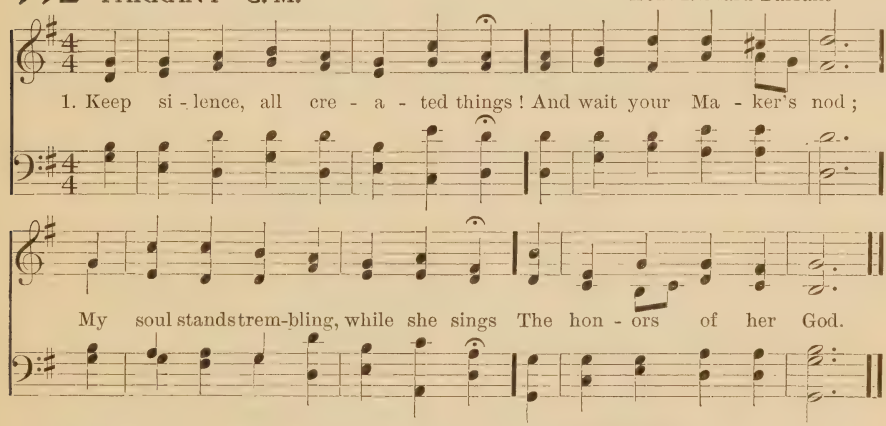
3 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

4 O might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

112 FARRANT C. M.

Arr. by Edward Hodges
from Richard Farrant



2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds un-
Hang on His firm decree; [known,
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes His counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

4 My God! I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

5 In Thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

The Lord Jesus Christ

113 DIX 7.7.7.7.7.7

Arr. by William H. Monk, 1861
from Conrad Köcher, 1838

1. As with glad - ness men of old Did the guid - ing star be - hold,

As with joy they hail'd its light, Lead - ing on - ward, beam - ing bright,

So, most gra - cious Lord, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee our heavenly King.

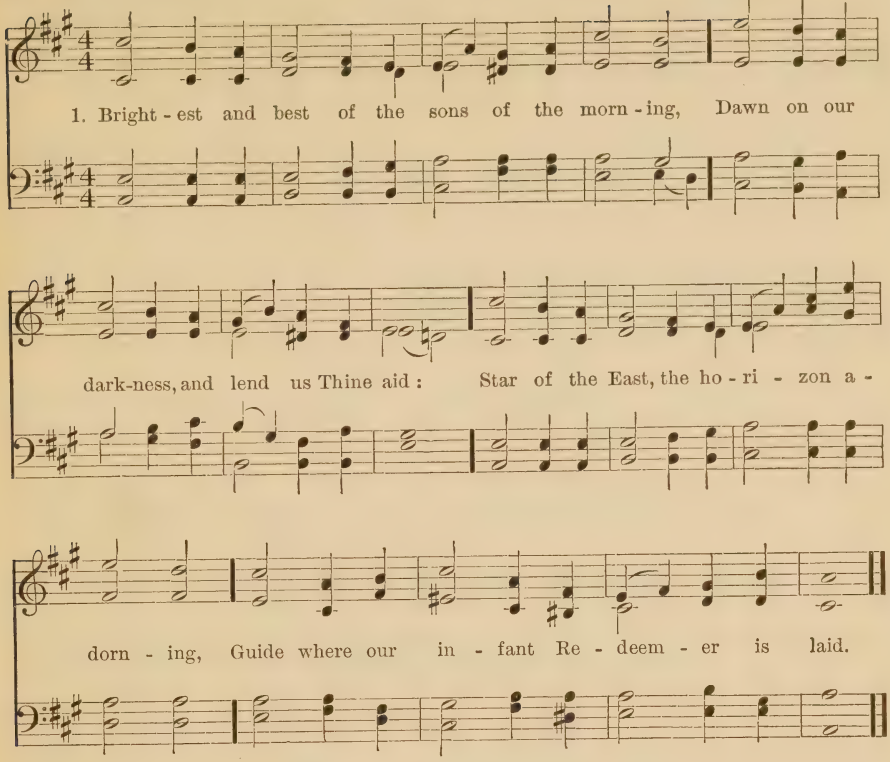
4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

William C. Dix, 1856

114 MORNING STAR 11. 10. 11. 10

J. P. Harding



2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1811

115 BETHANY (Smart) 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Henry Smart, 1863

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet - ly sound-ing thro' the skies?
Lo! th'an - gel - ic host re - joic - es, Heav'n-ly al - le - lu - ias rise.

2. Lis - ten to the won - drous sto - ry Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!

(*Or to Regent Square, No.* 122)

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heav'n,
Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed:
Heaven and earth His glory sing;
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name, and taste His joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
'Glory be to God most High!'"

6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory
Till it cover all the earth.

Rev. John Cawood, 1819

116 CAROL C. M. D.

Richard S. Willis, 1850

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
From an - gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heaven's all - gra - cious King;"
The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

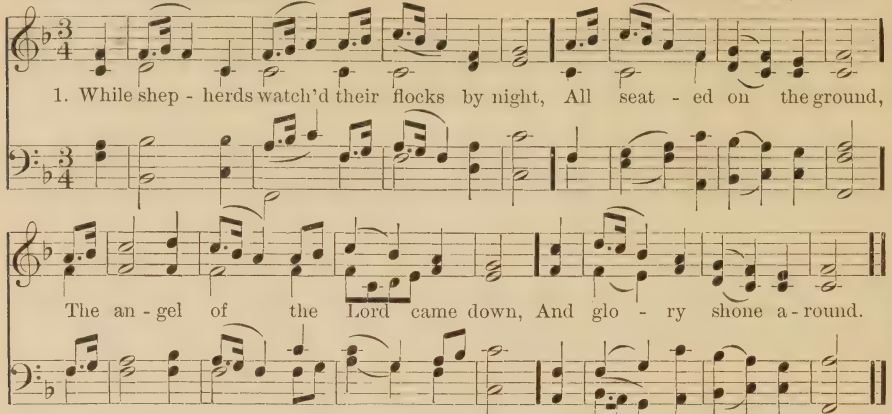
3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Rev. Edmund H. Sears, 1850

117 ST. MARTIN'S C. M.

William Tansur, 1755



2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

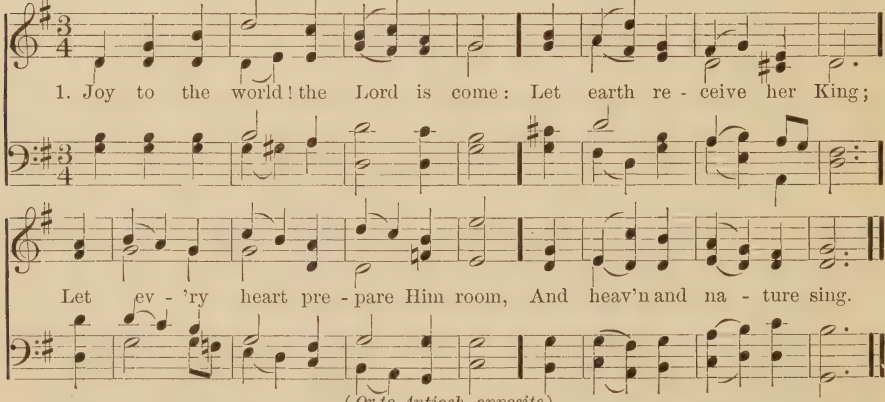
5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song;

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

Nahum Tate, 1702

118 CHESTERFIELD C. M.

Rev. Thomas Haweis, 1780



(*Or to Antioch, opposite*)

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

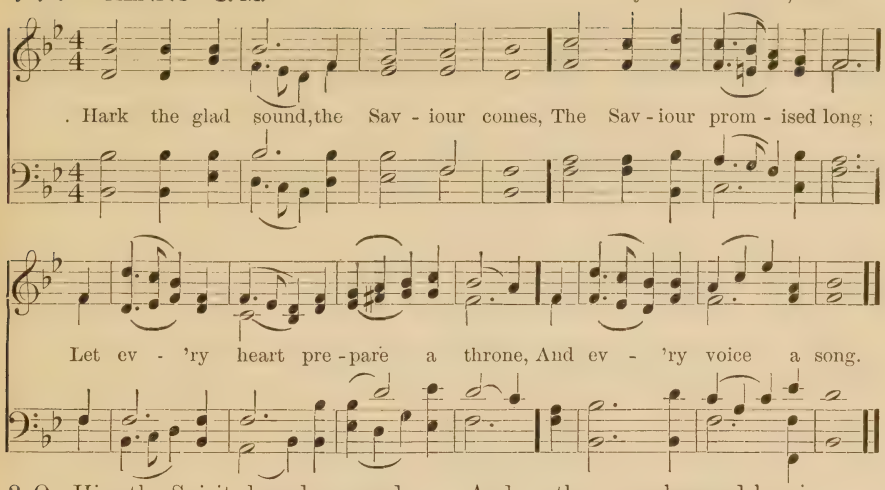
3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

119 HENRY C. M.

Sylvanus B. Pond, 1841



2 On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts His sacred fire;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held,
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the inward sight;
And on the eyes obscured by sin
To pour celestial light.

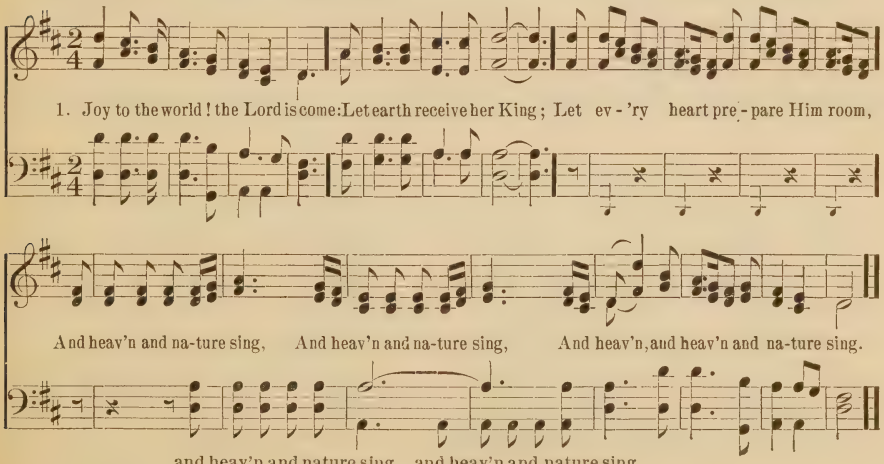
5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1735, Alt.

ANTIOCH C. M. (*Second Tune*)

Arr. from George F. Handel



120 AVISON 11. 11. 12. 11. with Refrain

Arr. by Sir J. Stevenson, 1816
from Charles Avison

1. Shout the glad ti - dings, ex-ult - ing - ly sing; . . . Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes-

si - ah is King. 1. Zi - on, the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of the

High-est, how low - ly His birth; The brightest arch - an - gel in glo - ry ex-cell-ing,

Repeat 1st Chorus. Chorus after last Verse.

He stoops to re-deem thee, He reigns upon earth. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing; . .

Je - ru - sa-lem triumphs, Mes-si - ah is King, Mes - si- ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King.

Cho. Shout the glad tidings, etc.

2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation, [earth echo round;
The heart-cheering news let the
How free to the faithful he offers salvation! [are crowned!
How His people with joy everlasting
Cho. Shout the glad tidings, etc.

Cho. Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing, [arise;
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna
Ye angels, the full alleluia be singing; [and the skies.
One chorus resound thro' the earth
Cho. Shout the glad tidings, etc.

Rev. William A. Muhlenberg, 1823

121 MENDELSSOHN 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Arr. from Mendelssohn, 1840,
by William H. Cummings, 1850

1. Hark! the her - ald an-gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled!" Joy - ful all ye na-tions, rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th'angel - ic host pro-claim "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem." Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing "Glo - ry to the new-born King."

Organ Pedal.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

C. Wesley, 1739; alt. G. Whitefield, 1753, M. Madan, 1760,
Suppl. to New Version, c. 1782, J. Kempthorne, 1810

122 REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7

Henry Smart, 1866

1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth;
Come and wor - ship, Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints in humble prayer are bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery, 1819

STUTTGARDT 8. 7. 8. 7.

Johann G. C. Störl, 1715

Come, Thou long ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free,
From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee.

123 PLUMER C. M. D.

Joseph Maclean, 1899

1. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n;
Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heav'n.

2. His name shall be the Prince of Peace, For ev - er - more a - dored,
The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - lor, The great and might - y Lord.

(*Or to Zerah, No.* 97)

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

Rev. John Morrison, 1781

124 STUTTGARDT 8. 7. 8. 7

1 Come, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee;

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Rev. Chas. Wesley, 1744

125 JORDAN L. M. D.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1872

1. When, marshaled on the night-ly plain, The glit-t'ring host be-stud the sky,
One star a-lone of all the train, Can fix the sin-ner's wand'ring eye.

Voices in Unison. *In Harmony.*

Hark! hark! to God the cho-rus breaks From ev-'ry host, from ev-'ry gem;

Voices in Unison. *In Harmony.*

But one a-lone the Sav-iour speaks, It is the Star of Beth-le-hem.

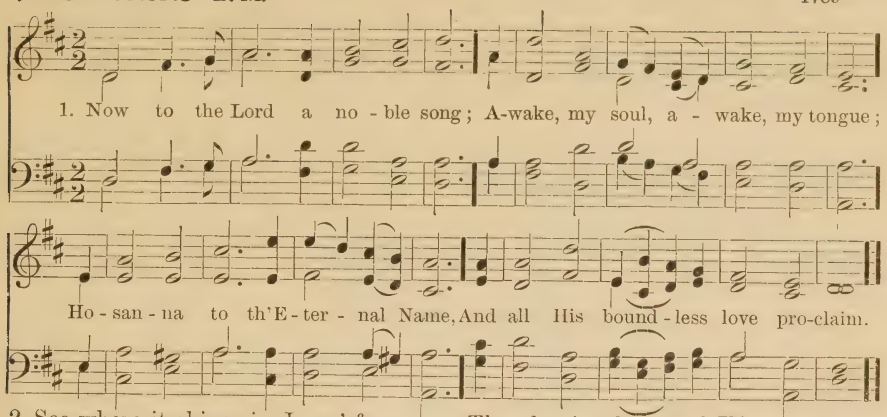
2 Once on the raging sea I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind, that tossed my foundering [bark:
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And, thro' the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

Henry Kirke White, 1804

126 TRURO L. M.

1789



2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of His grace;
God, in the person of His Son,
Has all His mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And Thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in His looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of Thine hands;
The pleasing lustre of His eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

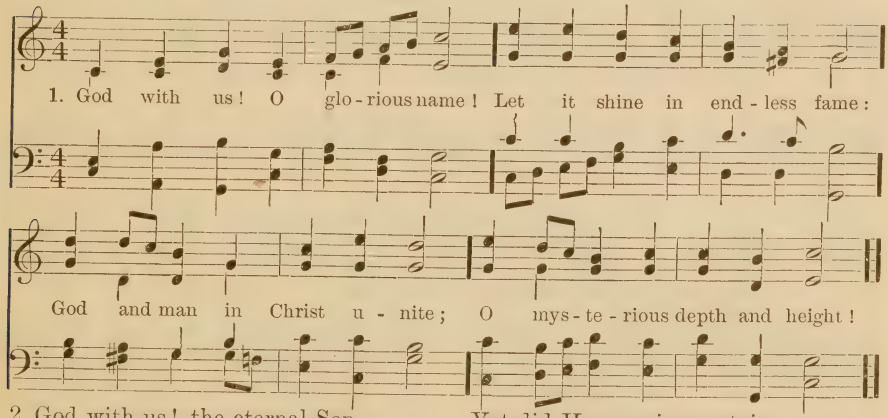
5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

6 O may I live to reach the place
Where He unveils His lovely face!
Where all His beauties you behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

127 MONKLAND 7. 7. 7. 7

John B. Wilkes, 1861



2 God with us! the eternal Son
Took our soul, our flesh, and bone;
Now, ye saints, His grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

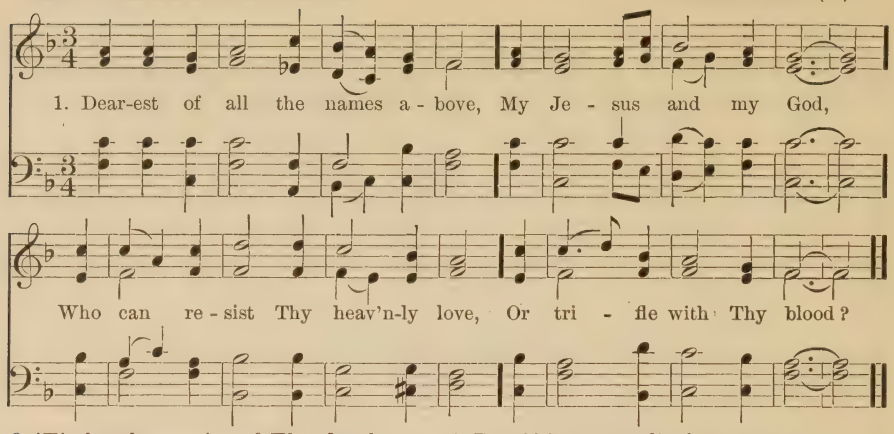
3 God with us! but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did He our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 God with us! O wondrous grace!
Let us see Him face to face;
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King!

Sarah Slinn, 1779

128 ALEXANDRIA C. M.

William Arnold (?)



2 'Tis by the merits of Thy death
Thy Father smiles again;
'Tis by Thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find:
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

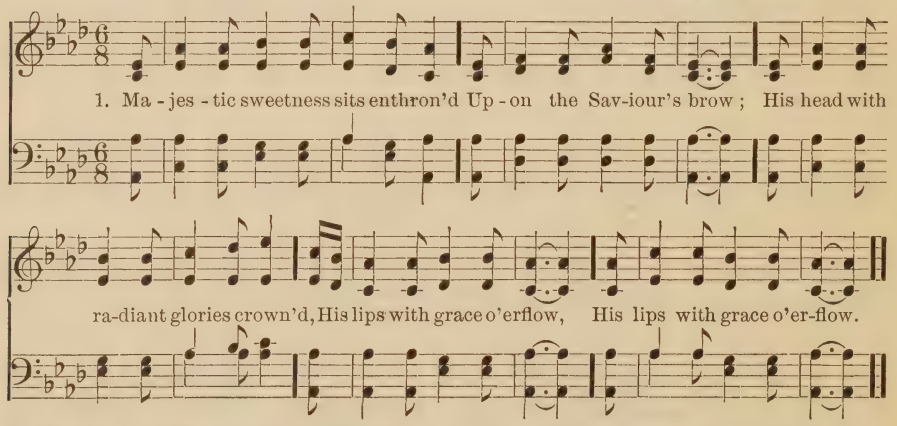
4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begin:
His name forbids my slavish fear;
His grace removes my sin.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

129 ORTONVILLE C. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1837



2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be Thine.

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1787

130 ARIEL 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1836
from Mozart

1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sav - iour shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'n-ly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings, In notes al - most di - vine— In notes al - most di - vine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

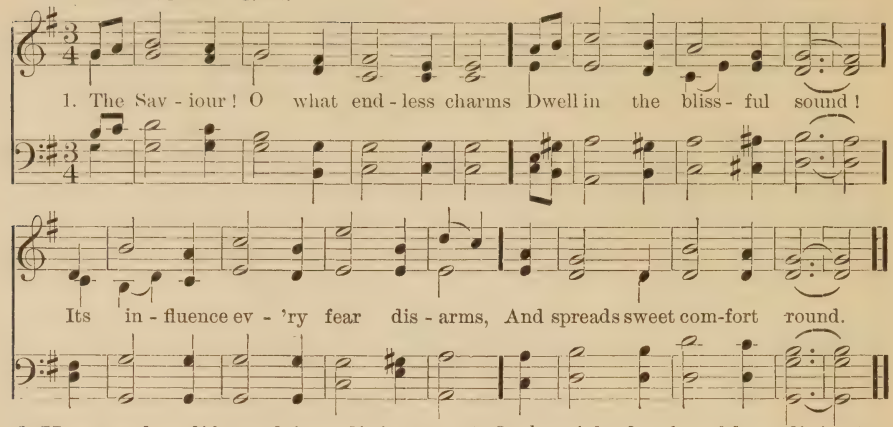
3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Soon the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will call me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

Rev. Samuel Medley, 1789

131 MANOAH C. M.

Arr. from Rossini



2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode; [eyes,
While angels viewed with wondering
And hailed the incarnate God.

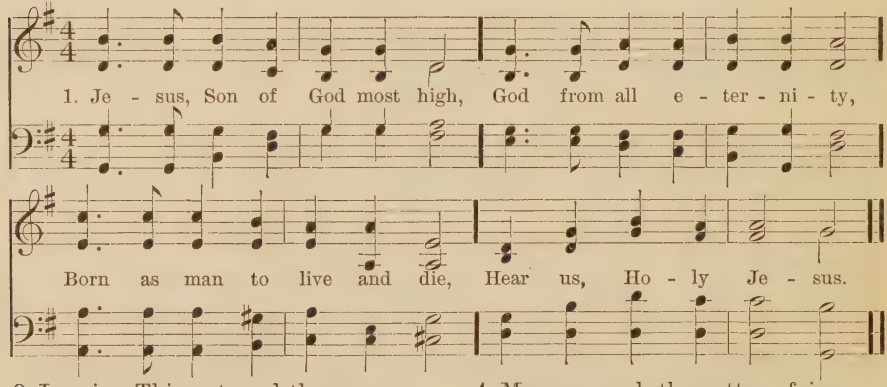
4 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

5 On Thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath Thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

Anne Steele, 1760

132 HAMPDEN-SIDNEY 7. 7. 7. 6

Arr. by Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874



2 Leaving Thine eternal throne,
Making mortal cares Thine own,
Making God's compassion known,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 By Thy life, so lone and still,
By Thy waiting to fulfil
In its time Thy Father's will,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

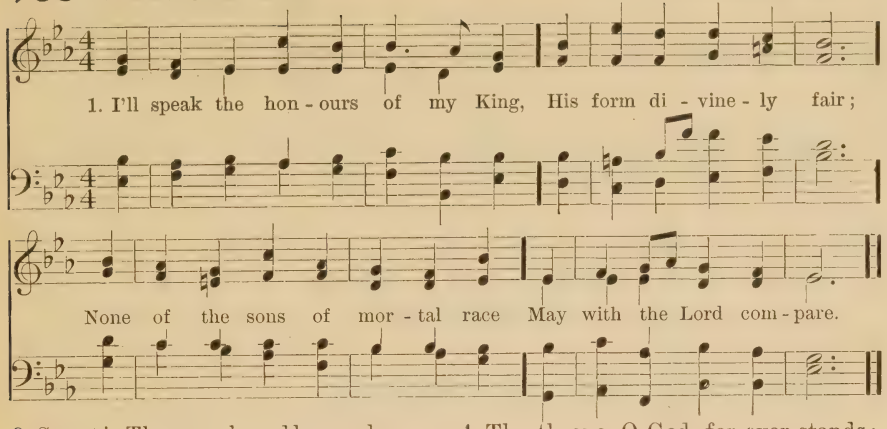
4 May we mark the pattern fair
Of Thy life of work and prayer,
And for truth all perils dare,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 Bid us come, at last, to Thee,
And forever perfect be,
Where Thy glory we shall see,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Rev. Thomas B. Pollock, 1870

133 FARNBORO C. M.

E. W. Naylor, 1894



2 Sweet is Thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon Thy lips is shed;
Thy God, with blessings infinite,
Hath crowned Thy sacred head.

3 Gird on Thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terror shall strike through Thy foes,
And make the world obey.

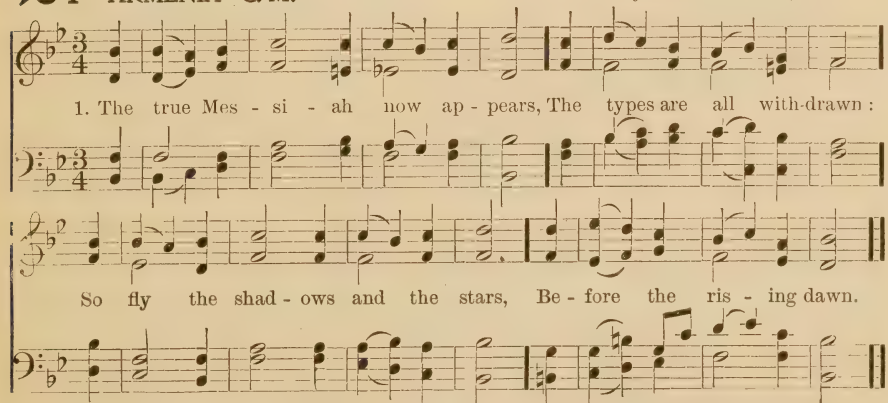
4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in Thy hands,
To rule Thy saints by love.

5 Justice and truth attend Thee still,
But mercy is Thy choice:
And God, Thy God, Thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

134 ARMENIA C. M.

Sylvanus B. Pond, 1841



2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock slain:
Incense and spice, of costly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God Himself comes down to be
The offering and the priest.

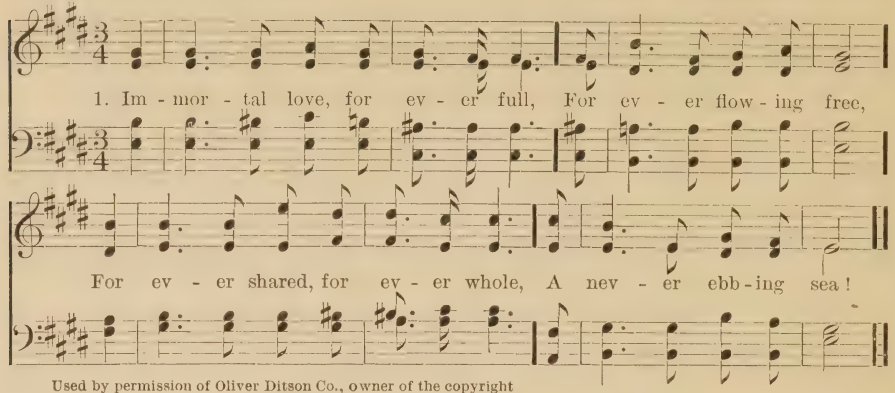
4 He took our mortal flesh, to show
The wonders of His love:
For us He paid His life below,
And prays for us above.

5 "Father," He cries, "forgive their sins,
For I myself have died,"
And then He shows His opened veins,
And pleads His wounded side.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

135 SERENITY C. M.

Arr. from William V. Wallace



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2 Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith hath still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

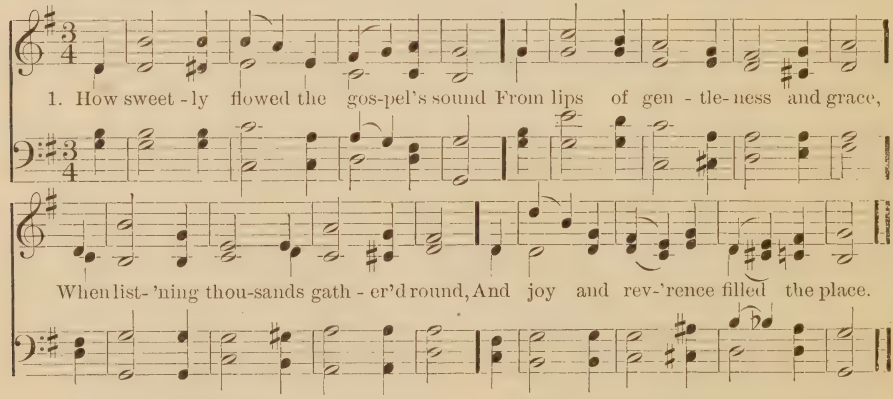
6 Thro' Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

7 O Lord, and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

John G. Whittier, 1866

136 BROOKFIELD L. M.

Thomas B. Southgate



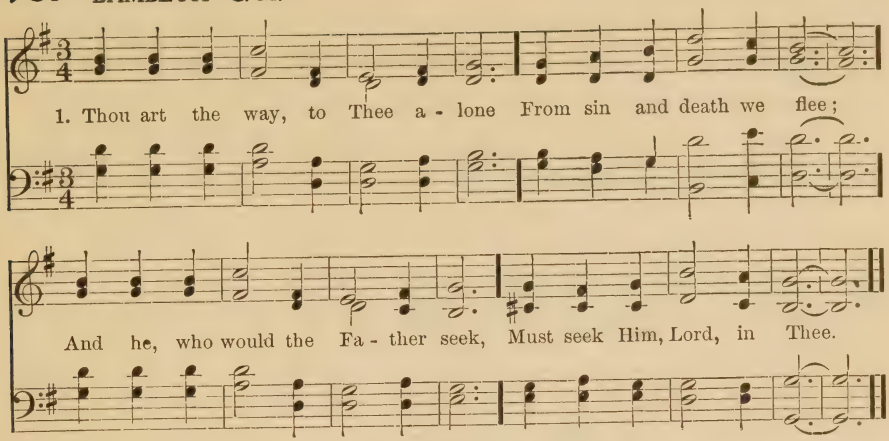
2 From heav'n He came, of heav'n He spoke;
To heav'n He led His followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes! sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest!

Sir John Bowring, 1823

137 LAMBETH C. M.

Arr. from old Melody
by H. J. Gauntlett



(*Or to Valentia, No.* 352)

2 Thou art the truth — Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

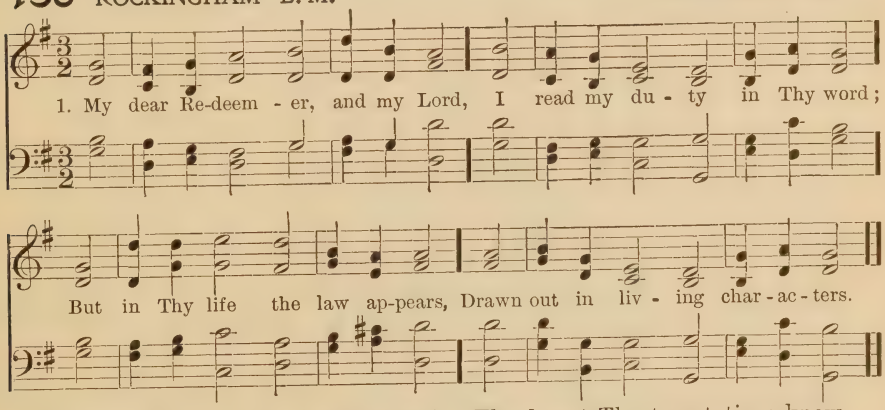
3 Thou art the life, — the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life;
Grant us to know that way,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Which lead to endless day.

Bishop George W. Doane, 1824

138 ROCKINGHAM L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1833



2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name,
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

The Lord Jesus Christ

139 BREMEN 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8 Georg Neumark, 1657

1. As oft, with worn and wea - ry feet, We tread earth's rug - ged val - ley o'er,
The tho't how com - fort - ing and sweet, Christ trod this ver - y path be - fore!
Our wants and weak-ness - es He knows, From life's first dawn-ing to its close.

2 Does sickness, feebleness or pain
Or sorrow in our path appear?
The recollection will remain,
More deeply did He suffer here:
His life, how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with suffering and with grief.

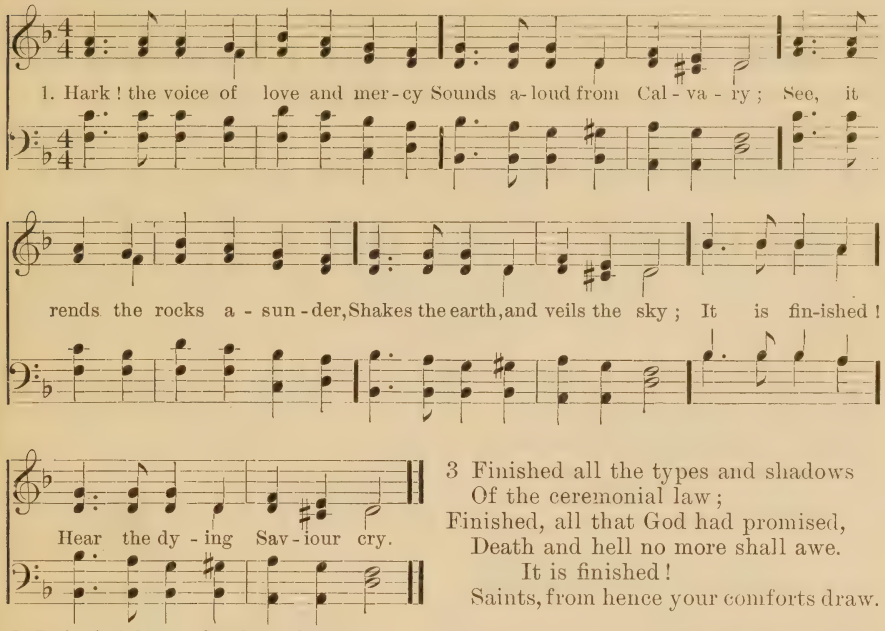
3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray
And whisper evil things within,
So did he, in the desert way,
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin,
When worn and in a feeble hour
The tempter came with all his power.

4 Just such as I, this earth He trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And though indeed the very God,
As I am now so He has been.
My God, my Saviour, look on me
With pity, love, and sympathy.

James Edmeston, 1847

140 AUSTIN 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7

Arr. from Gregorian Chant
for Bristol Tune Book, 1876



2 It is finished! O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford;
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finished!
Saints, the dying words record.

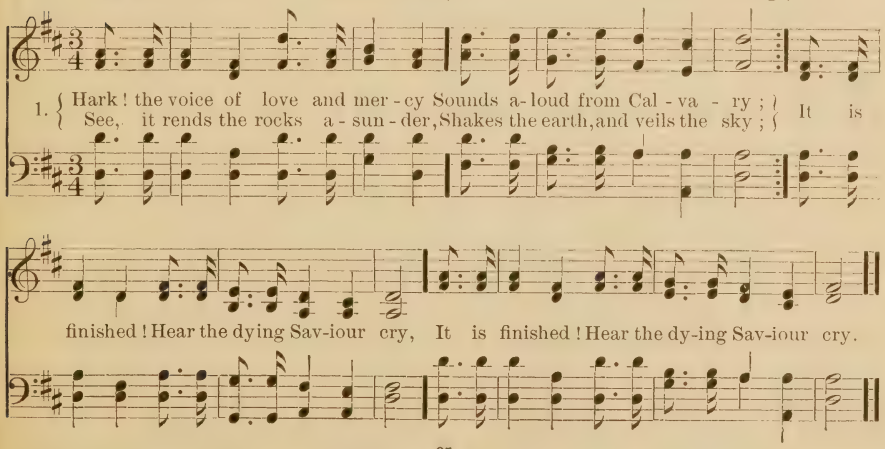
3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished, all that God had promised,
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finished!
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's name.
Alleluia!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Rev. Jonathan Evans, 1784

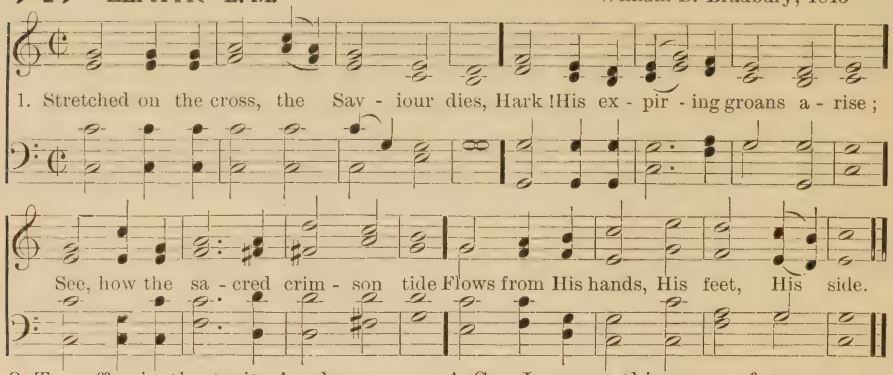
ZION 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7 (*Second Tune*)

Thomas Hastings, 1831



141 ZEPHYR L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1843



2 To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man—surprising grace!
Yet pass rebellious angels by—
O why for man, dear Saviour, why?

3 And didst Thou bleed? for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

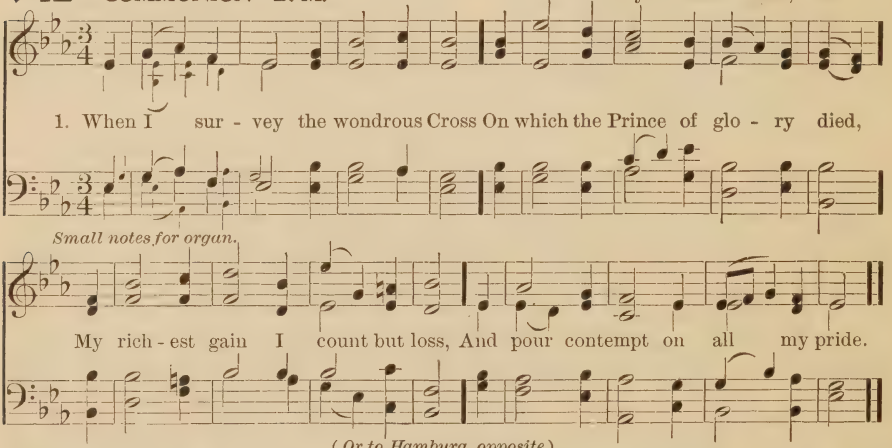
4 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

5 Come, dearest Lord, Thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart:
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief, and ardent love.

Anne Steele, 1760

142 COMMUNION L. M.

Arr. by Edward Miller, 1790



(Or to Hamburg, opposite)

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

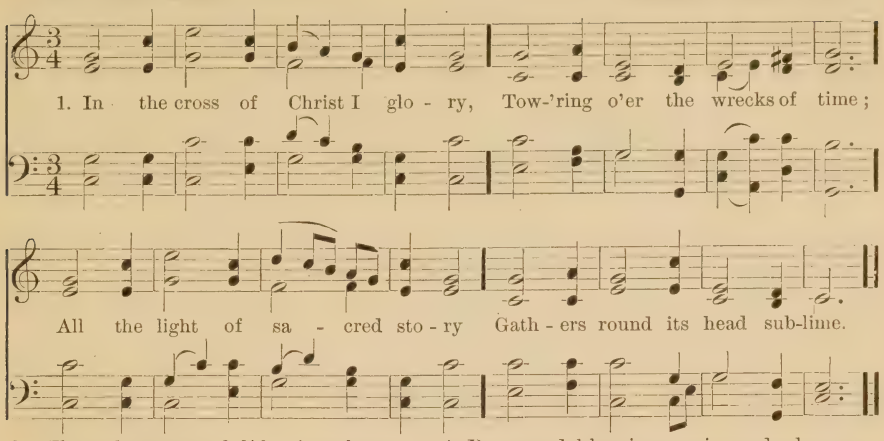
4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

143 RATHBUN 8. 7. 8. 7

Ithamar Conkey, 1851



2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

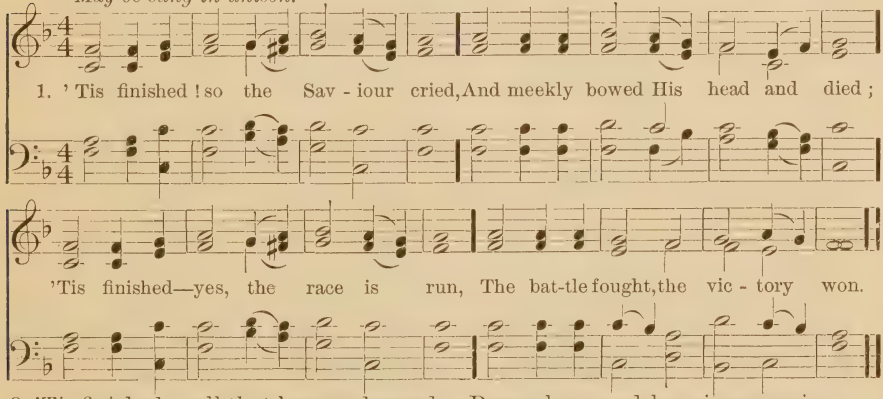
5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir John Bowring, 1825

144 HAMBURG L. M.

Gregorian. Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1824

May be sung in unison.



2 'Tis finished—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In Me the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finished—heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled.
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

4 'Tis finished—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finished—let the echo fly [sky.
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1787

145 HEATHLANDS 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7

Henry Smart, 1866

1. Je - sus, Lamb of God, for me Thou, the Lord of life, didst die;
Whith - er—whith - er, but to Thee, Can a trem - bling sin - ner fly?
Death's dark wa - ters o'er me roll, Save, O save my sink - ing soul.

(*Or to Spanish Hymn, No.* 254)

146 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7

1 Jesus, Master, whose I am,
Purchased Thine alone to be,
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me;
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.

2 Other lords have long held sway;
Now Thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer.
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine;
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let Thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
O be Thou my All in all.

Frances R. Havergal, 1865

2 Never bowed a martyr's head
Weighed with equal sorrow down;
Never blood so rich was shed,
Never king wore such a crown;
To Thy cross and sacrifice
Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.

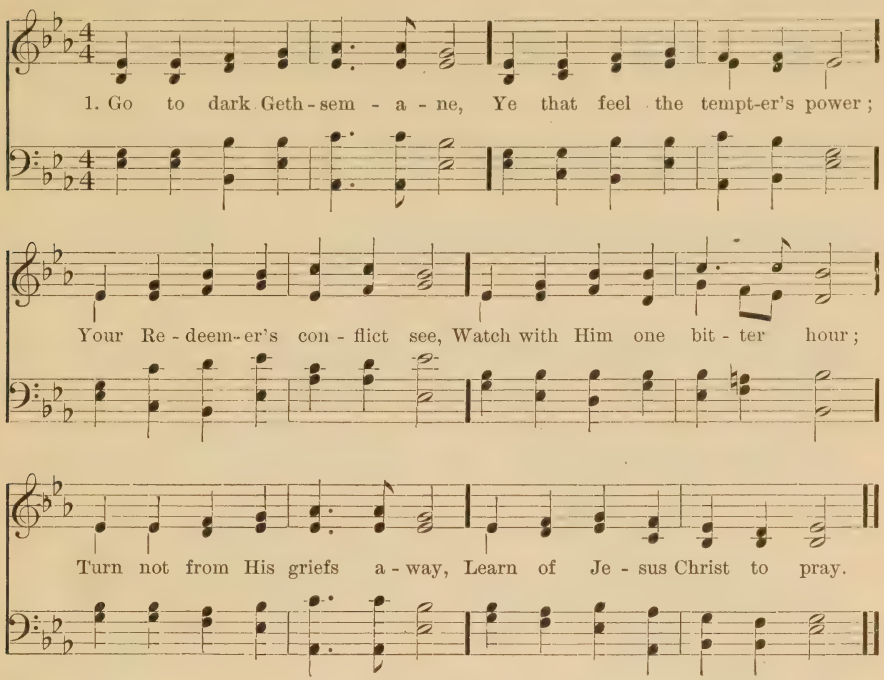
3 All my soul by love subdued,
Melts in deep contrition there;
By Thy mighty grace renewed,
New-born hope forbids despair:
Lord! Thou canst my guilt forgive,
Thou hast bid me look and live.

4 While with broken heart I kneel
Sinks the inward storm to rest;
Life—immortal life—I feel
Kindled in my throbbing breast
Thine—for ever Thine—I am!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1863

147 GETHSEMANE 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7

Richard Redhead, 1853



2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame or loss,
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

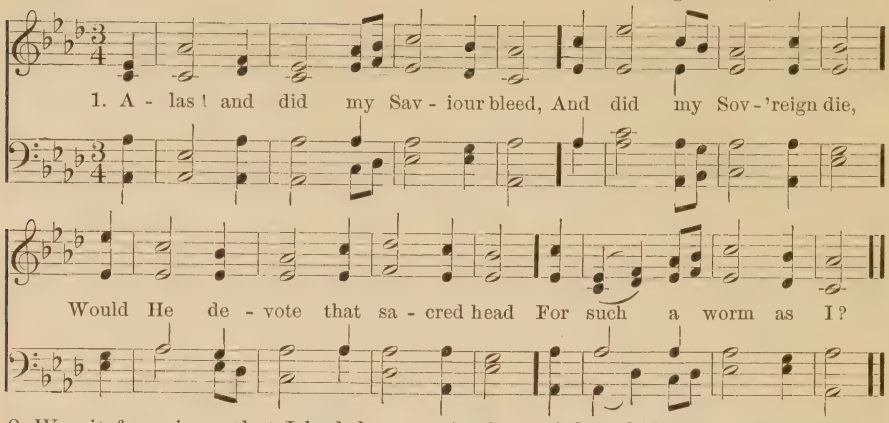
3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished," hear Him cry,
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom,
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery, 1820 (Text of 1853)

148 AVON C. M.

Hugh Wilson, c. 1800



2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

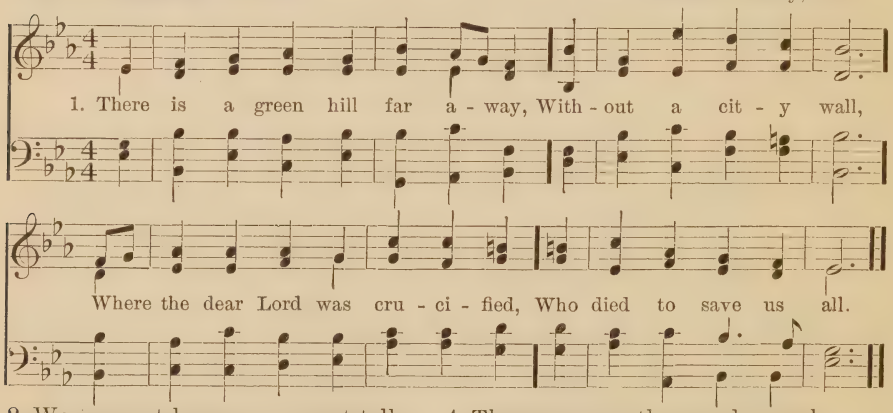
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

149 HORSLEY C. M.

William Horsley, 1844



2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

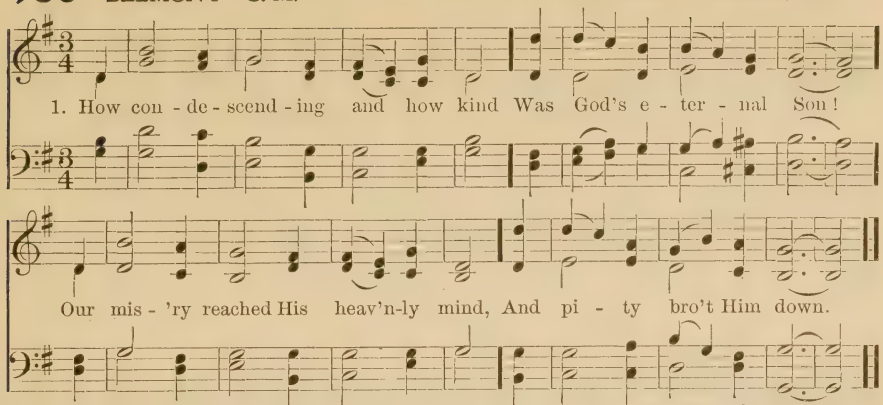
4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly, has He loved!
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848

150 BELMONT C. M.

Arr. from W. Gardiner, 1812



2 When justice by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave His soul up to the stroke,
Without a murmuring word.

3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to His throne:
There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows
But cost His heart a groan.

4 This was compassion like a God,
That though the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

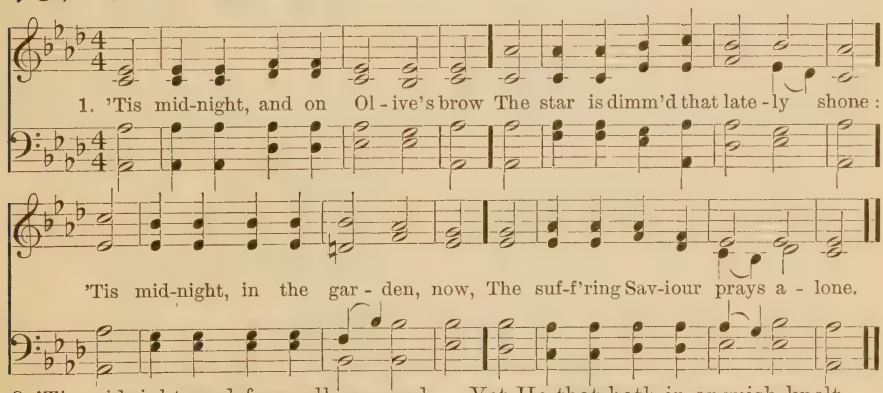
5 Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor lets His saints forget.

6 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we His death record,
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

151 OLIVE'S BROW L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1853



2 'Tis midnight, and from all removed,
Emmanuel wrestles lone with fears;
E'en the disciple that He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight, and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight, and from heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William B. Tappan, 1822

152 PASSION CHORALE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Hans Leo Hassler, 1601

Voices in Unison. *Very slow.*

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown:
O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was Thine!
Yet, though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

2 O noblest brow and dearest,
In other days the world
All feared when Thou appeared st;
What shame on Thee is hurled!
How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

3 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

5 Be near when I am dying,
O show Thy cross to me;
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through Thy love.

Ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153); Tr. Rev. Paul Gerhardt, 1656; Tr. Rev. James W. Alexander, 1830

153 GERHARDT 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Joseph P. Holbrook, 1862

1. O Je - sus, we a - dore Thee, Up - on the cross, our King; We bow our hearts be-

fore Thee; Thy gra-cious name we sing: That name hath bro't sal - va - tion, That

name, in life our stay; Our peace, our con - so - la - tion When life shall fade a - way.

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2 Yet doth the world disdain Thee,
Still passing by Thy cross:
Lord, may our hearts retain Thee;
All else we count but loss.
O glorious King, we bless Thee,
No longer pass Thee by;
O Jesus, we confess Thee
Our Lord, enthroned on high.

3 Thy wounds, Thy grief beholding,
With Thee, O Lord, we grieve;
Thee in our hearts enfolding,
Our hearts Thy wounds receive;
Lord, grant to us remission;
Life through Thy death restore;
Yea, grant us the fruition
Of life for evermore.

Rev. Arthur T. Russell, 1851

154 HAVERGAL 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1892

1. Thy life was giv'n for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
That I might ran - som'd be, And quick - ened from the dead.
Thy life was giv'n for me: What have I giv'n for Thee?

2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me:
Have I spent one for Thee?

3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me:
Have I left aught for Thee?

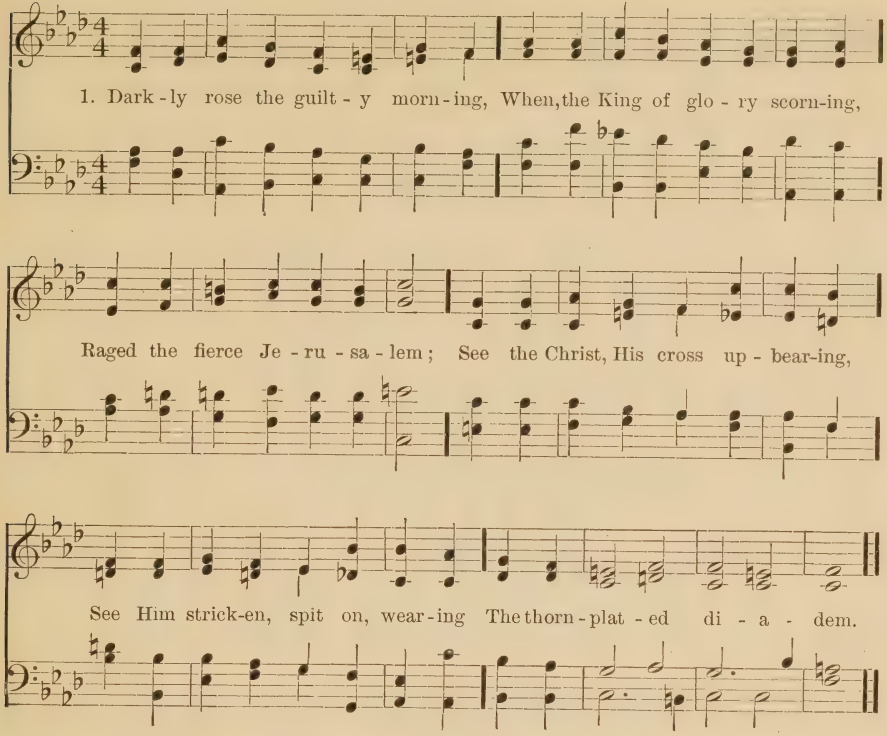
4 And Thou hast brought to me,
Down from Thy home above,
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love.
Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
What have I brought to Thee?

5 O let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent!
Thou gavest Thyself for me;
I give myself to Thee.

Frances R. Havergal, 1858

155 BARNBY 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1872



2 Not the crowd whose cries assailed Him,
Nor the hands that rudely nailed Him,
Slew Him on the cursèd tree;
Ours the sin from heaven that called Him,
Ours the sin whose burden galled Him
In the sad Gethsemane.

3 For our sins, of glory emptied,
He was fasting, lone, and tempted,
He was slain on Calvary;
Yet He for His murderers pleaded;
Lord, by us that prayer is needed,
We have pierced, yet trust in Thee.

4 In our wealth and tribulation,
By Thy precious cross and passion,
By Thy blood and agony,
By Thy glorious resurrection,
By Thy Holy Ghost's protection,
Make us Thine eternally.

Joseph Anstice, 1836

156 HILDA 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1861

1. Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail! Thou Gal - i - le - an King!
Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.
Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame!
By Thy mer - it we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en thro' Thy name.

(*Or to Autumn, No.* 197)

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

Rev. John Bakewell, 1757; Enlarged in M. Madan's Collection, 1760; Alt., Rev. A. M. Toplady, 1776

157 THEODULPH 7. 6. 7. 6. with Refrain

Melchior Teschner, 1613

1. { All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King! }
{ To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. }

The 2d and following verses

2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,

Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and Bless - ed One.

After each verse.

{ All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King! }
{ To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. }

3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

5 To Thee, before Thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.

Theodulph of Orleans, c. 820; Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1854; Verse 1, l. 1, Verse 5, alt. Hy. Anc. and Mod.

158 LESLIE 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8

John P. Campbell, 1899

1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn, That gilds the sa - cred tomb, Where Christ the cru - ci - fied was borne, And veiled in mid-night gloom! O weep no more the Sav - iour slain, The Lord is risen, He lives a - gain.

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord,
"Behold the place, He is not here!"
The tomb is all unbarred:
The gates of death were closed in vain,
The Lord is risen, He lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer,
Your early footsteps bend;
The Saviour will Himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law, your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ, ye live again.

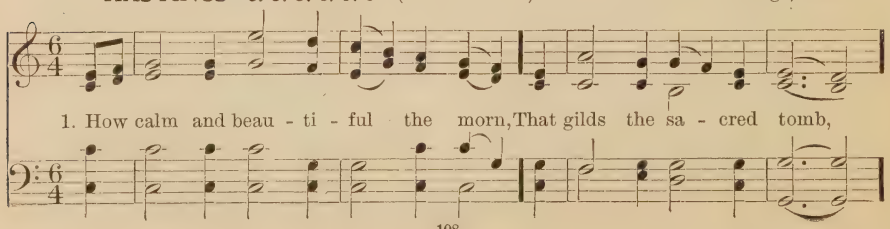
4 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
O weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen, He lives again.

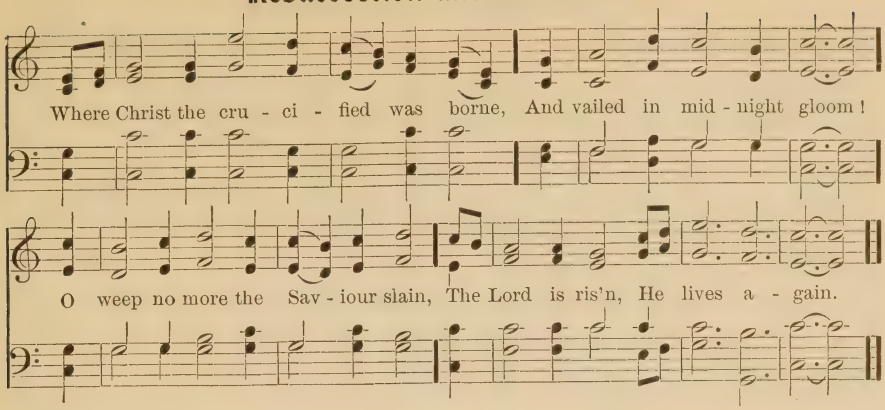
5 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since He hath risen that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

Thomas Hastings, 1842

HASTINGS 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8 (*Second Tune*)

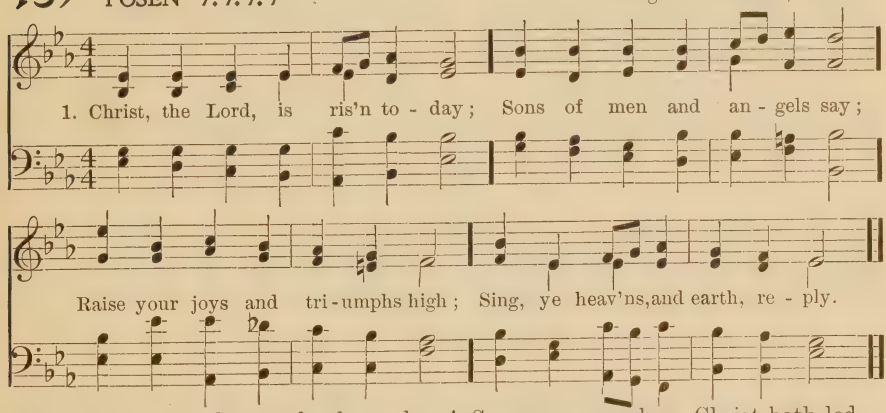
Thomas Hastings, 1830





159 POSEN 7.7.7.7

George C. Strattner, 1691



2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.

3 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O grave?

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise:
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

5 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given:
Thee we greet triumphant now:
Hail, the Resurrection, Thou!

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739; Verse 4, l. 3, alt.

160 7.7.7.7

1 Lo! the stone is rolled away,
Death yields up his mighty prey;
Jesus, rising from the tomb,
Scatters all its fearful gloom.

2 Praise Him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise and sweep your golden lyres:
Praise Him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

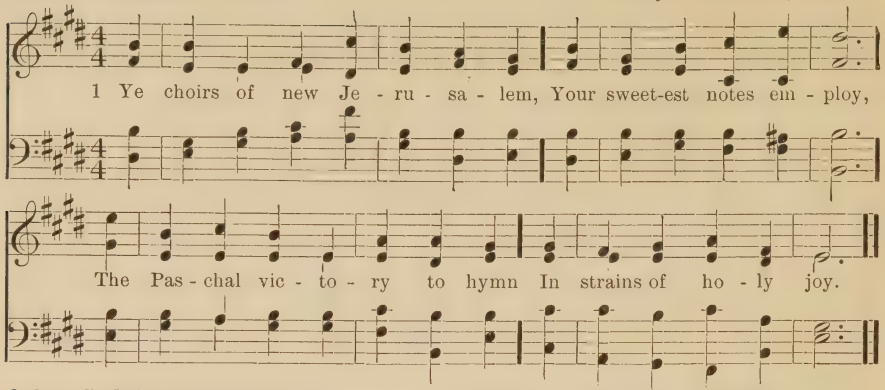
3 Every note with rapture swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

4 Let Immanuel be adored,
Ransom, Mediator, Lord!
To creation's utmost bound,
Let the eternal praise resound.

Rev. Thos. Scott, 1769

161 FULBERT C. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852



2 For Judah's lion bursts His chains,
Crushing the serpent's head,
And cries aloud thro' death's domains,
To wake the imprisoned dead.

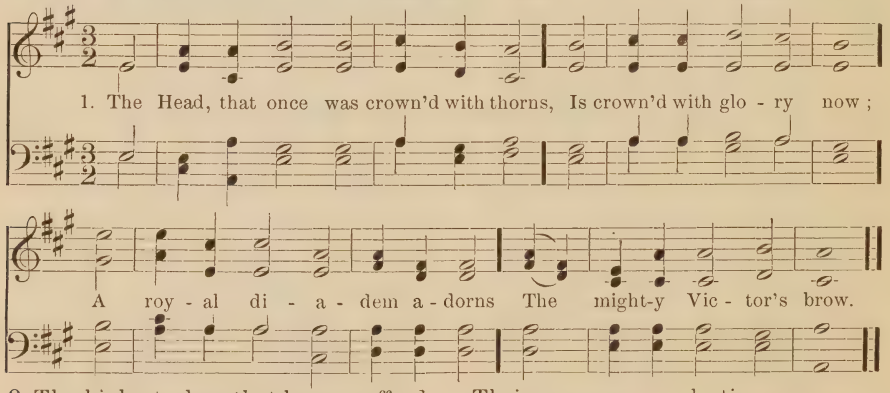
3 Triumphant in His glory now,
To Him all power is given;
To Him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.

4 While we, His soldiers, praise our King,
His mercy we implore
Within His palace bright to bring,
And keep us evermore.

Fulbert of Chartres, 1020; Tr. Robert Campbell, 1850; Ab. Recast H. A. & M., 1859

162 AZMON C. M.

Arr. from Carl G. Gläser, 1828, by Lowell Mason, 1839



2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is Thine, is Thine by right,—
Thou King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom Thou dost reveal Thy love,
And grant Thy name to know.

4 To whom the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with Thee, Lord, below,
They reign with Thee above,
Their everlasting joy to know
The mystery of Thy love.

6 Thy cross, dear Lord, is life and health,
Though shame and death to Thee;
Thy people's hope, Thy people's wealth,
Their song eternally.

Rev. Thos. Kelly, 1820

163 CORONÆ 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7

William H. Monk, 1871

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious, See the Man of Sor-rows now;
From the fight re-turned vic-to-rious, Ev-'ry knee to Him shall bow;
Crown Him! Crown Him! Crowns be-come the vic-tor's brow.

(*Or to Segur, No.* 333)

2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
On the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

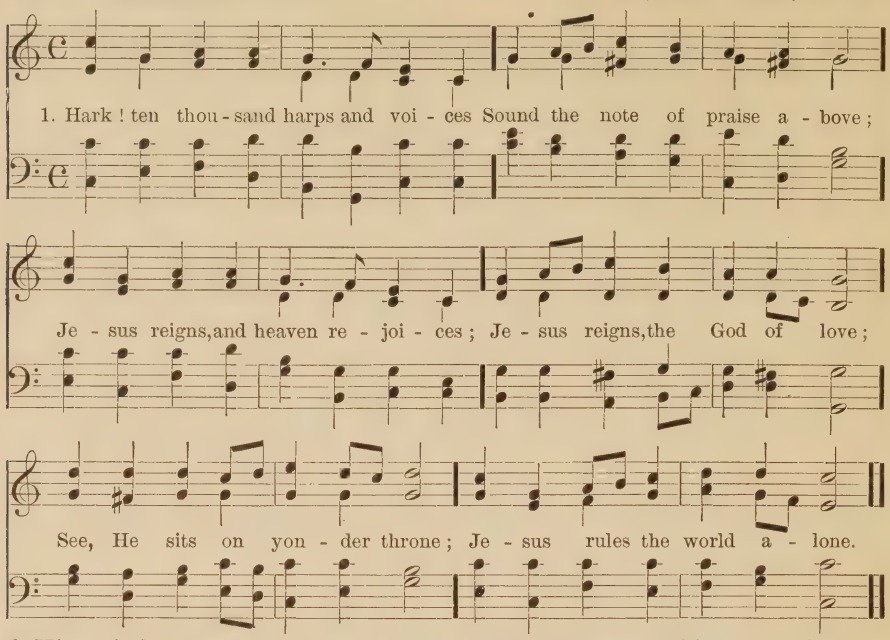
3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the victor's fame!

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation;
Hark! those loud triumphant chords,
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Rev. Thomas Kelly. 1809

164 LORRAINE 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7

Darmstädter Gesangbuch
Arr. by J. G. C. Storl, 1711



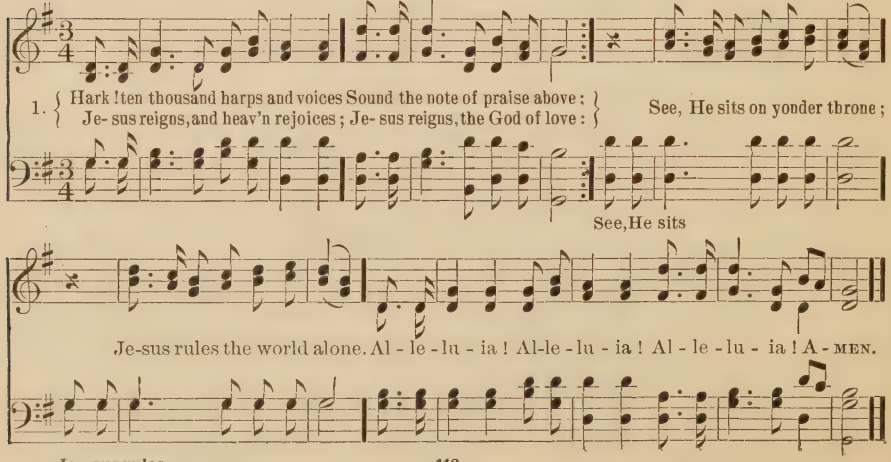
2 King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown ;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own :
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

3 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing ;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away :
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King !"

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1806

HARWELL 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. with Refrain

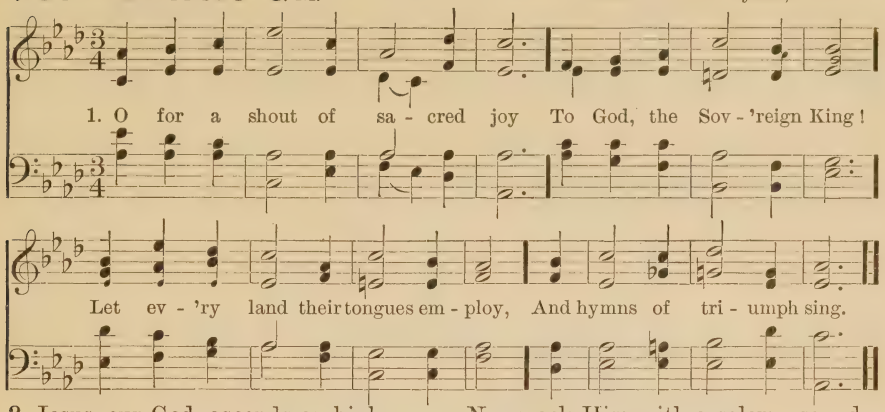
Lowell Mason, 1841



Je - sus rules

165 BEATITUDO C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875



2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend Him, rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth His honors sing;
O'er all the earth He reigns.

4 Rehearse His praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

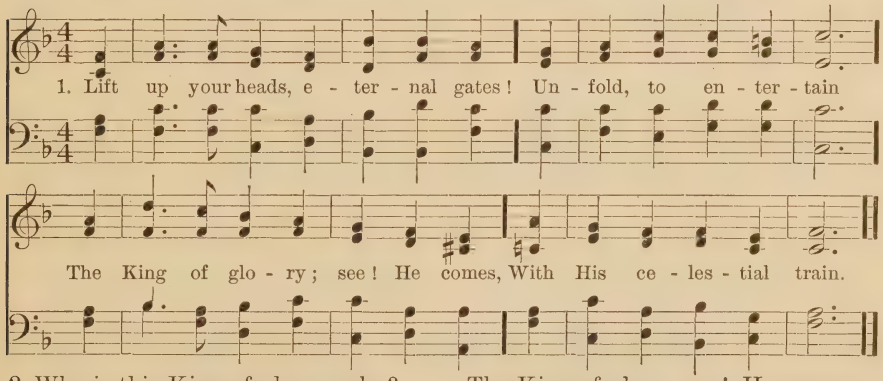
5 In Israel stood His ancient throne,
He loved that chosen race;
But now He calls the world His own,
And heathens taste His grace.

6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known;
While powers and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before His throne.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

166 WINCHESTER Old C. M.

Arr. from Christopher Tye, 1553



2 Who is this King of glory—who?
The Lord, for strength renowned;
In battle mighty; o'er His foes
Eternal Victor crowned.

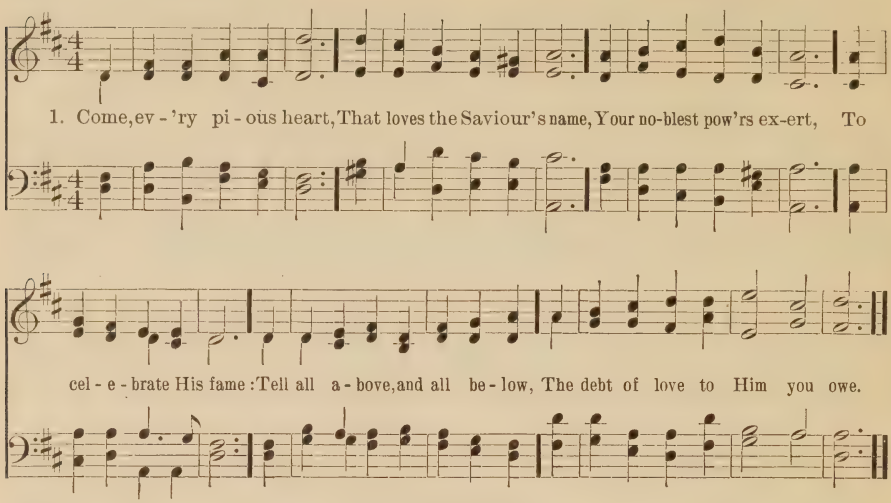
3 Lift up your heads, ye gates! unfold,
In state to entertain
The King of glory; see! He comes,
With all His shining train.

4 Who is the King of glory—who?
The Lord of hosts renowned:
Of glory He alone is King,
Who is with glory crowned.

Tate and Brady's New Version, 1696

167 ST. JOHN 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8

Parish Choir, 1851



(*Or to Lenox, No.* 234)

2 Such was His zeal for God,
And such His love for you,
He freely undertook
What angels could not do:
His mighty deeds of love and grace,
All words exceed, and tho'ts surpass.

3 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What He endurèd! who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell!

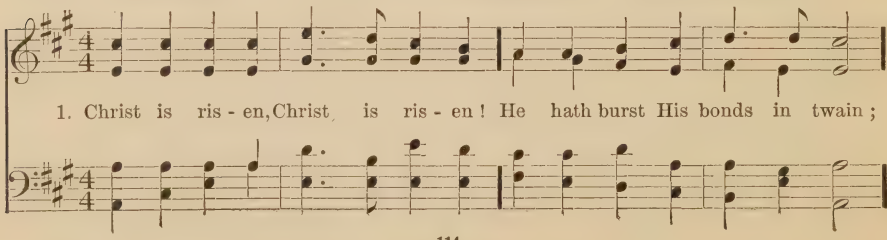
4 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansions of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes,
In glorious triumph led:
Up thro' the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

5 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe Thy love,
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts, our all, to Thee we give;
The gift, tho' small, Thou wilt receive.

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1787

168 RESURREXIT 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 5. 7. 5. with Refrain

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874



Resurrection and Exaltation

Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain. For our gain He

suf - fer'd loss By di - vine de - cree; He hath died up - on the cross,

REFRAIN.

But our God is He. Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His

bonds in twain; Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain.

2 See, the chains of death are broken;
Earth below and heaven above
Joy in each amazing token
Of His rising, Lord of love;
He for evermore shall reign
By the Father's side,
Till He comes to earth again,
Comes to claim His bride.—REF.

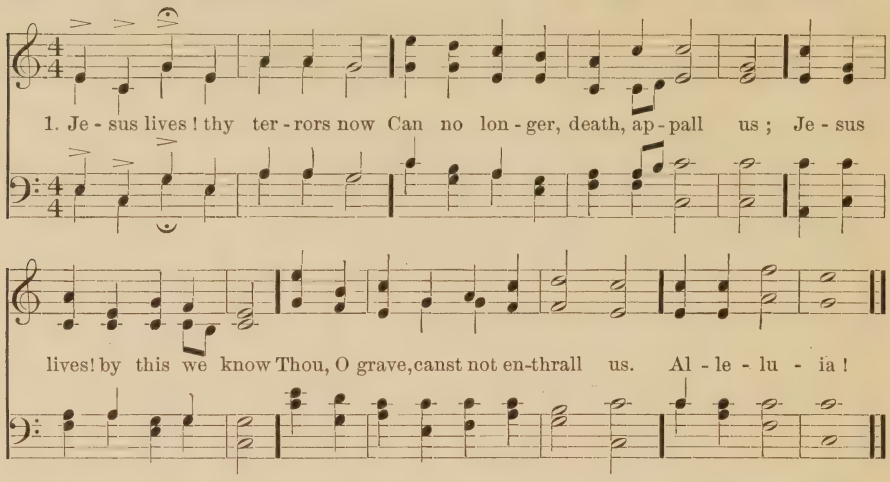
3 Glorious angels downward thronging
Hail the Lord of all the skies;
Heaven, with joy and holy longing
For the Word incarnate, cries,
Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice,
Gleam, ye starry train;
All creation, find a voice;
He o'er all shall reign.

REF.—Christ is risen, Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen, Christ is risen!
O'er the universe to reign.

Rev. Archer T. Gurney, 1862; Recast in Church Hymns, 1871

169 ALBINUS 7. 8. 7. 8. 4

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852



2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

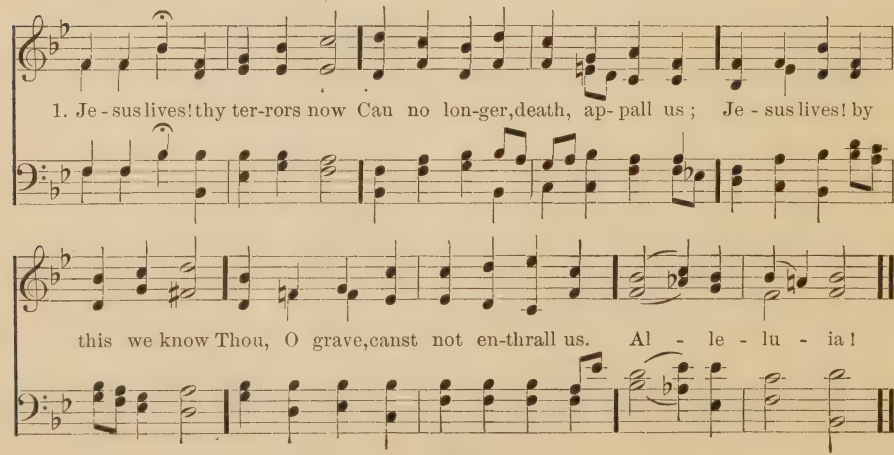
4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sever,
Life, nor death, nor pow'rs of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He has gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia!

Christian F. Gellert, 1757 (*Jesus lebt! mit Ihm auch ich*)
Tr. Miss F. E. Cox, 1841, alt.

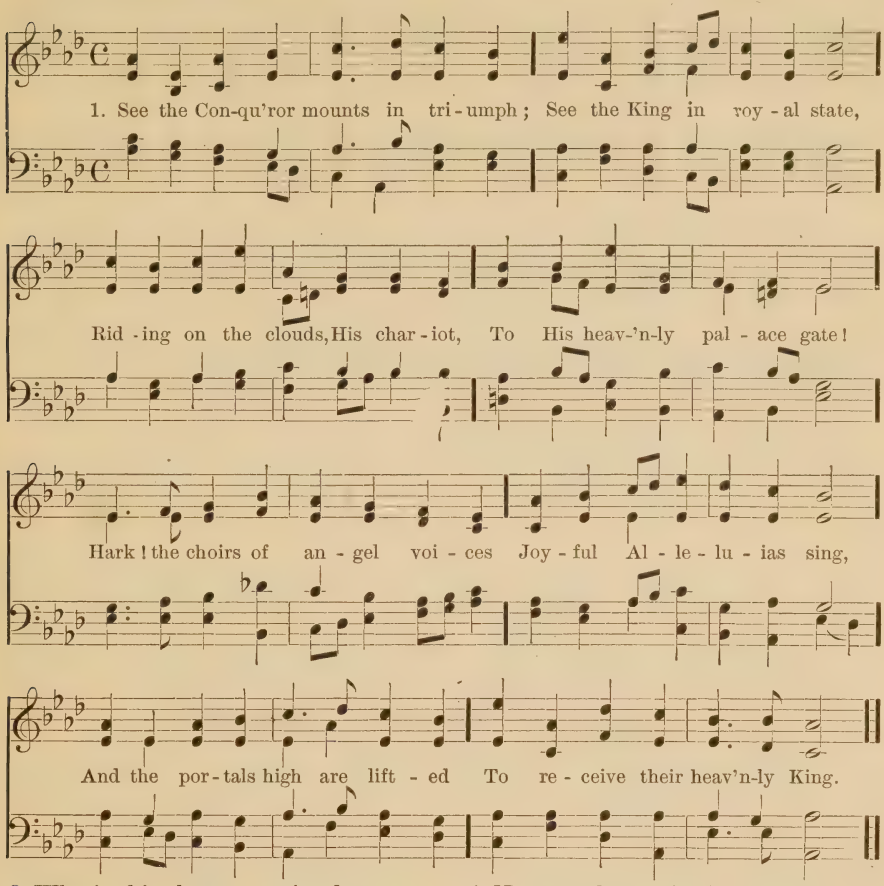
LINDISFARNE 7. 8. 7. 8. 4 (*Second Tune*)

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862



170 REX GLORIAE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Henry Smart, 1868



2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He hath gained the victory!
He who on the Cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan;
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 While He raised His hands in blessing,
He was parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends;
He Who walked with God and pleased Him,
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated,
To His everlasting home.

4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
With His blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

5 Thou hast raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand:
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand.
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

171 PENITENCE 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Spencer Lane, 1878

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from Thee; When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re - call, . . Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.

rall.

From Hutchins' Church Hymnal, by permission.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

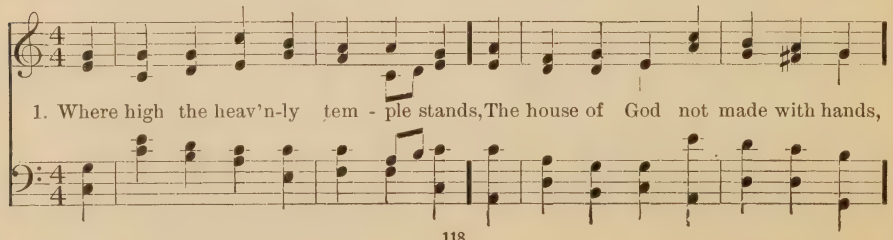
3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

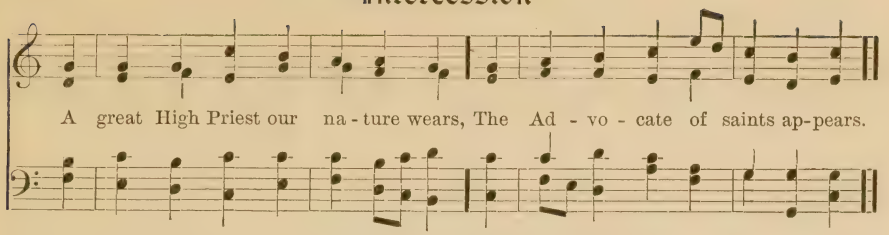
4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

James Montgomery, 1834
Alt. Mrs. Hutton and G. Thring

172 MAINZER L. M.

Joseph Mainzer, c. 1840





2 He, who for men in mercy stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His plan of grace,
The Saviour of the chosen race.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, and agonies and cries.

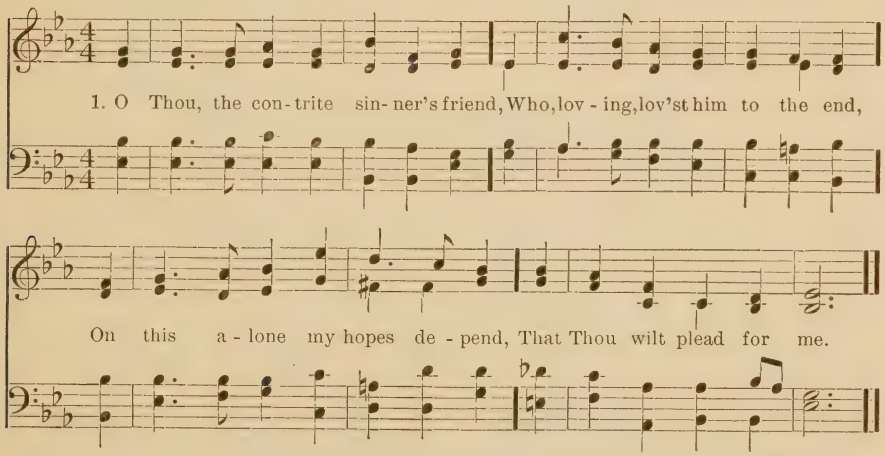
5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

7 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heavenly power.
To help us in the evil hour.

Michael Bruce, Pub. 1824

173 ELMHURST 8. 8. 8. 6

Edwin Drewett, 1887



2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far-off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have err'd and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

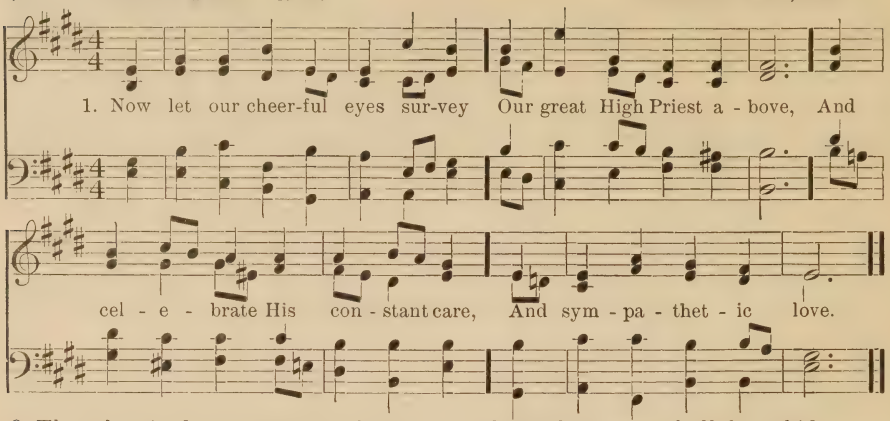
4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me!

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darken'd with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

Charlotte Elliott, 1833

174 SOUTHWELL C. M.

Herbert S. Irons, 1861



2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crowned;—

3 The names of all His saints He bears
Engraven on His heart;
Nor shall a name once treasured there
E'er from His care depart.

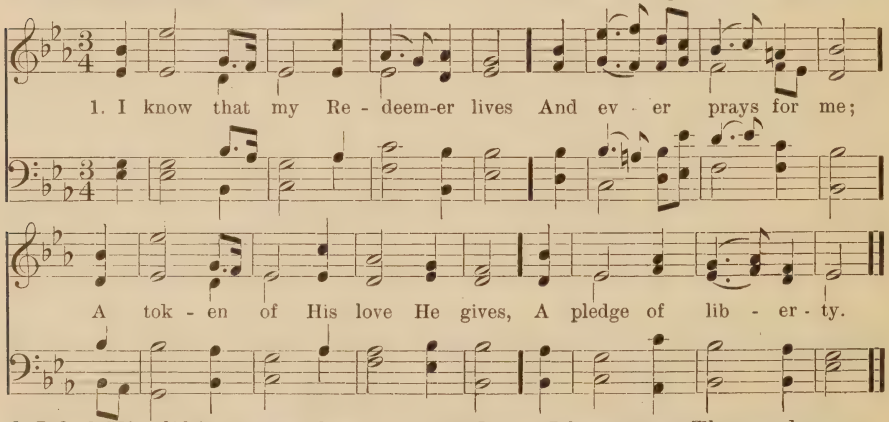
4 Those characters shall fair abide
Our everlasting trust, [crowns,
When gems, and monuments, and
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour! on my breast,
May Thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755, alt.

175 BRADFORD C. M.

Arr. from George F. Händel, 1741



2 I find Him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

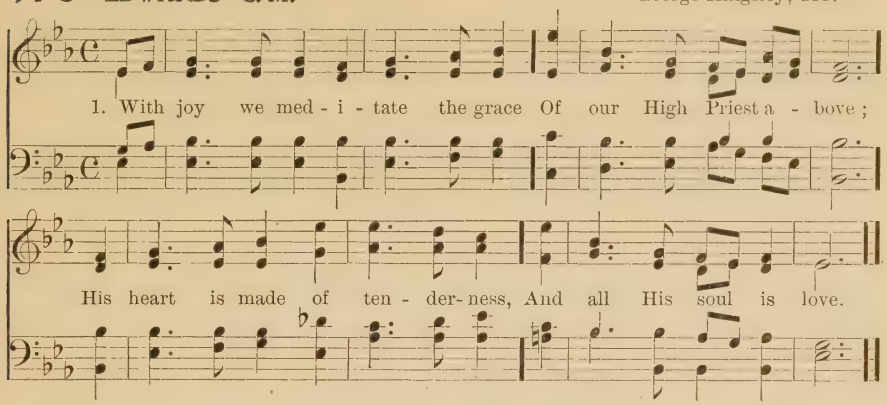
4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am His,
Of Paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss
And everlasting rest.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742, ab.

176 EDWARDS C. M.

George Kingsley, 1847



2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent and pure,
The great Redeemer stood;
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out His cries and tears;
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

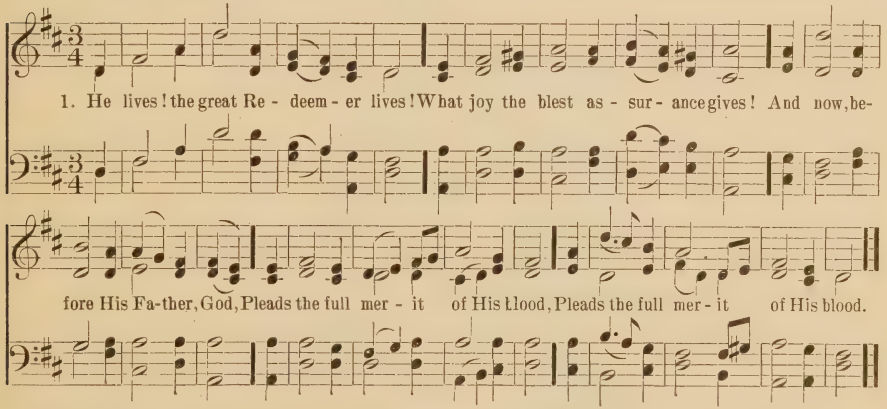
5 He'll never quench the smoking flax
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace,
In the distressing hour.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

177 ROTHWELL L. M.

William Tansur, 1754



2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On Him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

Anne Steele, 1760

178 DARWALL 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8

Rev. John Darwall, 1770

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt - y fears;
A bleed - ing sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears.
Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands; My name is writ - ten on His hands.

(*Or to Lenox, No.* 234)

2 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
Forgive him, O forgive they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son;
The Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for a child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

Rev. Chas. Wesley, 1742

179 LANCASHIRE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Henry Smart, 1866

1. Re - joice, all ye be - liev - ers, And let your lights ap - pear;
The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near.
The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He draw - eth nigh;
Up, pray, and watch, and wres - tle; At mid - night comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
And wait for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With alleluias clear.

3 Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign forever
When sorrow is no more.
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before Him
Your diadems of gold.

4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere.
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto Thee.

Laurentius Laurenti, 1700; Tr. Sarah B. Findlater, 1854

The Lord Jesus Christ

180 LUX EOI 8. 7. 8. 7. D. Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874

1. He is com - ing, He is com - ing, Not as once He came be - fore,

Wail - ing in - fant born in weak-ness On a low - ly sta - ble floor;

But up - on His cloud of glo - ry, In the crim - son - tint - ed sky,

Where we see the gold - en sun - rise In the ro - sy dis - tance lie.

2 He is coming, He is coming,
Not as once He wandered through
All the hostile land of Judah,
With His followers poor and few;
But with all the holy angels
Waiting round His judgment-seat,
And the chosen twelve Apostles
Sitting crownèd at His feet.

3 He is coming, He is coming,
Let His lowly first estate,
And His tender love, so teach us
That in faith and hope we wait,
Till in glory eastward burning,
Our redemption draweth near,
And we see the sign in heaven
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, 1848, ab.

181 ST. ANDREW 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869

1. Friend of sin - ners, Lord of glo - ry, Low - ly, might - y, broth - er, King!

Mu - sing o'er Thy won-drous sto - ry, Grate - ful we Thy prais - es sing:

Friend to help us, cheer us, save us, In whom pow'r and pi - ty blend—

Praise we must the grace which gave us Je - sus Christ, the sin - ners' friend.

2 Friend who never fails nor grieves us,
Faithful, tender, constant, kind;
Friend who at all times receives us,
Friend who came the lost to find.
Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
Loving until life shall end;
Then conferring bliss entrancing,
Still, in heaven, the sinners' friend.

3 O to love and serve Thee better!
From all evil set us free;
Break, Lord, every sinful fetter;
Be each thought conformed to Thee:
Looking for Thy bright appearing,
May our spirits upward tend;
Till no longer doubting, fearing,
We behold the sinners' friend.

Rev. Newman Hall, 1859

182 ROUEN 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7

Chas. F. Gounod, 1872

1. Lo! He comes, with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for fa - vored sin-ners slain;
Thou-sand thou-sand saints at - tend-ing Swell the tri - umph of His train;
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! God ap - pears on earth to reign.

(*Or to Zion, No.* 538)

183 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7

1 Christ is coming! Let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore, and faith increase.
Come, Lord Jesus!
Come, thou blessèd Prince of Peace.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

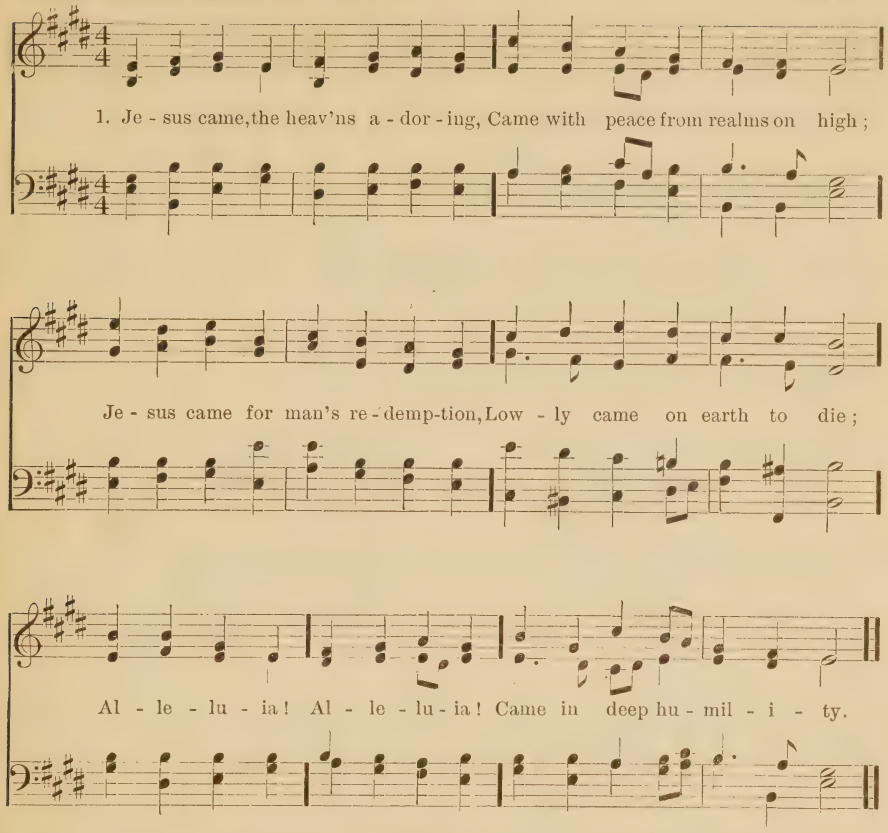
Verses 1, 2, 4, Rev. Charles Wesley, 1758
Verse 3, J. Cennick, 1752; Arr. Alt. M. Madan, 1760

2 Long Thine exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
But in heavenly vestures shining,
They shall soon Thy glory see.
Come, Lord Jesus!
Haste the joyous Jubilee!

3 With that blessèd hope before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent-chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue.
Alleluia!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

Rev. John Macduff, 1853

184 HOLLYWOOD 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7 1782



2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heartfelt prayer;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Now the gate of death is riven.

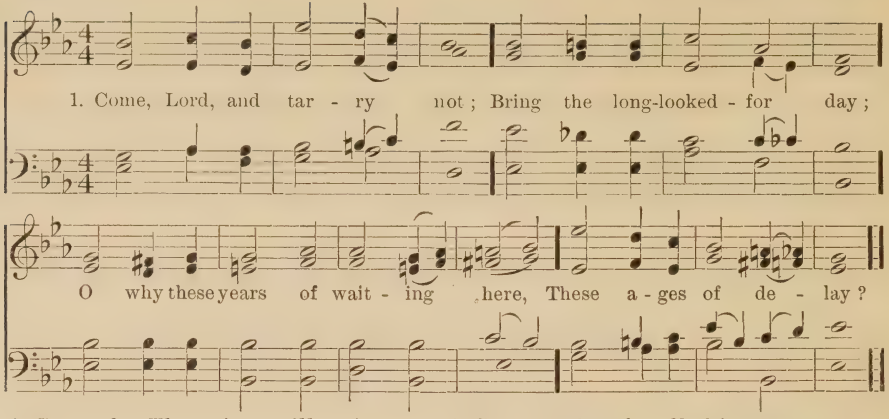
4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts, and dries our tears:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Cheering e'en our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory,
Let us then our homage pay,
Alleluia! Ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1864

185 SIENNA S. M.

John H. Deane, 1869



2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh:
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come":
Dost Thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

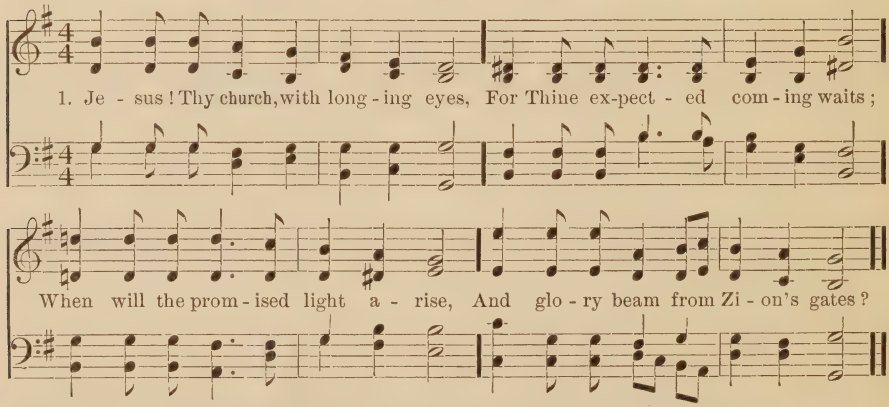
4 Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

5 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1846

186 GROSTETTE L. M.

Henry W. Greatorex, 1851



2 Ev'n now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 O come and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
All nations bow to Thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for the appointed hour;
And fit us, by Thy grace, to share
The triumphs of Thy conquering power.

Rev. William H. Bathurst, 1831

Praise to Christ

187 BERTHOLD 7. 6. 7. 6. D. Berthold Tours, 1872

1. To Thee, my God and Sav - iour, My heart ex - ult - ing sings,
Re - joic - ing in Thy fa - vor, Al - might - y King of kings.
I'll cel - e - brate Thy glo - ry, With all Thy saints a - bove,
And tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of Thy re - deem - ing love.

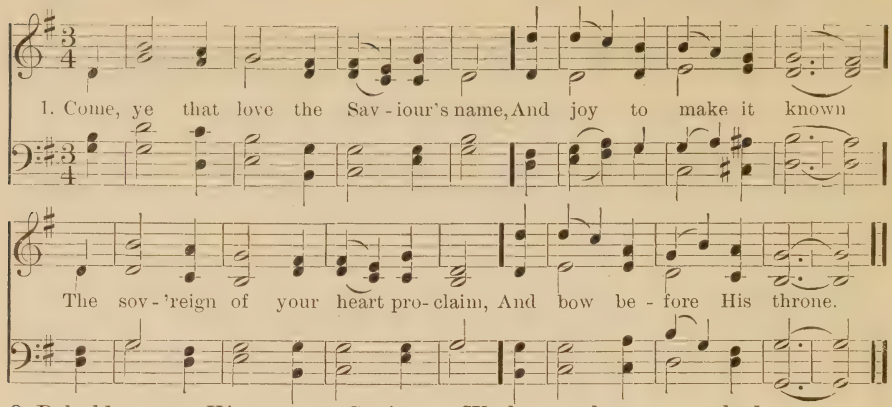
2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
Well pleasèd, Thou shalt hear;
O grant me Thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By Thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode;
There cast my crown before Thee,
Now all my conflicts o'er,
And day and night adore Thee–
What can an angel more?

Rev. Thomas Haweis, 1792

188 BELMONT C. M.

Arr. from William Gardiner, 1812



2 Behold your King, your Saviour,
With glories all divine; [crowned
And tell the wondering nations 'round,
How bright these glories shine.

3 Infinite power and boundless grace
In Him unite their rays:
Ye that have e'er beheld His face,
Can ye forbear His praise?

4 When in His earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

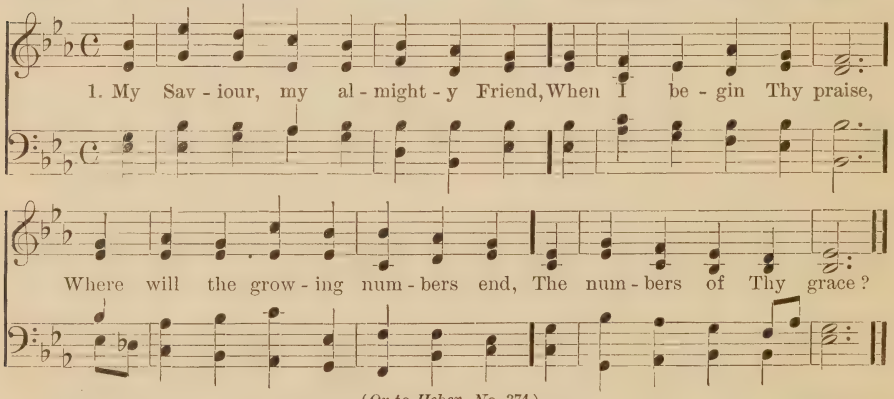
5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

6 O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate Thy praise.

Anne Steele, 1760

189 ST. PETER C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1826



(Or to Heber, No. 374)

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew Thy graces first,
I speak Thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march, with courage, in Thy strength
To see my Father, God.

4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King;
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.

6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

190 LOVING KINDNESS L. M. with Refrain

Western Melody
Arr. by Thos. Hastings, 1852

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing Thy great Re - deem-er's praise:
He just - ly claims a song from thee; His lov - ing-kindness, O how free!
His lov - ing kind-ness, O how free! His lov - ing kind-ness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

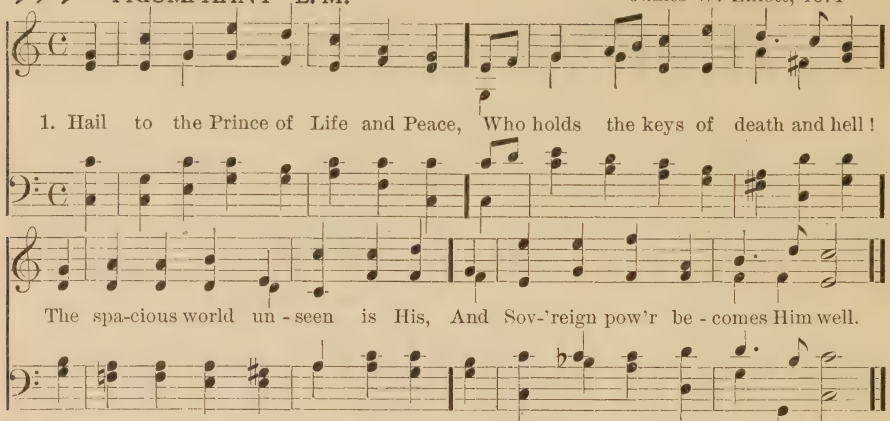
6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath,
His loving-kindness sing in death.

7 Then, let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Samuel Medley, 1782, alt.

191 TRIUMPHANT L. M.

James W. Elliott, 1874



2 In shame and torment once He died,
But now He lives for evermore;
Bow down, ye saints, around His seat,
And, all ye angel-bands, adore.

3 So live forever, glorious Lord, [friends!
To crush Thy foes and guard Thy
While all Thy chosen tribes rejoice
That Thy dominion never ends.

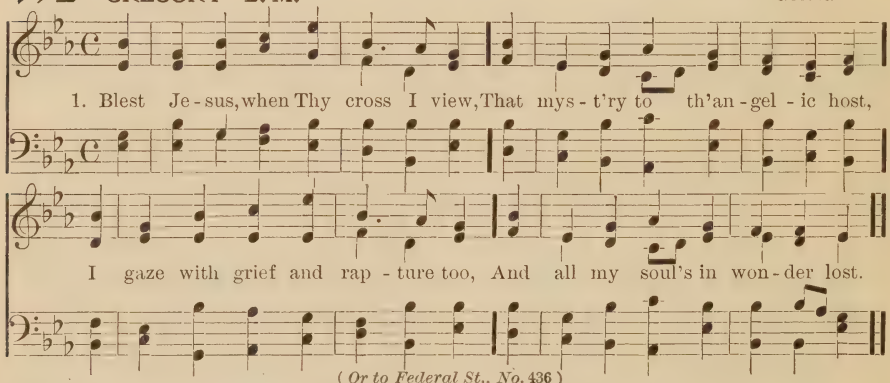
4 Worthy Thy hands to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below and worlds above.

5 Forever reign, victorious King!
Wide thro' the earth Thy name be known;
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimer anthems near Thy throne.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755

192 GREGORY L. M.

German



(*Or to Federal St., No.* 436)

2 What strange compassion filled Thy [on high,
breast,
That brought Thee from Thy throne
To woes that cannot be expressed,
To be despised, to groan and die!

3 For man didst Thou forsake the sky,
To bleed upon the accursed tree?
And didst Thou taste of death, to buy
Immortal life and bliss for me?

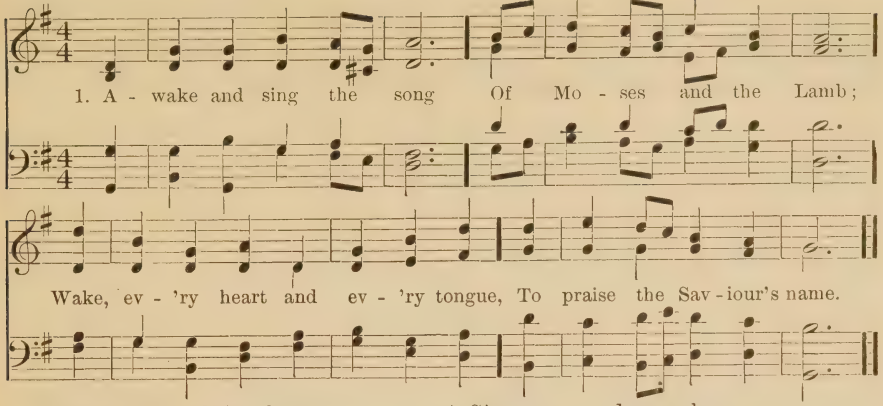
4 Had I a voice to praise Thy name,
Loud as the trump that wakes the dead,
Had I the raptured seraph's flame,
My debt of love could ne'er be paid.

5 Yet, Lord, a sinner's heart receive,
This burdened contrite heart of mine;
Thou knowest I've nought beside to give;
And let it be for ever Thine.

Rev. Conrad Speece, 1800

193 ST. THOMAS S. M.

Aaron Williams, c. 1760



2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

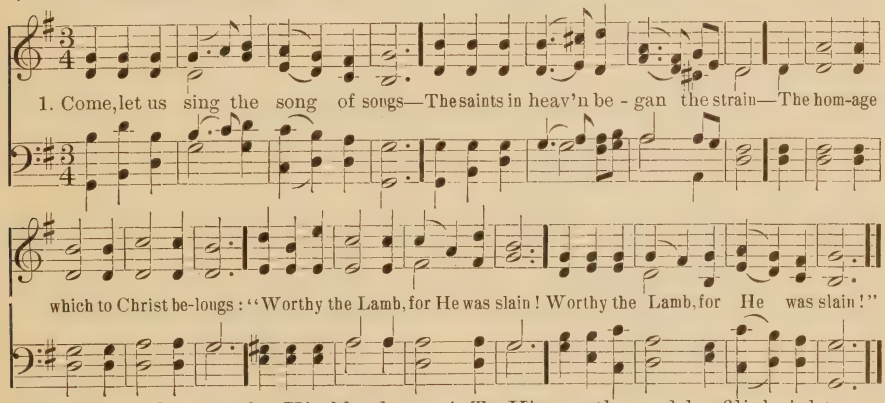
4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the Eternal King.

5 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come;"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

William Hammond, 1745; Alt. Rev. Geo. Whitefield, 1753, and Rev. Martin Madan, 1760

194 PARK STREET L. M.

Arr. by William Gardiner, 1815
from Frederic M. A. Venua, c. 1800



2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

3 To Him who suffered on the tree,
Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

4 To Him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

5 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with Him we reign,
This song our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

James Montgomery, 1841

195 DIADEMATA S. M. D.

Sir George J. Elvey, 1868

1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own;
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

2 Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wond'ring eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end,
And round His piercèd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges, 1848

196 CORONATION C. M.

Oliver Holden, 1793

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem,

And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Rev. Edward Perronet, 1779-80; Verse 1, l. 4, alt, verses 2 & 4 recast, verse 5, added, Rev. John Rippon, 1787

MILES LANE C. M. (*Second Tune*)

William Shrubsole, 1779

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al

di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

197 AUTUMN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Louis von Esch, c. 1810

1. Might - y God ! while an - gels bless Thee, May a mor - tal lisp Thy name ?
Lord of men, as well as an - gels ! Thou art ev - 'ry crea-ture's theme :
Lord of ev - 'ry land and na - tion ! An - cient of e - ter - nal days ! .
Sound -ed thro' the wide cre - a - tion— Be Thy just and end - less praise.

2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For Thy providence, that governs
Through Thine empire'a wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.

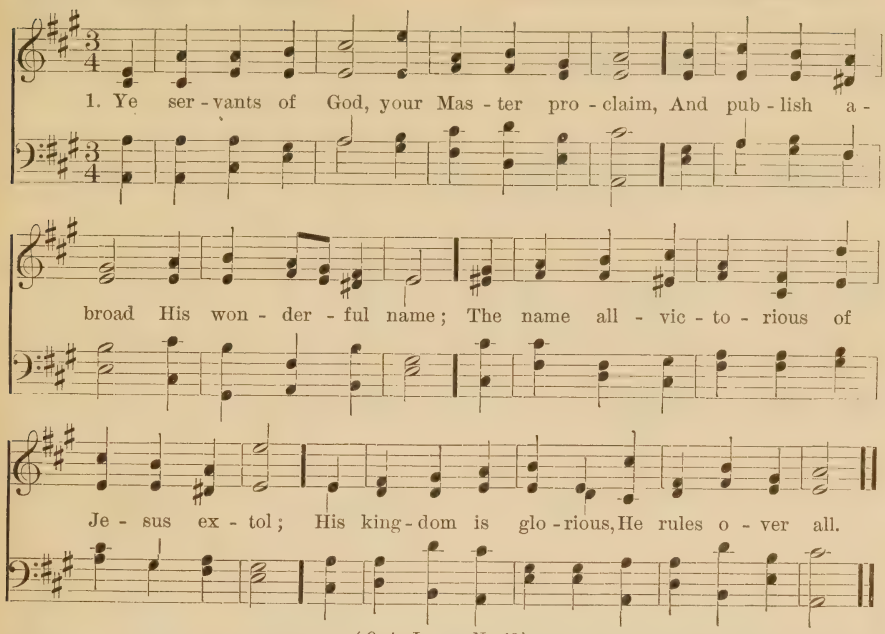
3 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression,—
Who can sing that wondrous song ?
Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie ?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence !
Sing the Lord who came to die.

4 From the highest throne of glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
Thou didst stoop to ransom captives;
Flow my praise, forever flow.
Reascend, immortal Saviour,
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne:
Thence return, and reign forever:
Be the kingdom all Thine own!

Rev. Robert Robinson, 1774

198 HANOVER 10. 10. 11. 11

Supplement to the New Version, 1708



(*Or to Lyons, No.* 13)

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,
And still He is nigh—His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the Throne,"
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore and give Him His right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing for infinite Love.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1744

199 AUTUMN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

1 Crown His head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
Hail, ye saints, who know His favor,
Who within His gates are found;
Hail, ye saints, the exalted Saviour,
Let His courts with praise resound.

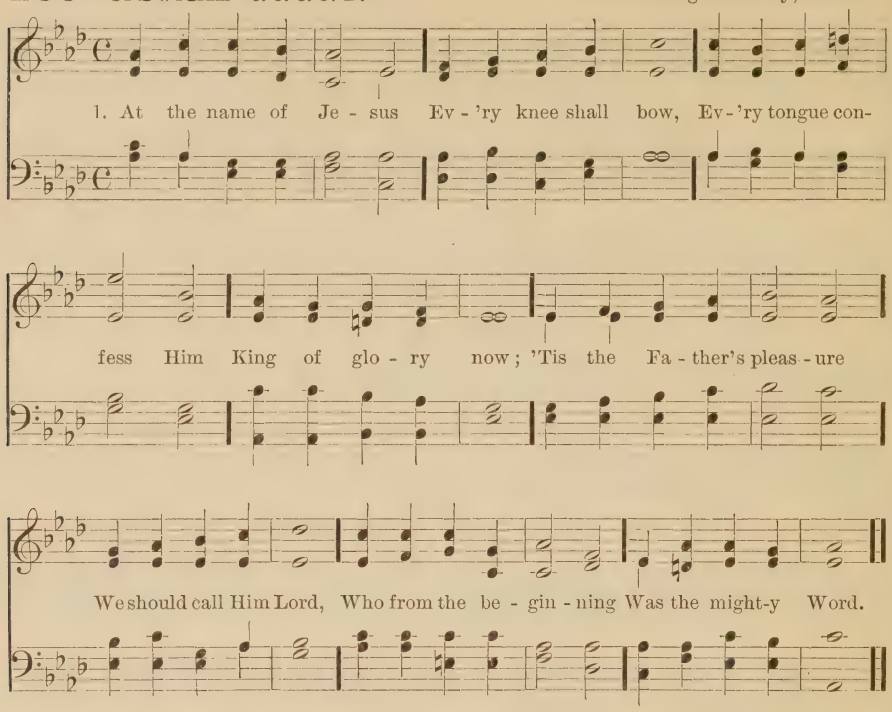
2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore Thee;
Thee our Saviour! Thee our God!
From His throne His beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.
In His word His light arises,
Brightest beams of truth and grace;
Bind, O bind your sacrifices,
In His courts your offerings place.

3 Jesus, Thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round Thy throne;
Now, ye saints, His power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For His mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

Rev. William Goode, 1811

The Lord Jesus Christ

200 URSWICKE 6. 5. 6. 5. D. Sir George J. Elvey, 1881



2 At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel-faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders,
In their great array.

3 Humbled for a season,
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed:

4 Bore it up triumphant,
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height:
To the Throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast,
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.

5 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true;
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

6 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

Caroline Maria Noel, 1870

201 GOPSAL 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8

George F. Handel, pub. 1828

1. Re - joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore!

Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more:

Unison (optional)

Lift up your heart; lift up your voice; Re - joice! a - gain I say, re - joice!

(*Or to Darwall, No.* 178)

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

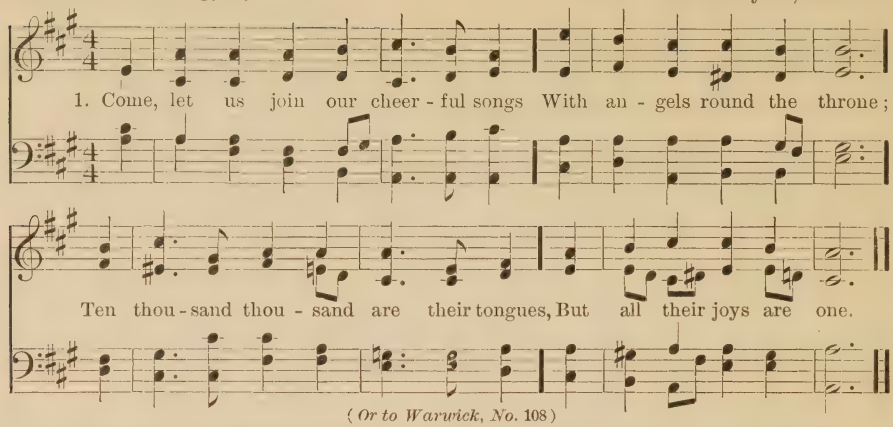
3 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

4 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear th'archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound;—Rejoice!

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1744; J. Taylor, 1795

202 LAUD C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862



(*Or to Warwick, No.* 108)

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

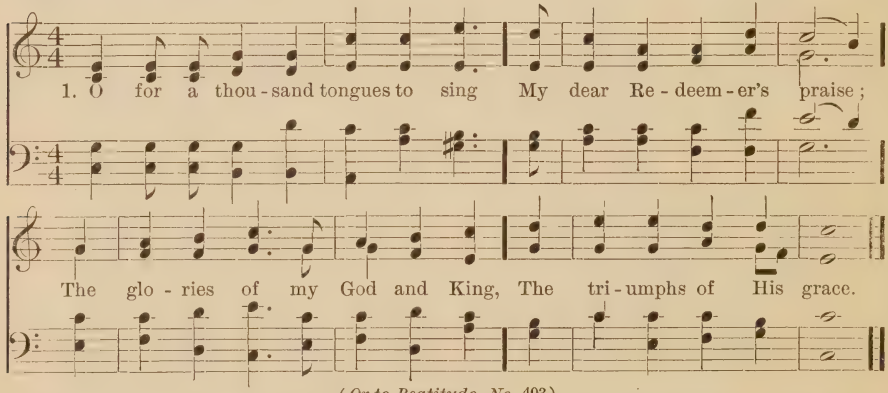
4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

203 NATIVITY C. M.

Henry Lahee, 1855



(*Or to Beatitudo, No.* 403)

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

4 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

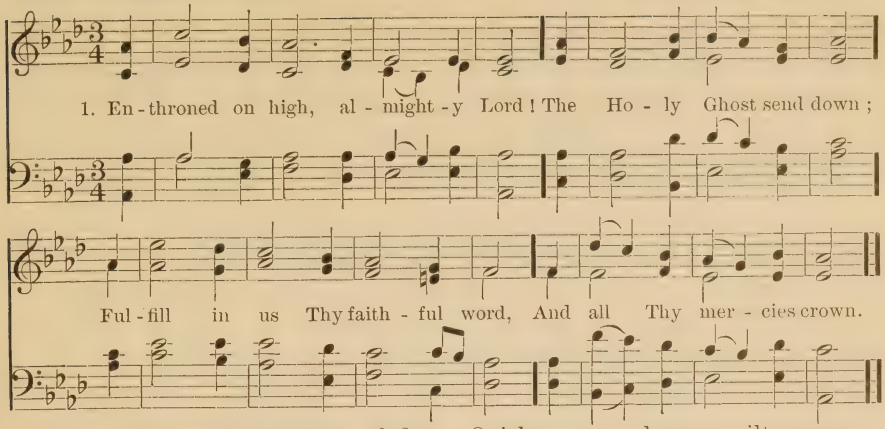
4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 Let us obey: we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven:
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

Rev. Chas. Wesley, 1738

204 ROMBERG C. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1846



2 Tho' on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

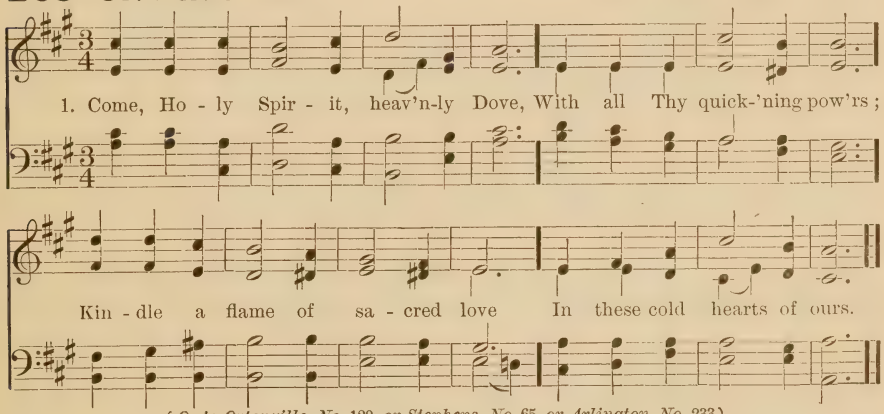
3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of His grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.

Rev. Thos. Haweis, c. 1792

205 ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866



(*Or to Ortonville, No.* 129, *or Stephens, No.* 65, *or Arlington, No.* 233)

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

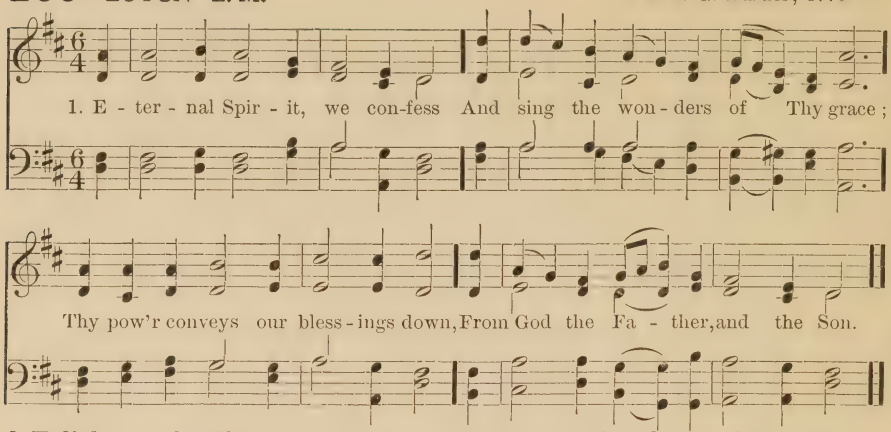
4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

206 LUTON L. M.

Rev. G. Burder, 1770



2 Enlightened by Thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

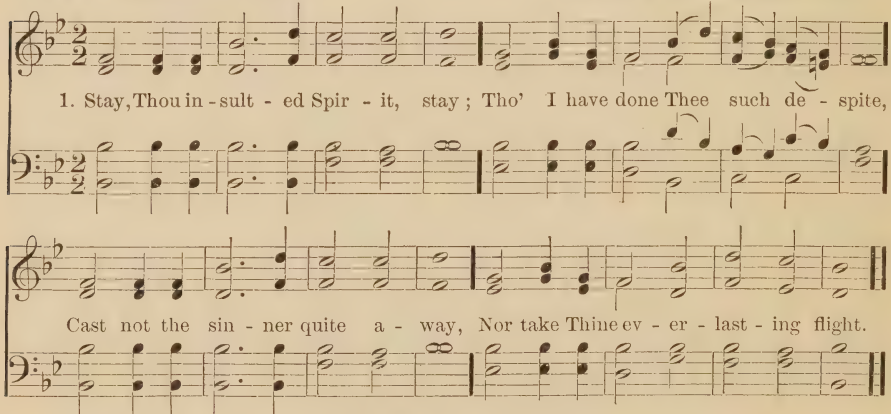
3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows Thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

207 WELTON L. M.

Rev. H. A. Cæsar Malan, 1830



2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all, who e'er Thy grace received,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved.

3 Yet O the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear,
I shall not see Thy people's rest.

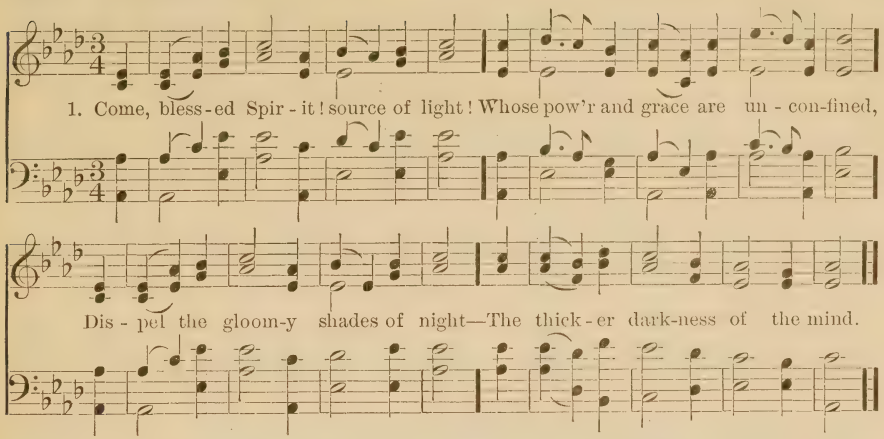
4 If yet Thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
Into Thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with a calm repose.

5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by Thy gracious hand;
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749

208 LOUVAN L. M.

Virgil C. Taylor, 1849



2 To mine illumined eyes, display
The glorious truth Thy word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Thy book unfold, and loose the seals.

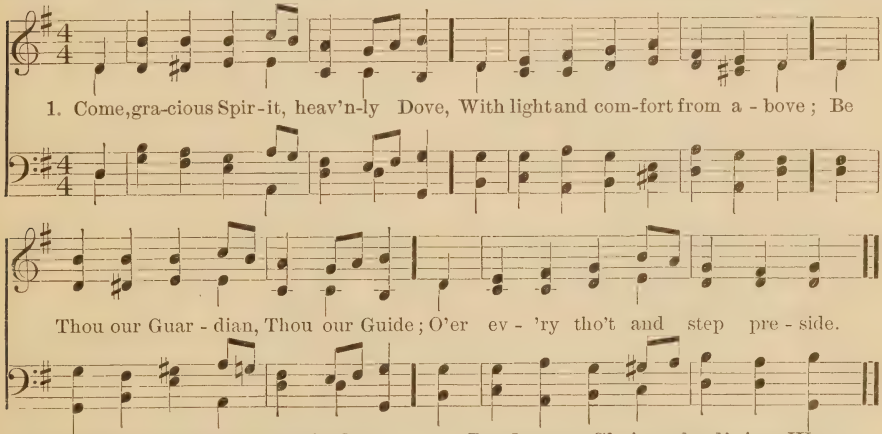
3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While thro' this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, Thy beams a-
To show the dangers of the way, [broad,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome, Pub. 1817

209 CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. from Robert Schumann



2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road
Which we must take to dwell with God:
Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him forever blest:
Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy forever there.

Rev. Simon Browne, 1720; Alt. Ash and Evans Coll., 1769, and elsewhere

210 NEW HAVEN 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

Thos. Hastings, 1832

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost! in love, Shed on us, from a - bove,
Thine own bright ray: Di - vine - ly good Thou art; Thy sa - cred
gifts im - part, To glad - den each sad heart; O come to - day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest!
With soothing power;
Rest, which the weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow;
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

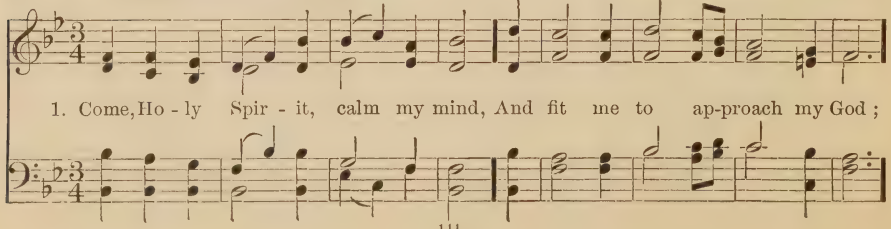
4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

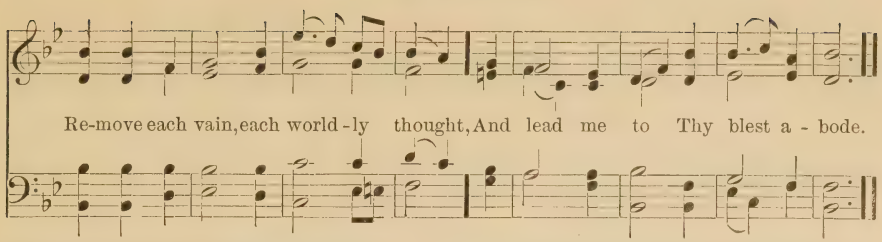
5 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all, who Christ confess,
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

Anon (Latin 13th Cent.); Tr. by Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858

211 WARRINGTON L. M.

Rev. Ralph Harrison, 1784





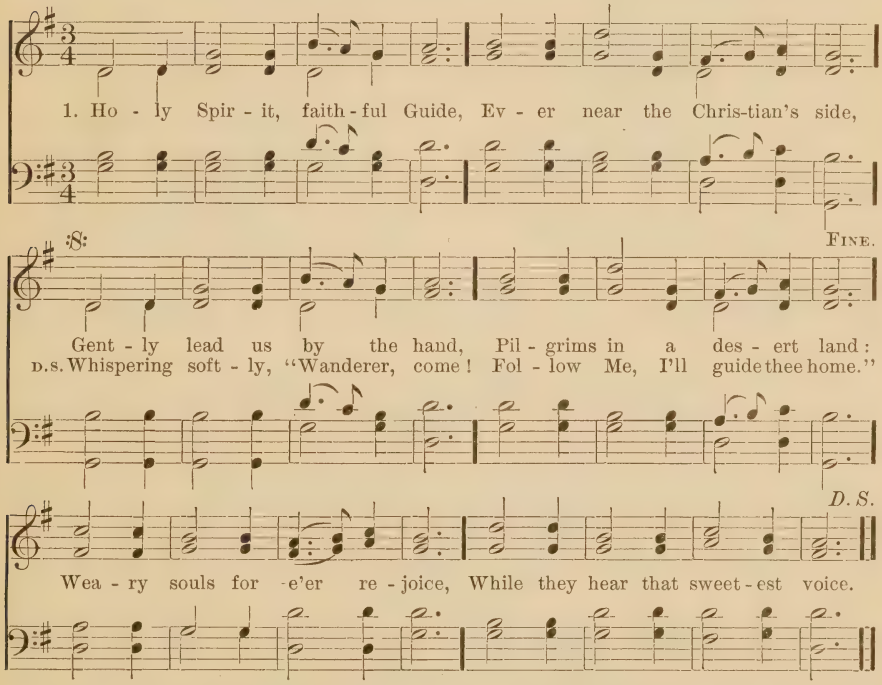
2 Hast Thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
O kindle now the sacred flame,
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter hope and faith impart,
And let me now my Saviour see:
O soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in Thee.

Anon; Lock Chapel Collection, 1803, alt.

212 FAITHFUL GUIDE 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Marcus M. Wells, 1858



2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there,
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,—
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

Marcus M. Wells, 1858

213 LEIGHTON S. M.

Henry W. Greatorex, 1849

1. Lord God, the Ho - ly Ghost, In this ac - cept - ed hour,
As on the day of Pen - te - cost, De - scend in all Thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

4 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

5 Spirit of Truth, be Thou,
In life and death, our guide;
O Spirit of Adoption, now
May we be sanctified!

James Montgomery, 1819

214 MORNINGTON S. M.

Arr. by W. Gardiner, 1812, from a Chant by the Earl of Mornington, 1760

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come! Let Thy bright beams a - rise;
Dis - pel the dark - ness from our minds, And o - pen Thou our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

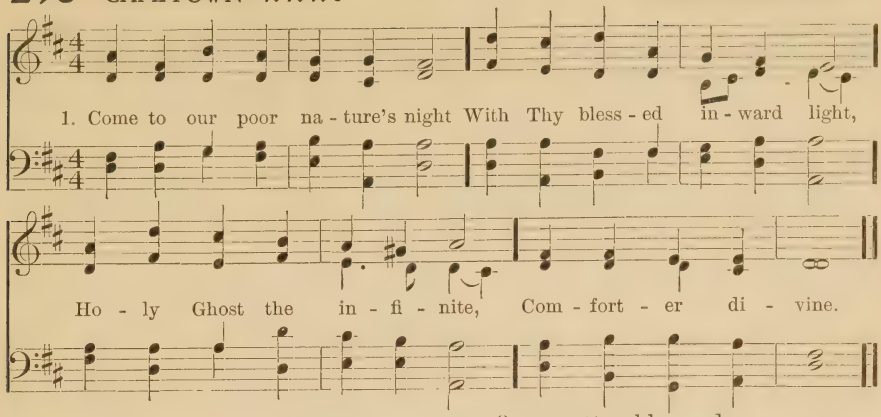
4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

Rev. Joseph Hart, 1759
Alt. Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1776

215 CAPETOWN 7. 7. 7. 5

Friedrich Filitz, 1847



2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint, Thy strength afford;
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter divine.

3 Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine.

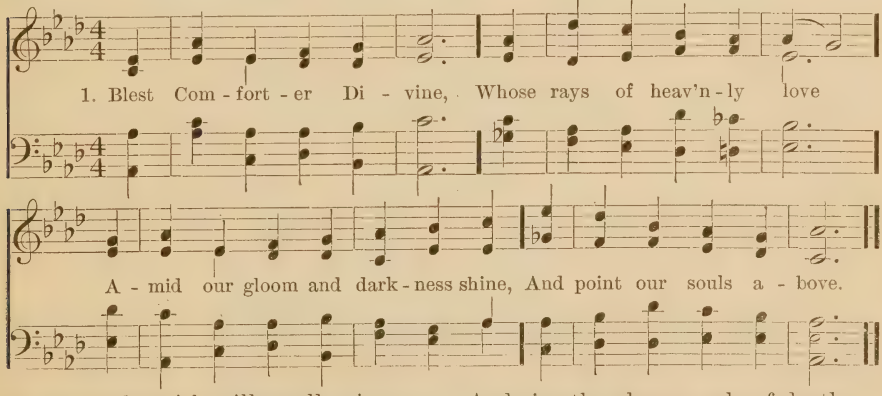
4 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine.

5 In us, "Abba, Father," cry;
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine.

6 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter divine.

George Rawson, 1853

216 SCHUMANN S. M.



2 Thou, who with still small voice
Dost stop the sinner's way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

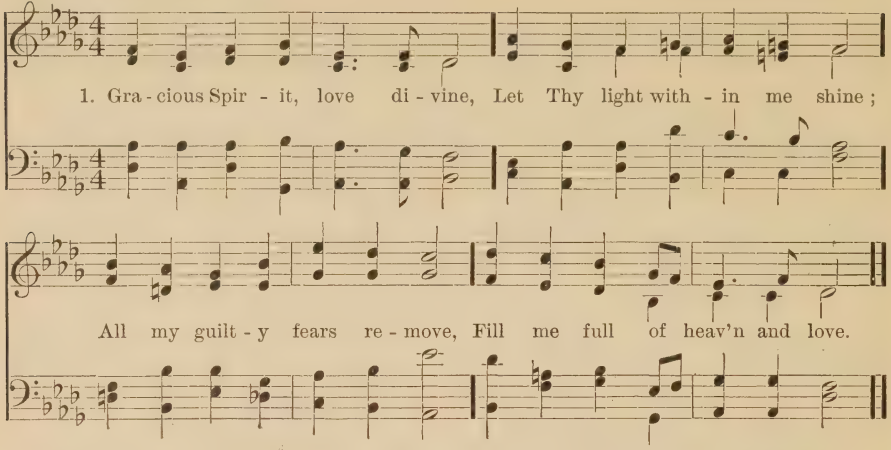
3 Thou whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear;

4 Thou, who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race,
Blest Comforter! to us impart
The blessings of Thy grace.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, 1824

217 DULCE 7. 7. 7. 7

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1883



2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.

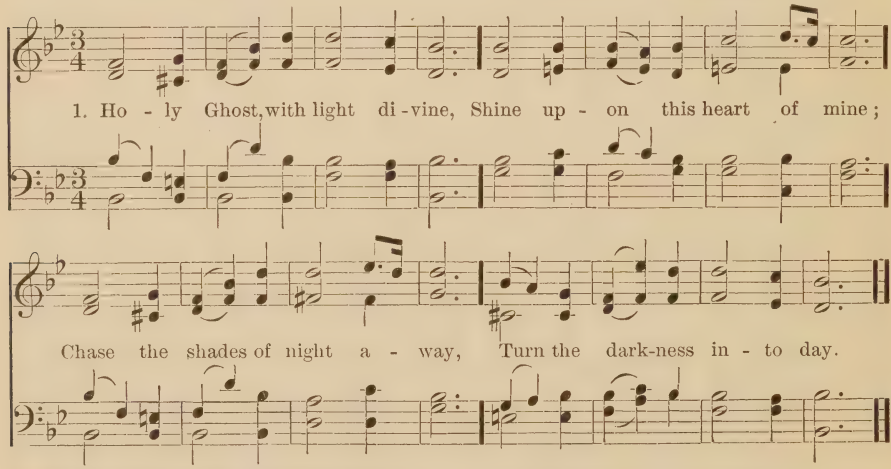
3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine.

John Stocker, 1777

218 MERCY 7. 7. 7. 7

Arr. from Louis M. Gottschalk, 1867



2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

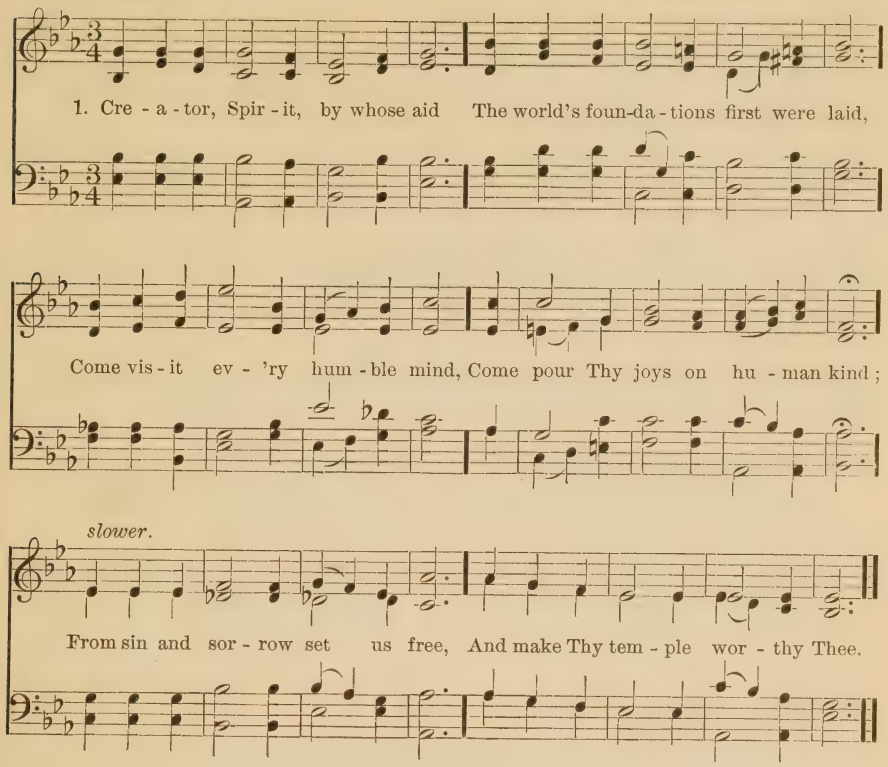
3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine,
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

Rev. Andrew Reed, 1842

219 ADORO 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1871



2 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, come from on high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practice all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

4 Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's Name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

Tr. John Dryden, 1693; Alt. and ab.

Salvation Needed

220 BEMERTON C. M.

Henry W. Greatorex, 1849

1. How help-less guilt-y na-ture lies, Un-con-scious of its load!
The heart, un-changed, can nev-er rise To hap-pi-ness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis Thine, Almighty Spirit! Thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis Thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes;—

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis Thine alone to give.

5 O change these wretched hearts of [ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord! be Thine.

Anne Steele, 1760

221 ST. BRIDE'S S. M.

Samuel Howard, 1762

1. O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea-ry soul?
'Twere vain the o-cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to eith-er pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

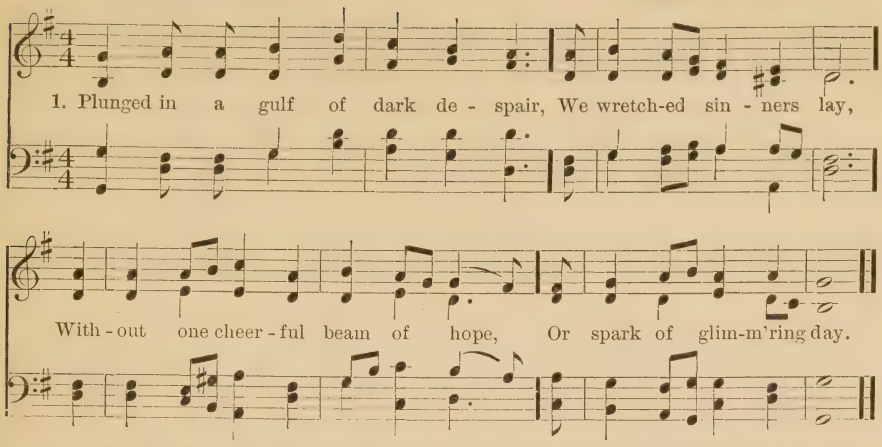
3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

James Montgomery, 1818

222 DEDHAM C. M.

William Gardiner, 1812



2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste He fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

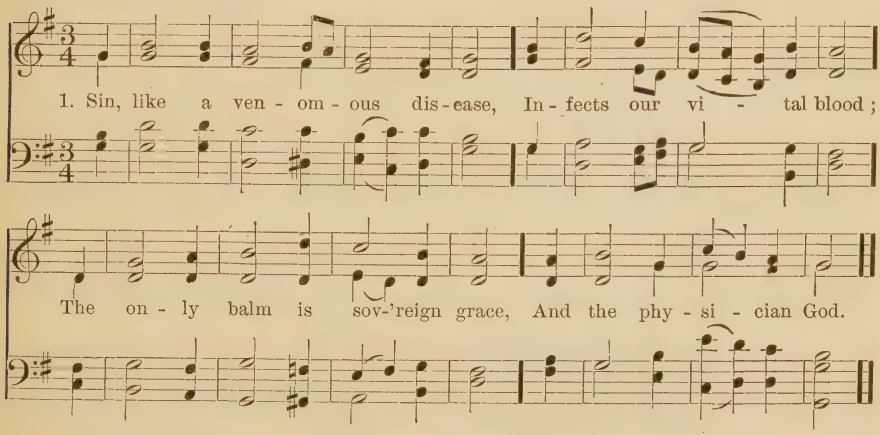
4 He spoiled the power of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 O for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

223 BARBY C. M.

William Tansur, 1755



2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ, the Lord, recalls the dead,
With His almighty breath.

3 Madness by nature reigns within,
The passions burn and rage,
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

224 AVON C. M.

Hugh Wilson, c. 1800

1. How sad our state by na - ture is! Our sin how deep it stains!

And Sa - tan binds our cap - tive minds Fast in his slav - ish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe Thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out Thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall:
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

225 REMSEN C. M.

Joseph P. Holbrook, 1862

1. Sin has a thou - sand treach'rous arts To prac - tice on the mind;

With flat - t'ring looks she tempts our hearts, But leaves a sting be - hind.

Copyrighted by J. P. Holbrook. Used by permission.

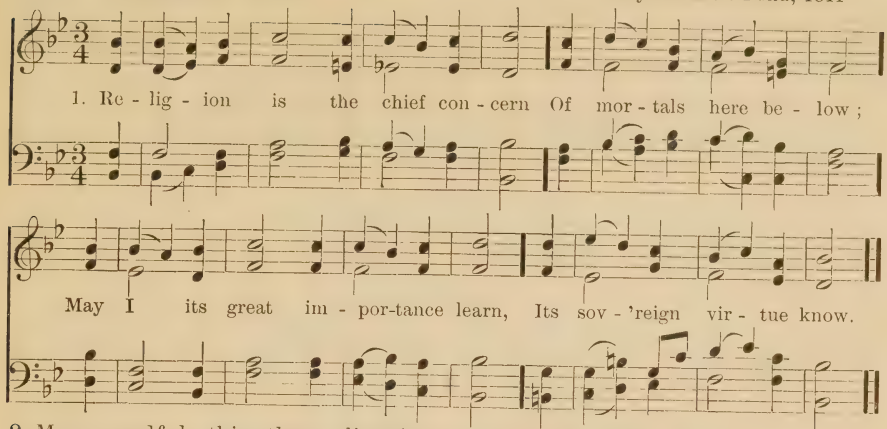
2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

226 ARMENIA C. M.

Sylvanus B. Pond, 1841



2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;
Nor reputation, food nor health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

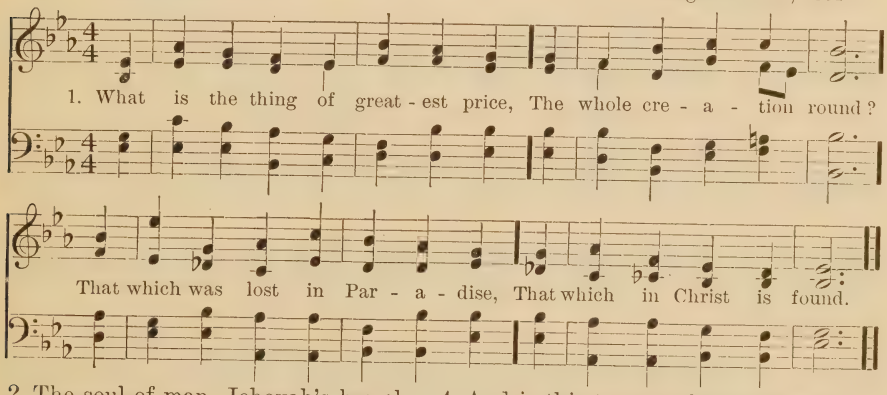
4 O may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1782

227 COLUMBIA C. M.

George A. Löhr, 1861



2 The soul of man, Jehovah's breath,
That keeps two worlds at strife:
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.

3 God, to redeem it, did not spare
His well-beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear
The sins of all in one.

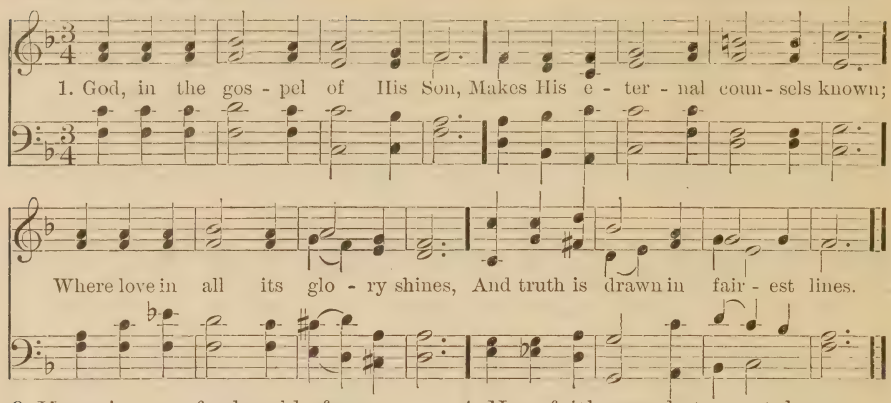
4 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthern vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail?

5 Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

James Montgomery, 1825

228 HOLBORN L. M.

Old Melody
Arr by Rev. C. Elven



2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste His grace, and learn His Name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

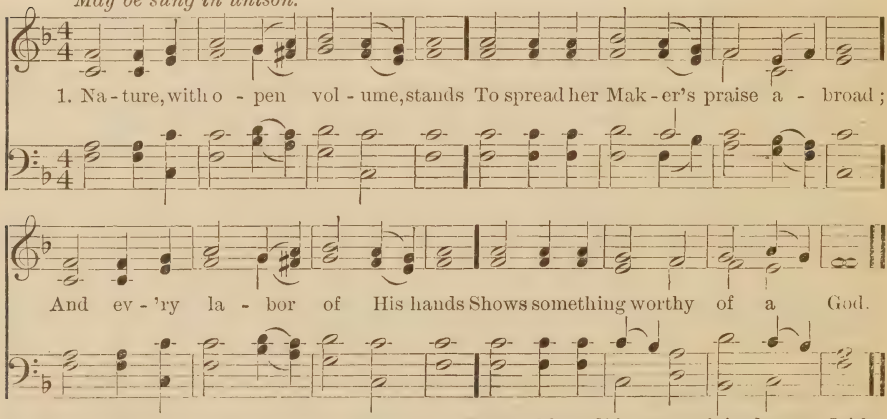
5 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark Thy holy word;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

Verses 1, 2, Rev. Benjamin Beddome, 1787, alt.
Verses 3, 4, 5, Rev. Thomas Cotterill, 1810

229 HAMBURG L. M.

Gregorian. Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1824

May be sung in unison.



2 But, in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

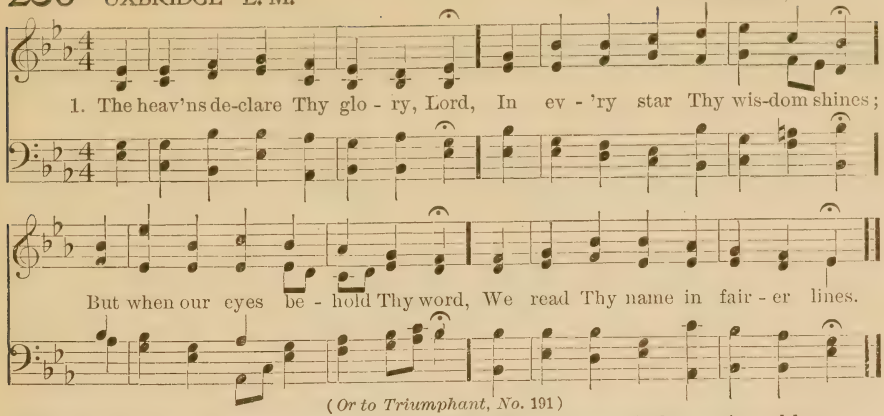
3 O the sweet wonders of that cross
Where God, the Saviour, loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds and bleeding side.

4 I would forever speak His name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

230 UXBRIDGE L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1831



(*Or to Triumphant, No.* 191)

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, Thy power confess;
But the first volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

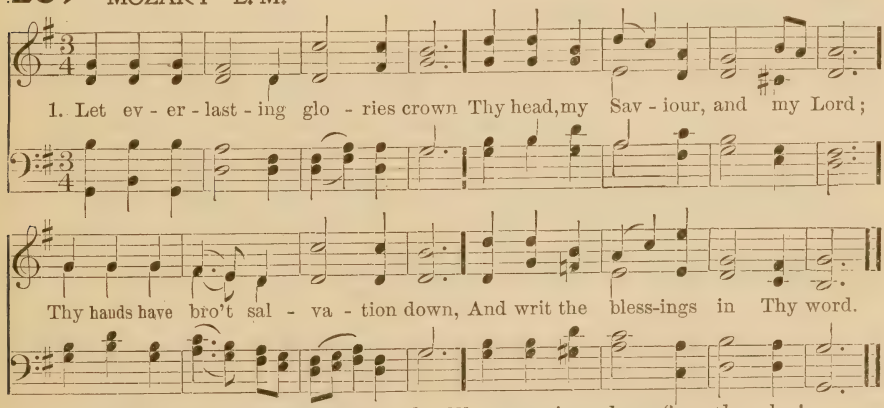
5 Great sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

231 MOZART L. M.

Arr. from Mozart



2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

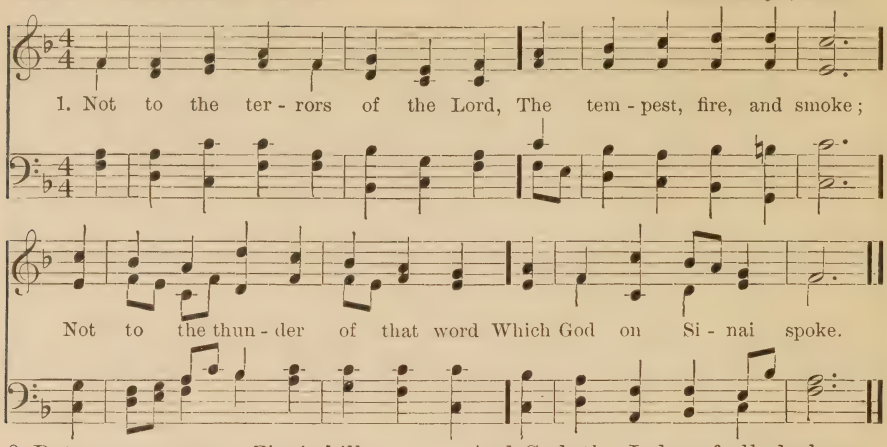
3 How well Thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy Thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'll call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

232 ROCHESTER C. M.

Israel Holdrayd, 1753



2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight.

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven;
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.

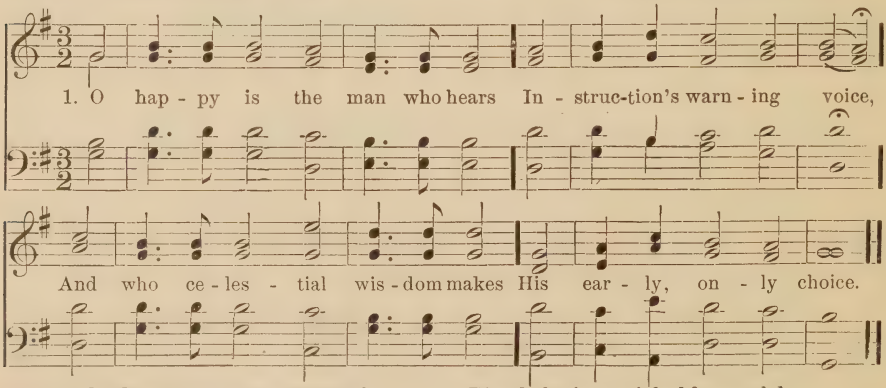
5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ their living Head,
And of His grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be forever blest.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

233 ARLINGTON C. M.

Arr. from Thomas A. Arne



2 For she has treasures greater far
Than eastern climes unfold;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems or stores of gold.

3 Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days;
Her left, imperishable wealth
And heavenly crowns displays.

4 And, as her holy labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Michael Bruce, c. 1766

234 LENOX 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8

Lewis Edson, 1782

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad-ly sol-emn sound; Let all the na-tions know,
To earth's re - mot - est bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re - turn, ye ran-som'd sin - ners, home.

2 Exalt the Son of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb:
Redemption in His blood
To all the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet sounds,
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remotest bounds
Before the throne appear:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Rev. Chas. Wesley, 1750

235 ARLINGTON C. M.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound;
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

236 I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY 7. 6. 7. 6. D. with Ref. Wm. G. Fischer, 1869

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things above, Of Je - sus and His glo-ry,
Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be-cause I know it's true;
It sat - is-fies my longings As noth-ing else would do. I love to tell the sto-ry,
'Twill be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.
I love to tell, etc.

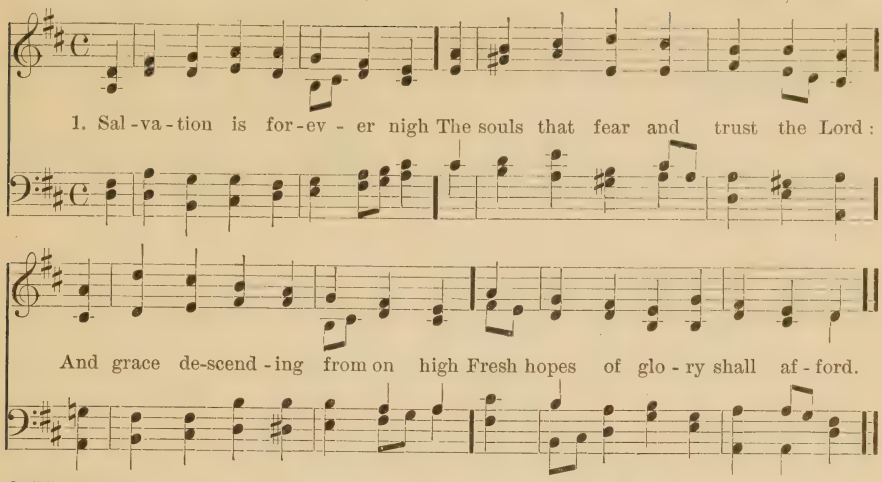
3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.
I love to tell, etc.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thristing
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.
I love to tell, etc.

Katherine Hankey, 1870; Refrain added

237 LEIPSIC L. M.

J. H. Schein, 1645



2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from [heaven;
By His obedience, so complete,
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

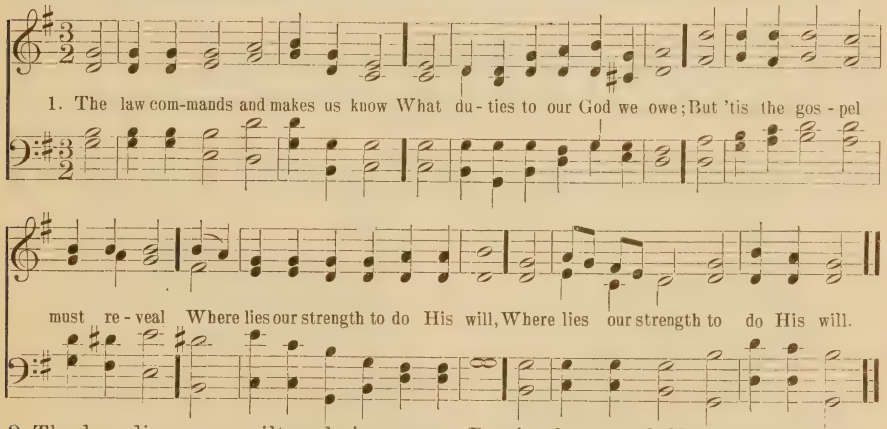
3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark His steps and keep the road.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

238 ROLLAND L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1844



2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have [been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

3 What curses does the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once!
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.

4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law:
Fly to the hope the gospel gives:
The man that trusts the promise, lives.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

239 OLD, OLD STORY 7. 6. 7. 6. D. with Refrain

William H. Doane, 1870

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je-sus and His glo - ry,
Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto - ry sim-ply, As to a lit - tle child,
For I am weak and wea - ry, And helpless and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto-ry,
Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

CHORUS.

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2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful Redemption
God's remedy for sin!
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon!

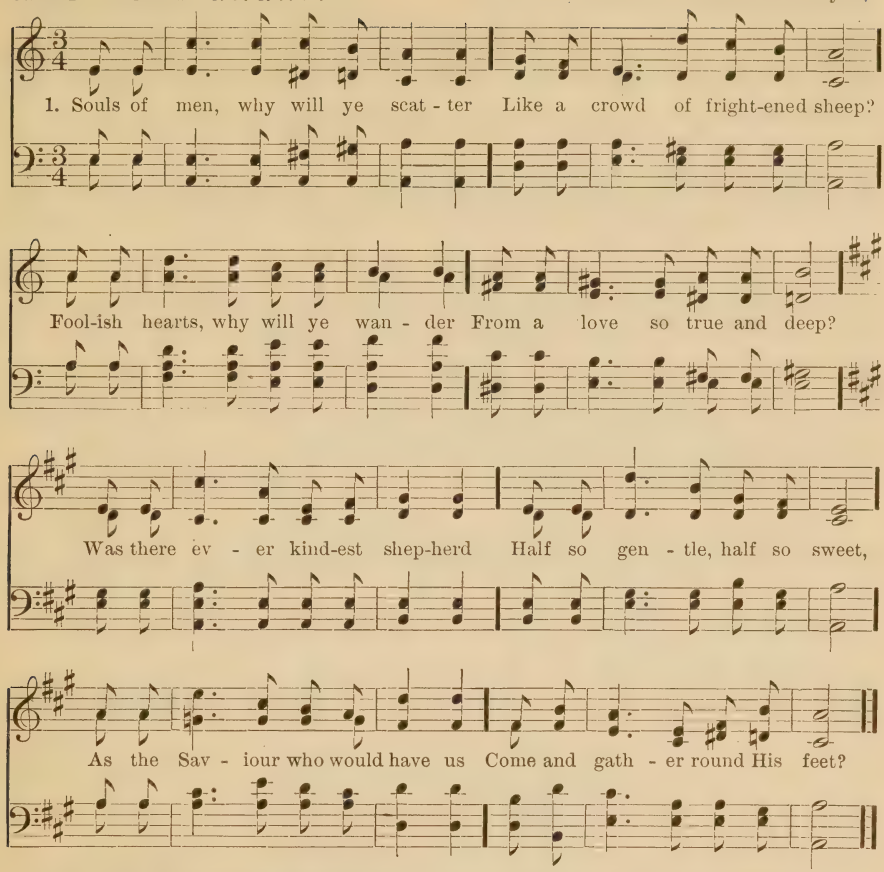
3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is drawing on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Katherine Hankey, 1866

240 ILSLEY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Frank G. Ilsley



2 It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems.
'Tis our Father, and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.
There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

3 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good,
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

4 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own,
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

5 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1854

241 SAVOY CHAPEL 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

J. Baptiste Calkin

1. 'Tis not that I did choose Thee, For, Lord, that could not be; This heart would still re-
fuse Thee; But Thou hast cho-sen me; Thou from the sin that stained me, Hast cleansed and
set me free, Of old Thou hast or-dained me, That I should live to Thee.

2 'Twas sovereign mercy called me,
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthralled me,
To heavenly glories blind;
My heart owns none before Thee;
For Thy rich grace I thirst;
This knowing, if I love Thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

Josiah Conder, 1836

242 ARLINGTON C. M.

1 O Jesus, Saviour of the lost,
My rock and hiding place,
By storms of sin and sorrow tossed,
I seek Thy sheltering grace.

2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry,
Pursued by foes, I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die,
An outcast, take me home.

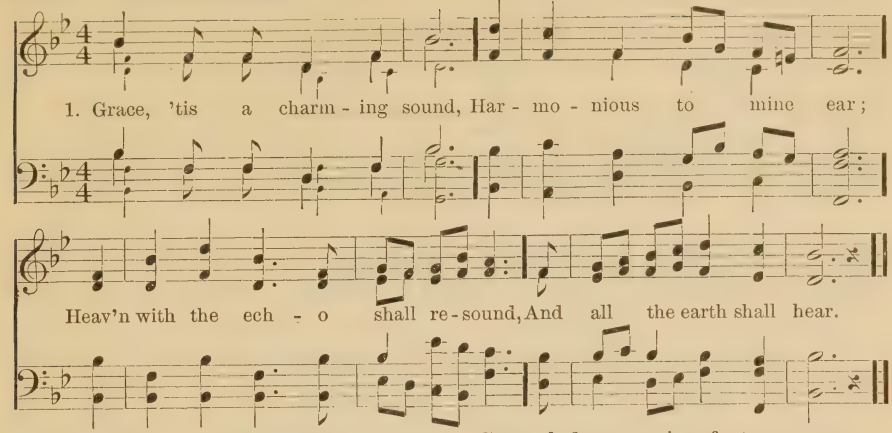
3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain:
There danger never, never harms,
There death itself is gain.

4 And when I stand before Thy Throne,
And all Thy glories see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in Thee.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1849

243 SILVER STREET S. M.

Isaac Smith, c. 1770



2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

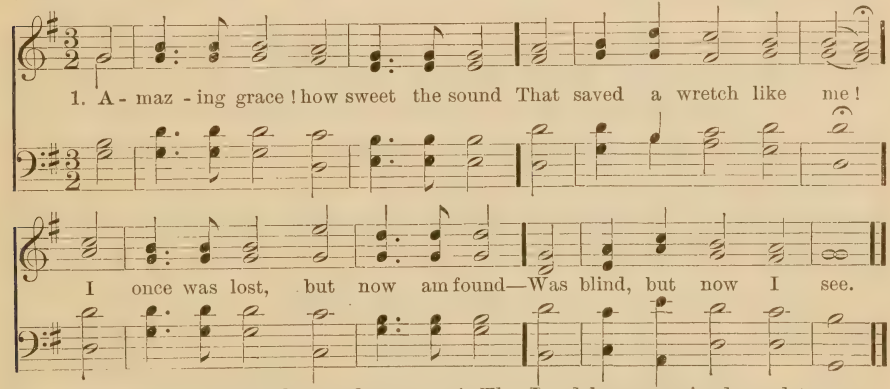
4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

5 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1740

244 ARLINGTON C. M.

Arr. from Thomas A. Arne



2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

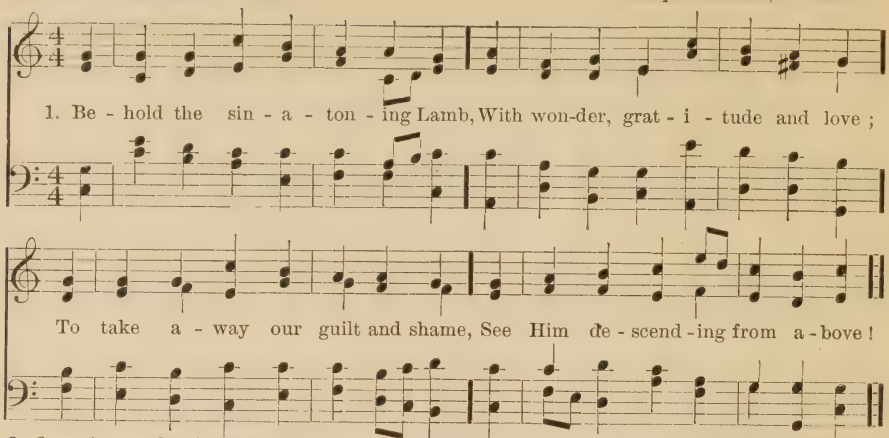
4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

245 MAINZER L. M.

Joseph Mainzer, c. 1840



2 Our sins and griefs on Him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price He fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

3 To save a guilty world, He dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To Him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in His name.

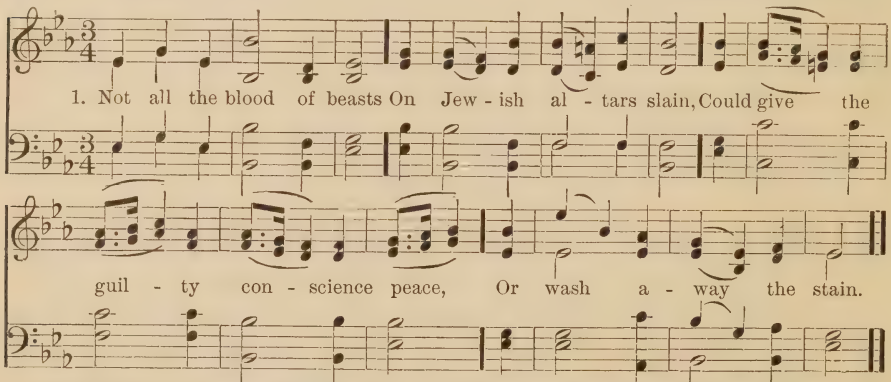
4 Pardon and peace through Him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in His name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to Thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and woe.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1782

246 GERAR S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1839



2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

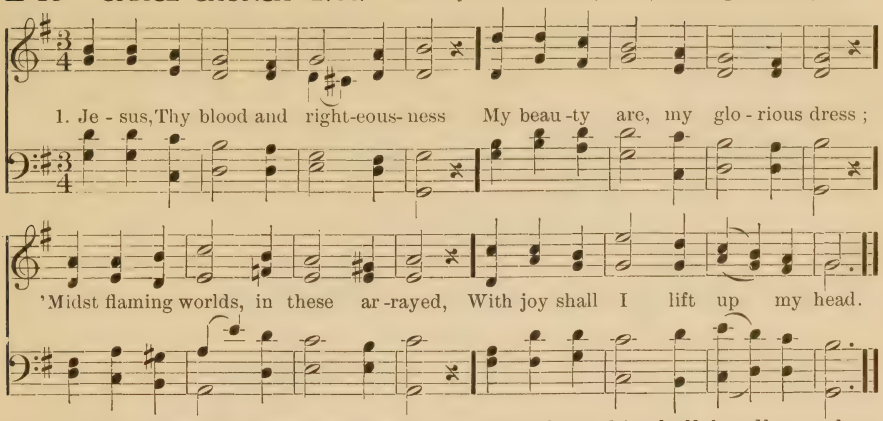
4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

247 GRACE CHURCH L. M.

Arr. by W. Gardiner, 1815, from Ignace Pleyel



2 Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,—
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,—
For me, ev'n for my soul, was shed.

3 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

4 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies—
Ev'n then, this shall be all my plea:
Jesus hath lived and died for me.

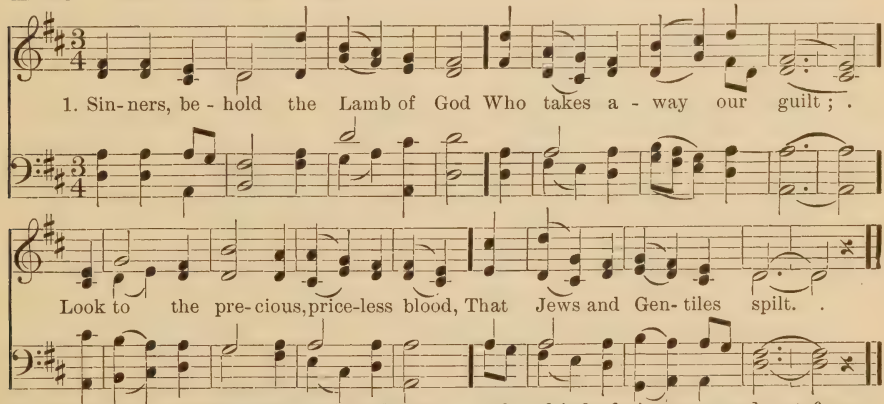
5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

6 O let the dead now hear Thy voice:
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

Nicolaus L. von Zinzendorf; Tr. Rev. John Wesley, 1739

248 MANCHESTER C. M.

John Wainwright, 1774



2 From heaven He came to seek and save,
Leaving His blest abode;
To ransom us Himself He gave;
"Behold the Lamb of God."

3 Sinners, to Jesus then draw near,
Invited by His word;
The chief of sinners need not fear;
"Behold the Lamb of God."

4 Spirit of grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood;
That we may, with Thy saints on high,
"Behold the Lamb of God."

Anon

249 CUYLER 7.7.7.7.7.7

J. Hyatt Brewer (1856–)

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

From the Plymouth Hymnal, by permission

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

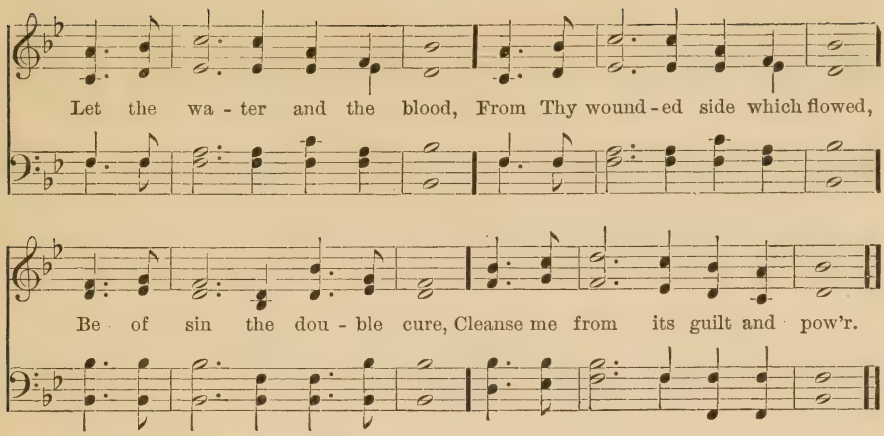
4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1776

TOPLADY 7.7.7.7.7.7 (*Second Tune*)

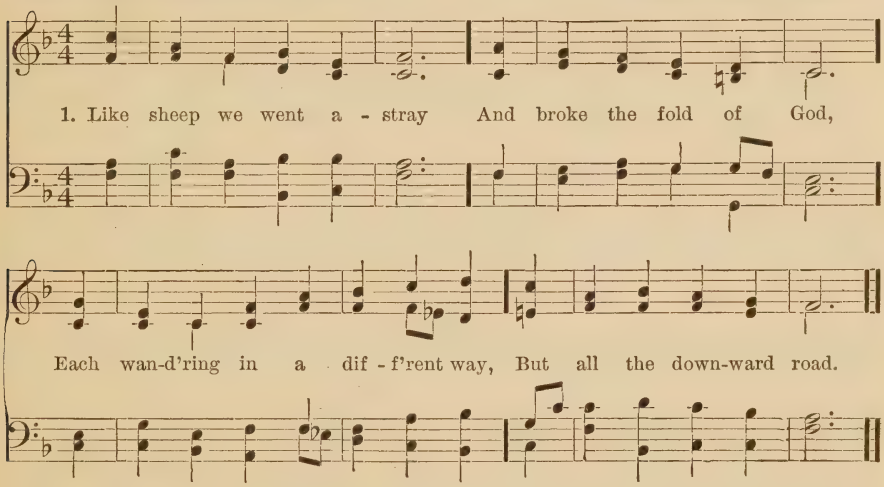
Thomas Hastings, 1831

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;



250 PENTONVILLE S. M.

Francis Linley, c. 1800



2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once His vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 His honor and His breath
Were taken both away;
Joined with the wicked in His death,
And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise His head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make Him see a numerous seed,
To recompense His pain.

6 "I'll give Him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold His honors long."

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

251 COWPER C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1831

1. There is a foun - tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man - uel's veins; And sin-ners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains; Lose all their guilt-y stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper, 1772

FOUNTAIN C. M. (*Second Tune*)

Western Melody

1. There is a foun - tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;

:S: And sin - ners, plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains; FINE.

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains. *D.S.*

252 CHRISTOPHER 7. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6

Frederick C. Maker, 1881

1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand, The shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land; A home with-in the wil - der - ness, A rest up- on the way, From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.

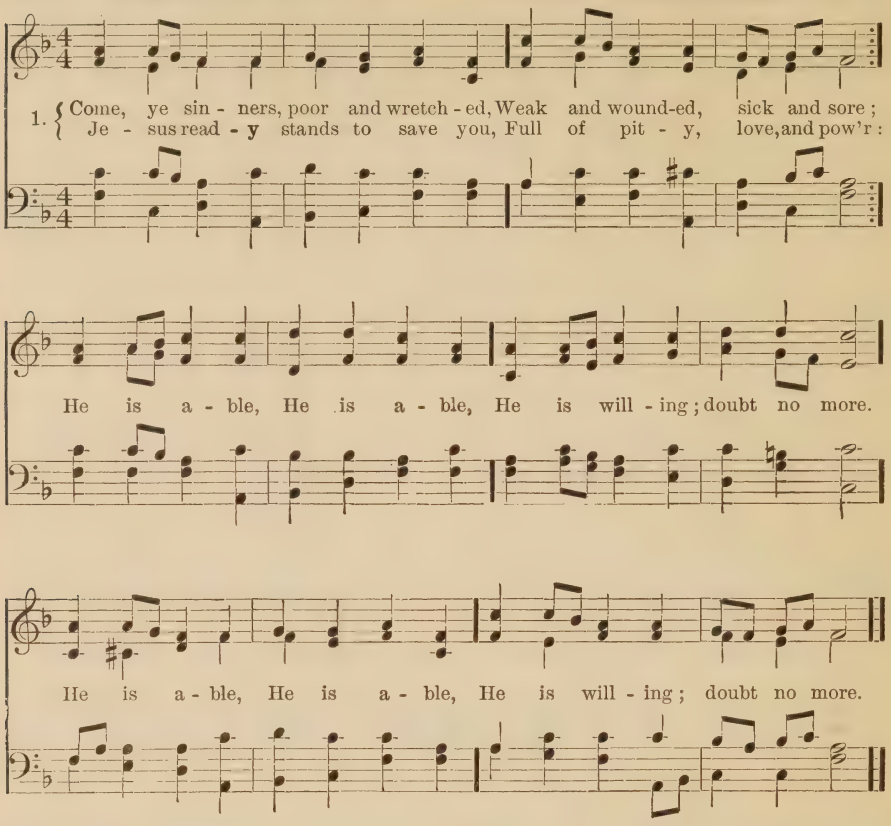
2 Upon the cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of one
Who suffered there for me.
And from my smitten heart with tears,
These wonders I confess,—
The wonder of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O Cross, thy shadow
For my abiding-place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1868

253 GREENVILLE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Arr. from Jean Jacques Rousseau, 1775



2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is, to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry, till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Lo! the incarnate God ascended
Pleads the merits of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name.
Alleluia,
Sinners now may sing the same.

Rev. Joseph Hart, 1759

254 SPANISH HYMN 7.7.7.7.7.7

Arr. by Benjamin Carr, 1824

1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Sav - iour deigns to die,
What me - lo - dious sounds I hear, Burst - ing on my rav - ished ear:
"Love's re-deem - ing work is done, Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come!

(Or to Heathlands, No. 145)

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On My piercèd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid:
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam:
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

4 "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, friend,
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to My eternal home:
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

Rev. Thomas Haweis, 1792, ab.

255 BENTLEY 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

John P. Hullah, 1866

1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest," O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts opprest! It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par-don, grace, and peace, Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can-not cease.

2 "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night.
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But He has brought us gladness
And songs at break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife,
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

William C. Dix, 1867

COME UNTO ME 7. 6. 7. 6. D. (*Second Tune*)

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875

Org.

1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."

O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!

It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,

Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease.

256 CONFIDENCE 8. 8. 8. 6

G. B. Chamberlain, 1870

1. Just as Thou art, with-out one trace Of love, or joy, or in - ward grace,

Or meetness for the heaven-ly place, O guilt - y sin - ner, come.

(Or to Woodworth, No. 296)

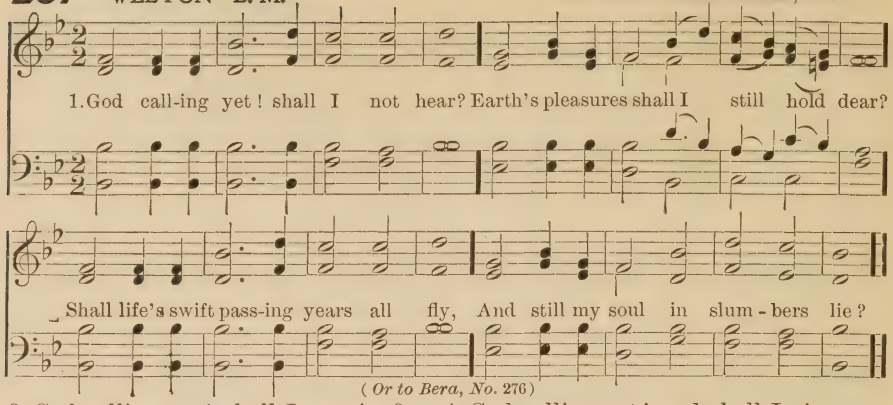
2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes, thy due, were laid on Me;
That peace and pardon might be free;
O wretched sinner, come.

3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but empty dross:
My grace repays all earthly loss;
O needy sinner, come.

Rev. Russell Sturgis Cook, 1850

257 WELTON L. M.

Rev. H. A. Cæsar Malan, 1830



(*Or to Bera, No.* 276)

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

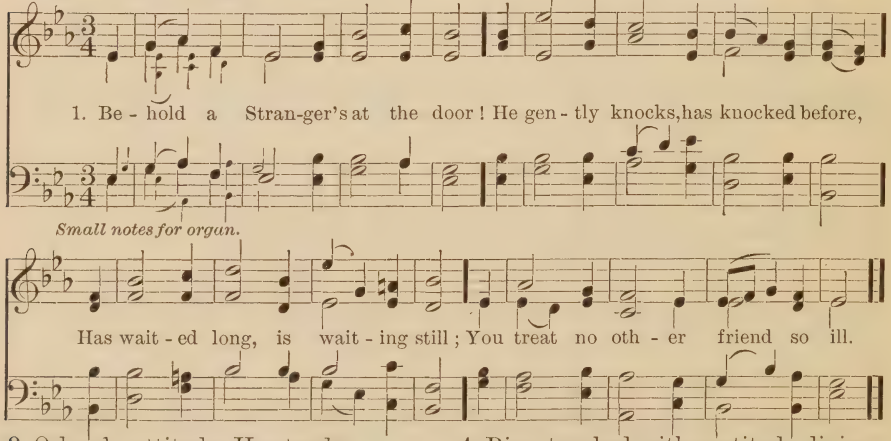
4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still: my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay.
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1735; Tr. Sarah B. Findlater, 1855

258 COMMUNION L. M.

Arr. by Edward Miller, 1790



2 O lovely attitude, He stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands;
O matchless kindness, and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!

3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

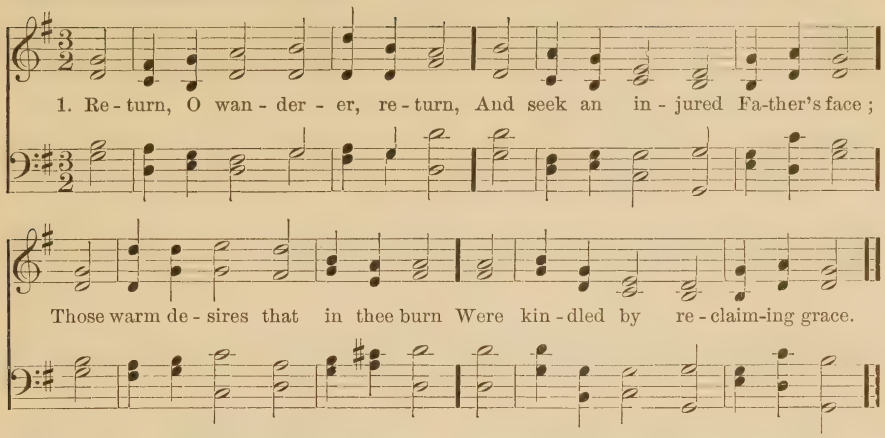
4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn;
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at His door rejected stand.

Rev. Joseph Grigg, 1765

259 ROCKINGHAM L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1833



2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

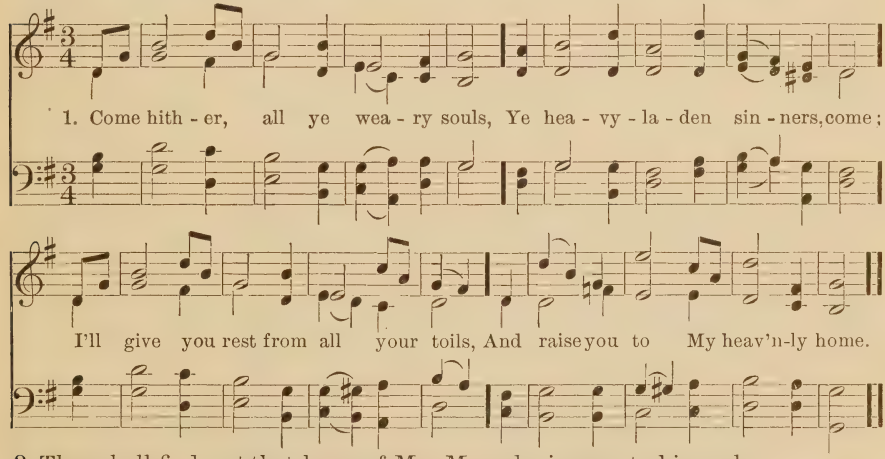
3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

Rev. Wm. B. Collyer, 1806

260 WILLINGTON L. M.

F. W. Williams, 1851



2 They shall find rest that learn of Me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

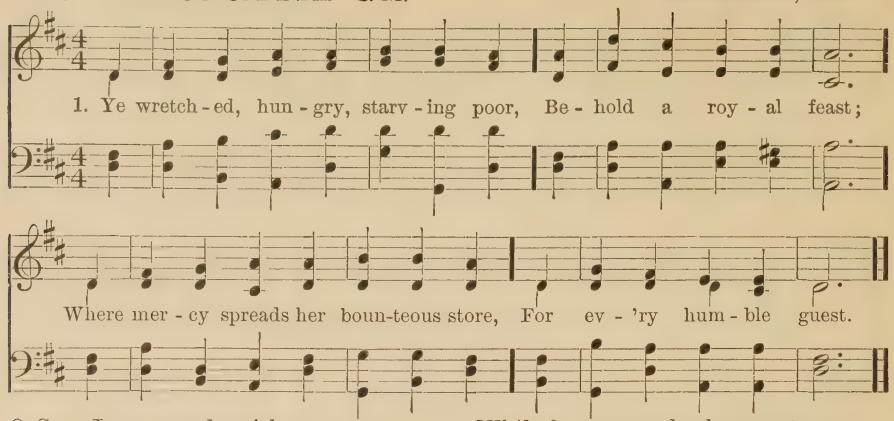
3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.

4 Jesus, we come at Thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to Thy hand,
To mould and guide us at Thy will.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

261 TALLIS'S ORDINAL C. M.

Thomas Tallis, 1560



2 See, Jesus stands with open arms,
He calls, He bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will He bid the soul depart,
That trembles at His feet.

4 O come, and with His children taste
The blessings of His love:
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

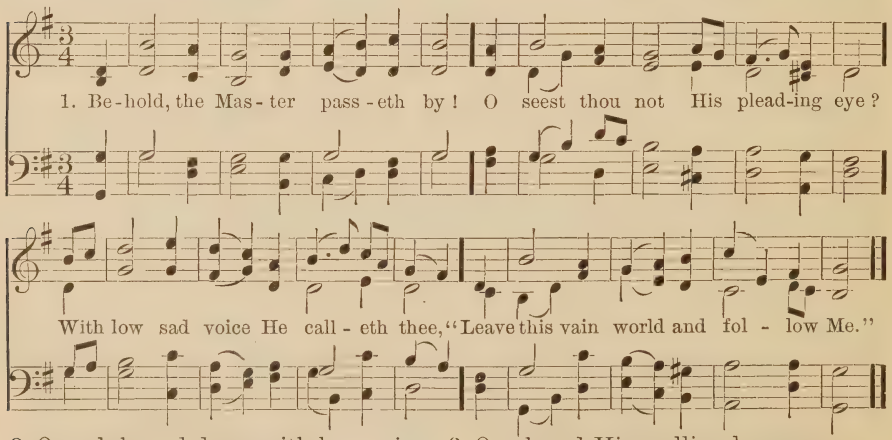
5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

Anne Steele, 1760

262 SEASONS L. M.

Arr. from Ignace Pleyel



2 O soul, bowed down with harrowing care,
Hast thou no thought for heaven to spare?
From earthly toils lift up thine eye;
Behold, the Master passeth by!

3 One heard Him calling long ago,
And straightway left all things below,
Counting his earthly gain as loss
For Jesus and His blessèd cross.

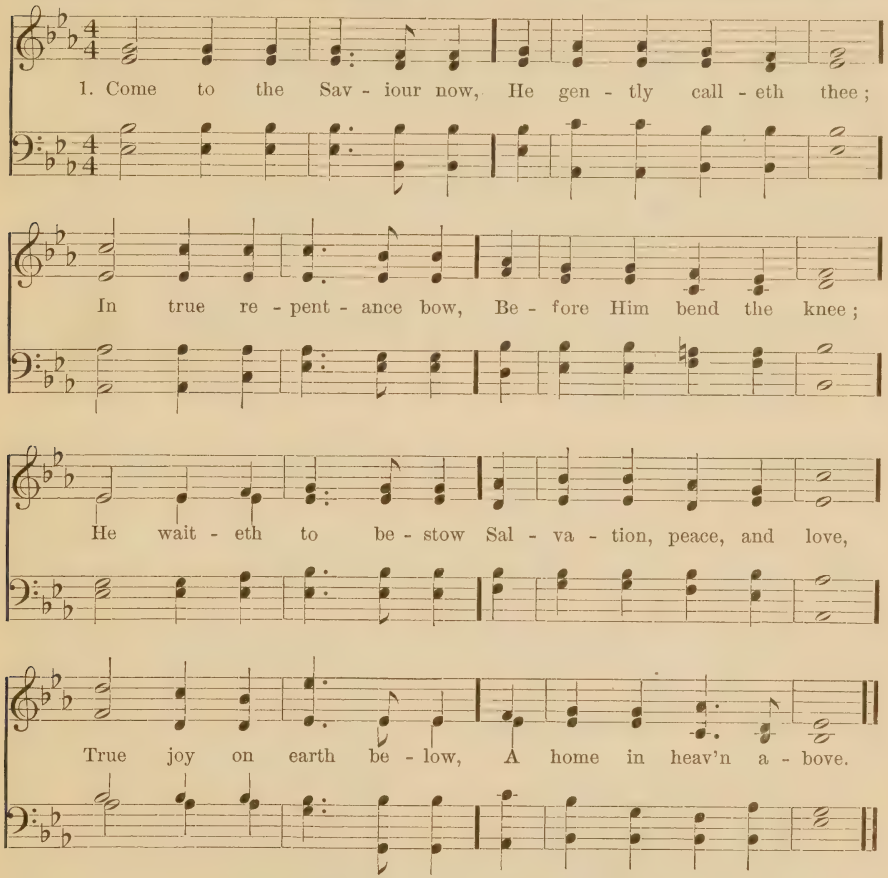
4 That "Follow Me" his faithful ear
Seemed every day afresh to hear;
Its echoes stirred his spirit still,
And fired his hope, and nerved his will.

5 God gently calls us every day:
Why should we then our bliss delay?
Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me,—
I will leave all, and follow Thee.

Bishop William W. How, 1871
Verses 4, 5, alt. fr. T. Ken, 1721

263 INVITATION 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

Frederick C. Maker, 1881



2 Come to the Saviour now,
Ye who have wandered far,
Renew your solemn vow,
For His by right you are;
Come, like poor wandering sheep
Returning to His fold;
His arm will safely keep,
His love will ne'er grow cold.

3 Come to the Saviour, all,
Whate'er your burdens be;
Hear now His loving call,
"Cast all your care on Me."
Come, and for every grief
In Jesus you will find
A sure and safe relief,
A loving Friend and kind.

John M. Wigner, 1871

264 VENICE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arr. from Johann Michael Haydn (1737–1806)
by John P. Campbell, 1901

1. To - day Thy mer - cy calls me To wash a - way my sin;
How - ev - er great my tres - pass, What - e'er I may have been,
How ev - er long from mer - cy I may have turned a - way,
Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse me, And make me white to - day.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin;
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

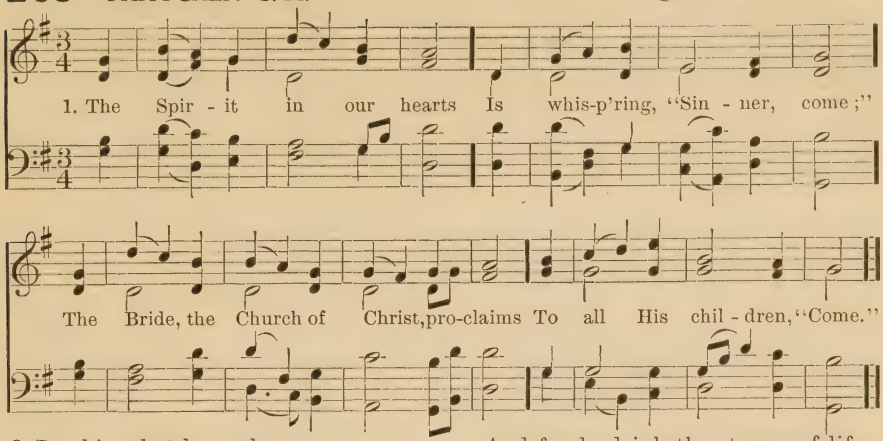
3 To-day the Father calls me,
The Holy Spirit waits,
The blessèd angels gather
Around the heavenly gates:
No question will be asked me,
How often I have come;
Although I oft have wandered,
It is my Father's home.

4 O all-embracing mercy,
Thou ever-open door,
What shall I do without thee
When heart and eyes run o'er?
When all things seem against me,
To drive me to despair,
I know one gate is open,
One ear will hear my prayer.

Oswald Allen, 1861

265 THATCHER S. M.

Arr. from George F. Händel, 1732



2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

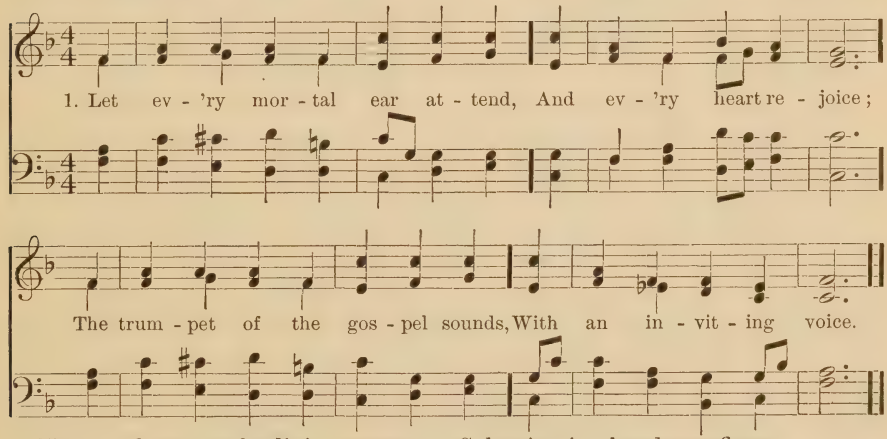
3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; I wait Thine hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

Bishop Henry U. Onderdonk, 1826

266 MARLOW C. M.

Arr. from Rev. J. Chetham, 1718



2 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

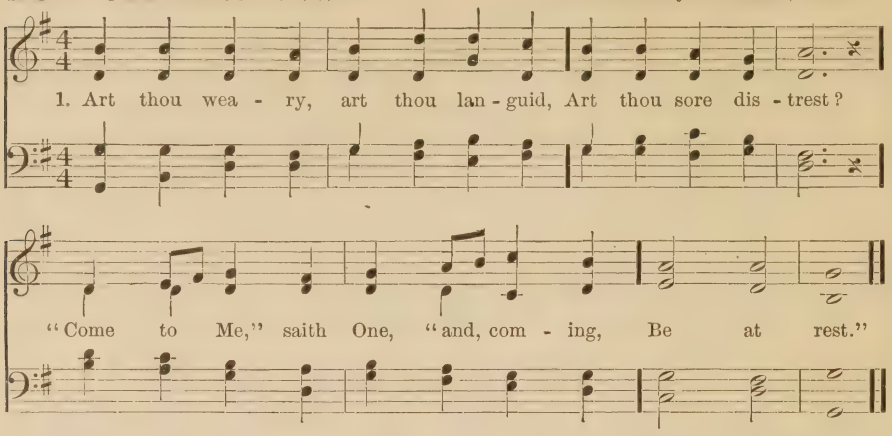
3 Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

4 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

267 STEPHANOS 8. 5. 8. 3

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, 1868



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

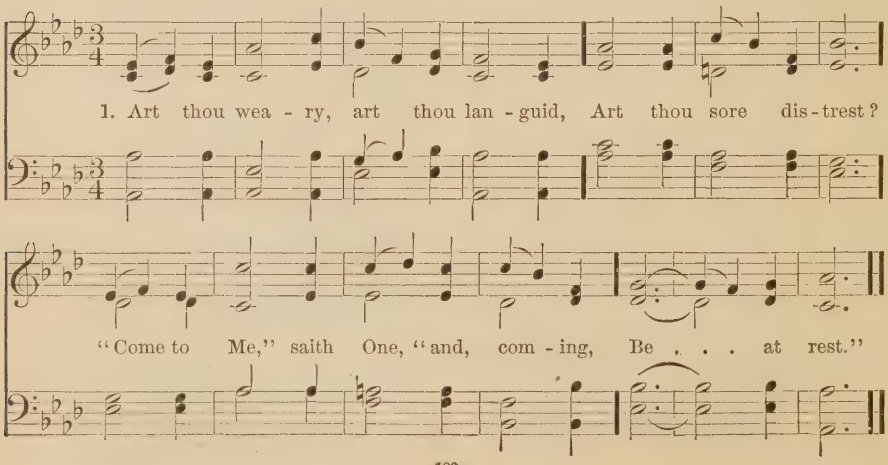
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

Rev. John M. Neale, 1862; Verse 7, l. 3, alt.

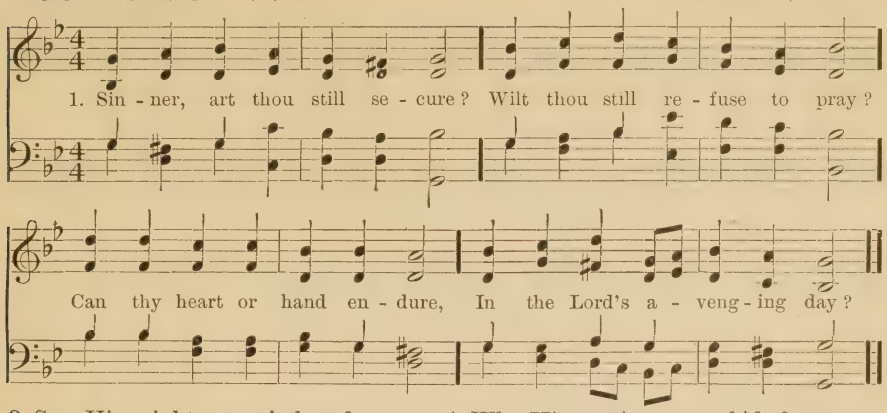
BULLINGER 8. 5. 8. 3 (*Second Tune*)

Rev. Ethelbert W. Bullinger, 1877



268 NORWICH 7. 7. 7. 7

Lowell Mason, 1825



2 See, His mighty arm is bared,
Awful terrors clothe His brow;
For His judgments stand prepared;
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At His presence nature shakes,
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?

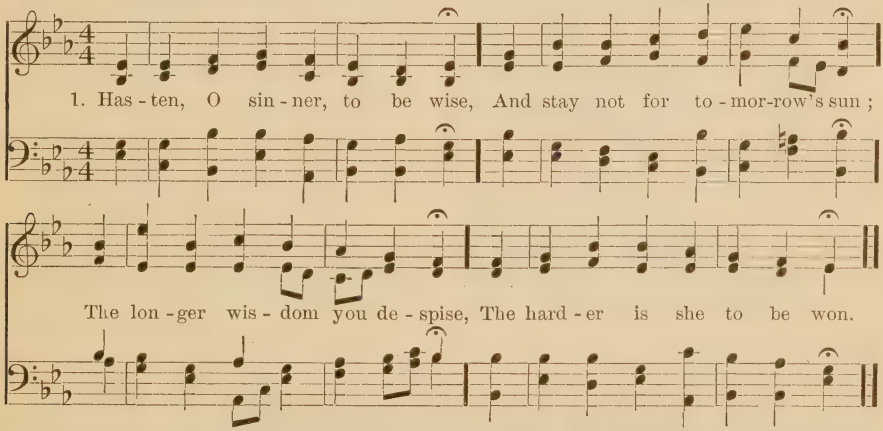
4 Who His coming may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapped in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us by Thy grace;
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be called to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

269 UXBRIDGE L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830



2 O hasten mercy to implore,
And stay not for tomorrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er,
Before this evening's course be run.

3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,
And stay not for tomorrow's sun;
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn,
Before the needful work is done.

4 Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for tomorrow's sun;
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun.

Rev. Thomas Scott, 1773 (text of 1787)

270 GOSHEN 11. 11. 11. 11

German Melody

1. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, draw near; The wa - ters of life are now flow - ing for thee; No price is de - mand - ed, the Sav - iour is here, Re - demp-tion is pur-chased, sal - va - tion is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer [thy God?
abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus
A fountain is opened, how canst thou [pardoning blood?
refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to [thee to-day:
come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls
Her voice is not heard in the vale of [pass away.
the tomb;
Her message unheeded will soon

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of [take its sad flight;
Grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may
And leave thee in darkness to finish [night.
thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at [heavens shall fade;
hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the
The dead, small and great, in the judg- [thee its aid?
ment shall stand;
What power then, O sinner, shall lend

Thos. Hastings, 1850

271 TO-DAY 6. 4. 6. 4

1 To-day the Saviour calls!
Ye wanderers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
O hear Him now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

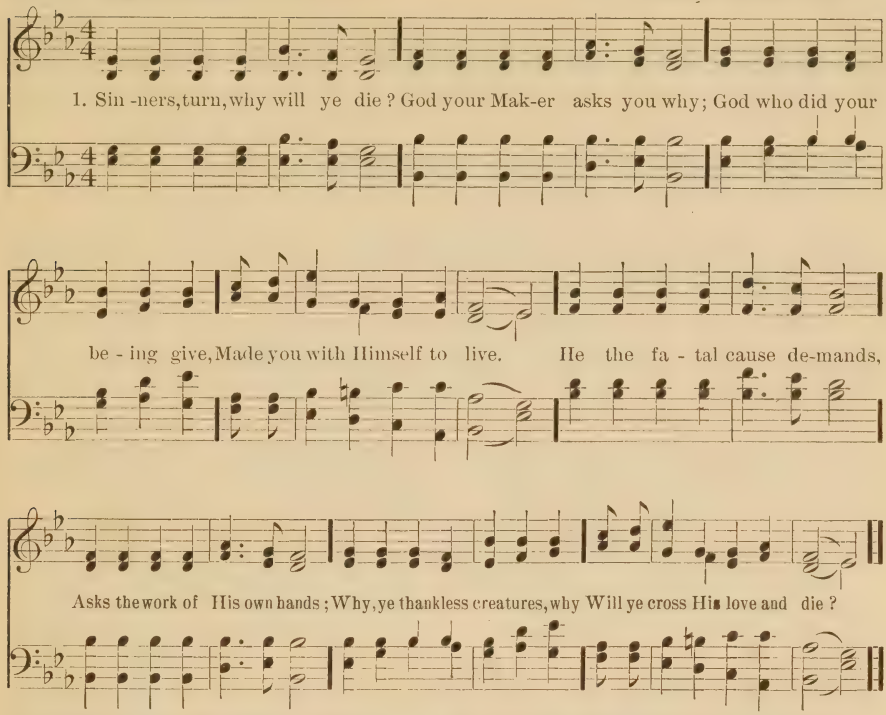
3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
O grieve Him not away!
'Tis mercy's hour.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1831
Alt. Thos. Hastings, pub. 1832

272 BENEVENTO 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Samuel Webbe, 1792



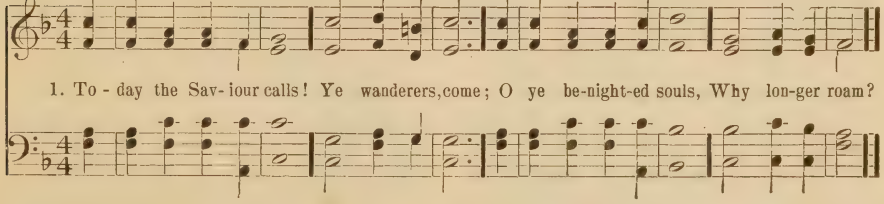
2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God your Saviour asks you why;
He who did your soul retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live.
Will ye let Him die in vain,
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye rebel sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God the Spirit asks you why;
Many a time with you He strove,
Wooed you to embrace His love;
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why will ye forever die,
O ye guilty sinners, why?

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1741, alt.

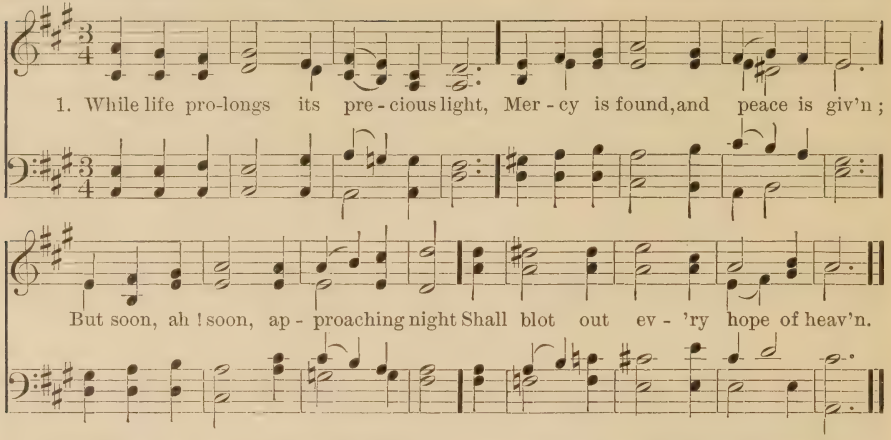
TODAY 6. 4. 6. 4

Lowell Mason, 1831



273 GUILDHALL L. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1883



2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

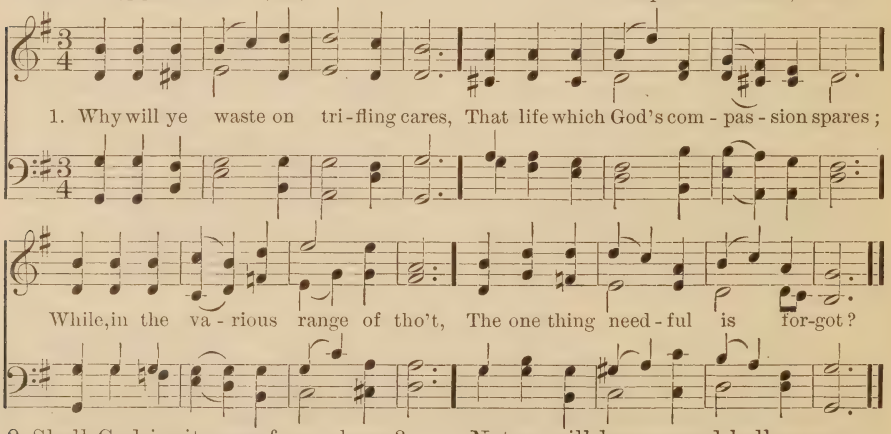
4 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites — how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

Rev. Timothy Dwight, 1800

274 ROSE HILL L. M.

Joseph E. Sweetser, 1849



2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge His dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas be urged in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart,
Nor let us waste, on trifling cares,
That life which Thy compassion spares.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755

275 STIASTNY L. M.

Arr. 1868 from Stiastny

1. I hear a voice that comes from far; From Cal - va - ry it sounds a - broad;
It soothes my soul, and calms my fear; It speaks of par - don bought with blood.

2 And is it true, that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice;
And rather choose in sin to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice!

3 Alas for those!—the day is near,
When mercy will be heard no more;
Then will they ask in vain to hear
The voice they would not hear before.

4 With such, I own, I once appeared,
But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard,
Than mercy utters from the cross.

5 But let me not forget to own,
That if I differ aught from those,
'Tis due to sovereign grace alone,
That oft selects its proudest foes.

Rev. Thos. Kelly, 1804

276 BERA L. M.

John E. Gould, 1849

1. Say, sin-ner! hath a voice with - in Oft whispered to thy se - cret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin, And yield thy heart to God's con - trol?

2 Sinner! it was a heavenly voice,—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard, in time, the warning kind;
That call thou mayst not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner! perhaps, this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be:
O shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

Mrs. Abigail B. Hyde, 1824

277 OLMUTZ S. M.

Gregorian. Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1824

May be sung in unison.

1. Now is the ac-cept - ed time, Now is the day of grace;
Now sin - ners! come with - out de - lay, And seek the Sav - iour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
Pardon and peace He freely gives,
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in His word.
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with Thy love;
Then will the angels spread their wings.
And bear the news above.

John Dobell, 1806

278 EVAN C. M.

Rev. William H. Havergal, 1846

1. The Sav - iour calls, let ev - 'ry ear At - tend the heav'n-ly sound;
Ye doubt-ing souls, dis - miss your fear, Hope smiles re - viv - ing round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain;
Immortal fountain! full supplies!
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

Anne Steele, 1760

279 ALVAN 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7

Lowell Mason, 1854

1. Sin - ners, will ye scorn the mes - sage Sent in mer - cy from a - bove?
Ev - 'ry sen - tence, O how ten - der! Ev - 'ry line is full of love;
Lis - ten to it, Lis - ten to it, Ev - 'ry line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Sion's King proclaim
To each rebel sinner — "Pardon,
Free forgiveness in His name:"
How important!
Free forgiveness in His name.

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour,
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears:
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds —
Chase away the falling tears.

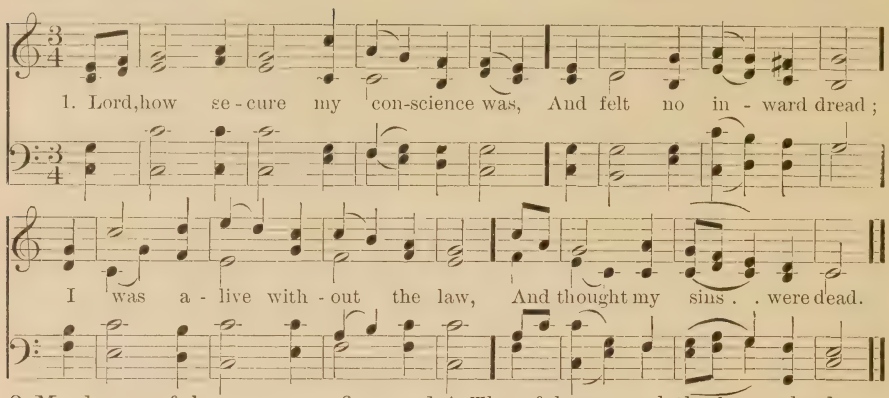
4 False professors, grovelling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
We entreat you,
Take the warnings they afford.

5 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it,
Offered to you by the Lord?

Rev. Jonathan Allen, 1801

Conviction of Sin

280 HOWARD C. M. Elizabeth Cuthbert 1814



2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright,
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

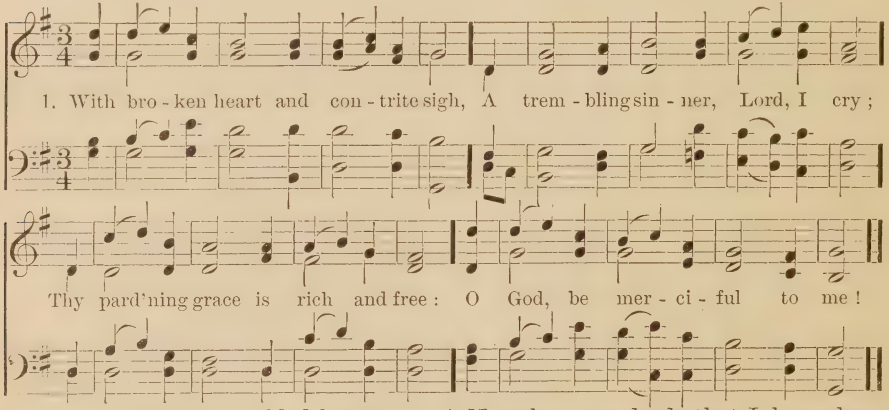
3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was Thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins revived again;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 My God, I cry with every breath,
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

281 WARNER L. M. Arr. by G. Kingsley, 1853, from G. Rossini



2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His Cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God, be merciful to me!

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me!

Rev. Cornelius Elven, 1852

Conviction of Sin

282 ELIM 7. 6. 7. 6. D. J. Baptiste Calkin, 1867

1. My sins, my sins, my Sav - iour! They take such hold on me,
I am not a - ble to look up, Save on - ly, Christ, to Thee.
In Thee is all for - give - ness, In Thee a - bun - dant grace;
My shad - ow and my sun - shine The bright-ness of Thy face.

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour,
How sad on Thee they fall!
Seen through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all.
I know they are forgiven;
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew
Till with Thee in the desert
I near Thy passion drew;
Till with Thee in the garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told Thy sorrow there.

4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suffering man below;
Thy goodness and Thy favor,
Whose presence from above
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in Thee and love.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1863

283 LANGRAN 10. 10. 10. 10

James Langran, 1861

1. Wea - ry of earth, and la - den with my sin, I look heav'n and long to en - ter in, But there no e - vil thing may find a home; And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heav'n, the Father's child.
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and pray'r,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

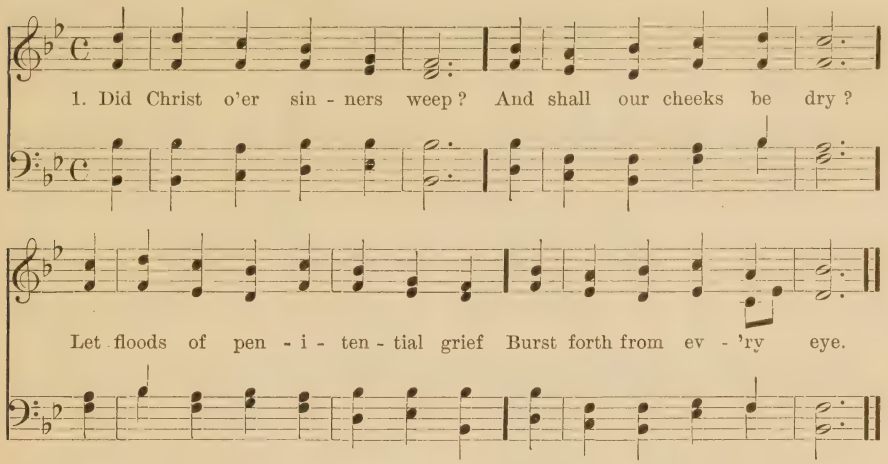
7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord,
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

8 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

Rev. Samuel J. Stone, 1866

284 STATE STREET S. M.

Jonathan C. Woodman, 1844



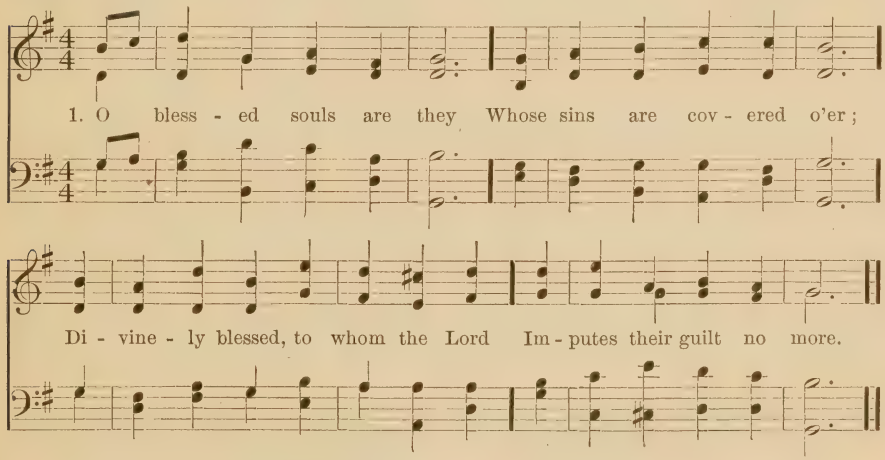
2 The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome, 1787

285 PEKIN S. M.

Arr. from German Choral
by J. E. Kingsley, 1847



2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith sincere.

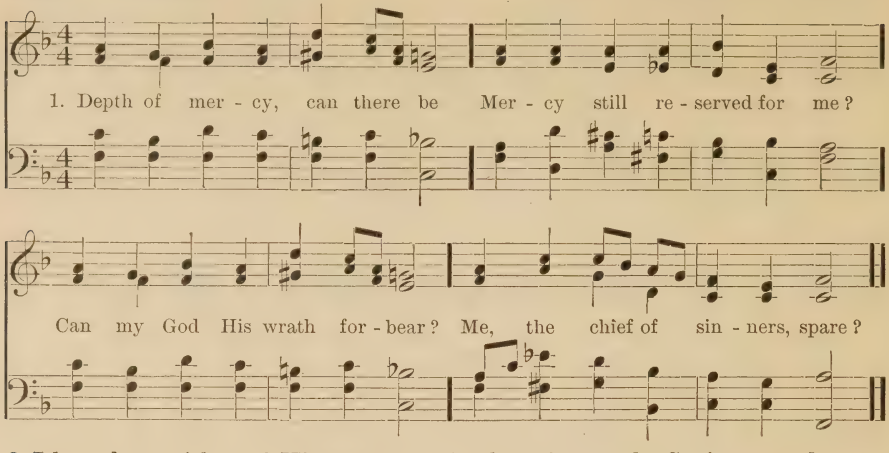
3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the painful wound,
Till I confessed my sins to Thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

286 SEYMOUR 7. 7. 7. 7

Arr. from Carl Maria von Weber



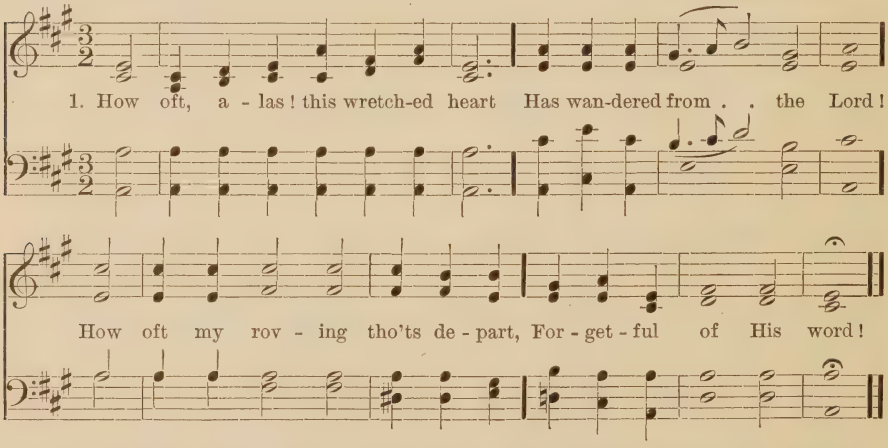
2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face,
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His [hands;
God is love: I know, I feel;
Jesus lives and loves me still.

Rev. Chas. Wesley, 1740

287 HERMON C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1841



2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst Thou, wilt Thou, yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak Thy wondrous love?

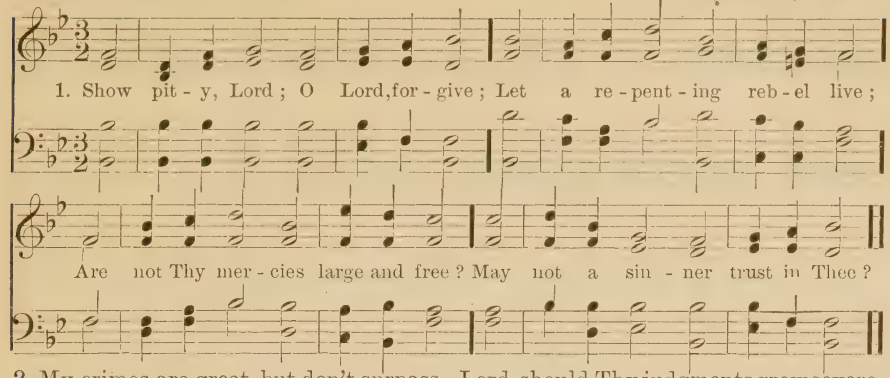
4 Almighty grace, Thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at Thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

Anne Steele, 1760

288 HEBRON L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830



2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace ;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace ;
Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

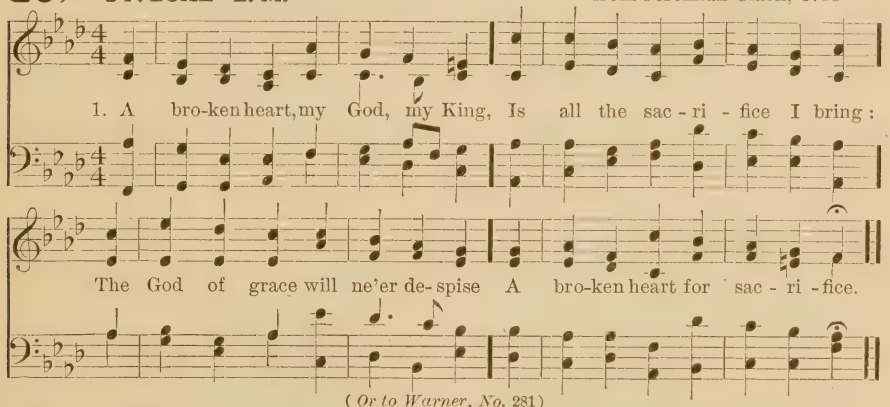
5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce Thee just in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

289 ST. LUKE L. M.

Altered by S. Arnold, 1791
from Jeremiah Clark, 1708



(*Or to Warner, No.* 281)

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just ;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

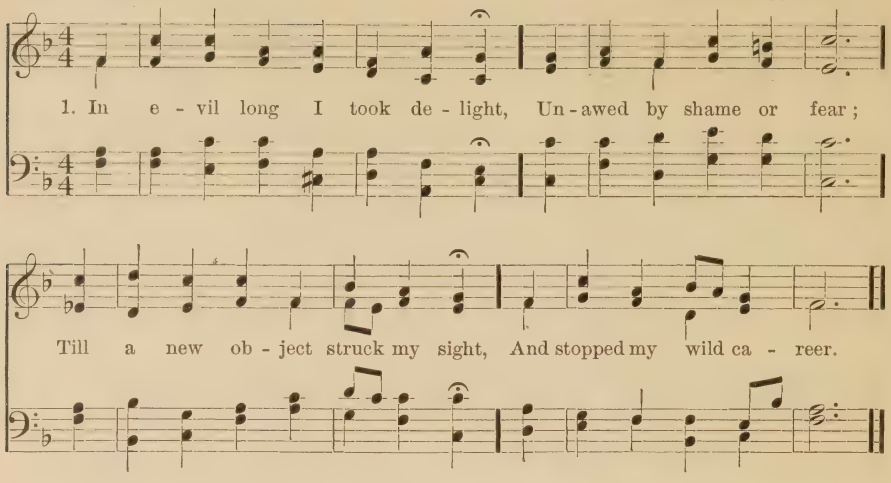
3 Then will I teach the world Thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace ;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 O may Thy love inspire my tongue !
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

290 MEAR C. M.

William Knapp, 1738



2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure, never to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look He gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

7 Thus, while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue;
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirit now is filled;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by Him I killed.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

291 BALERMA C. M.

1 O Thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See, low before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
Hast Thou not said—return?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from Thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

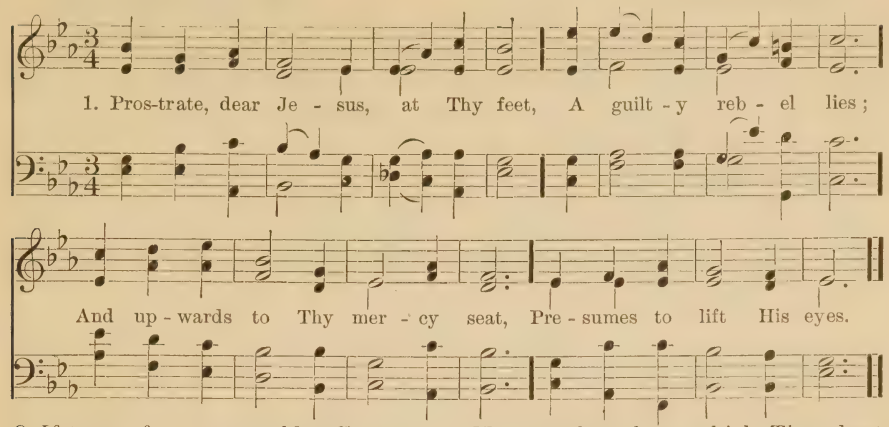
4 Absent from Thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray;
Thro' dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

Anne Steele, 1760

292 ARMAGH C. M.

James Turle, 1863



2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping [eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

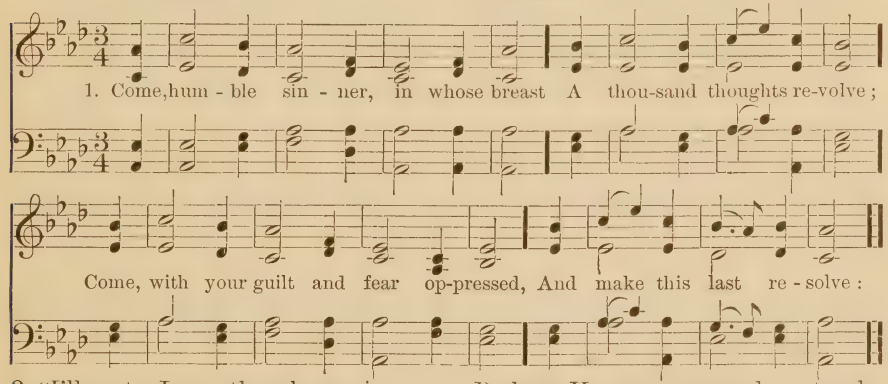
3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which Thou hast [shed;
No blood, but Thou hast spilt.

4 Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1787

293 BALERMA C. M.

Arr. by R. Simpson, from L. Von Esch, c. 1810



2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
High as a mountain rose;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone
Without His sovereign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps He may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

Rev. Edmund Jones, 1787

294 RIVAULX L. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866

1. With tear - ful eyes I look a - round, Life seems a dark and storm - y sea;
Yet, midst the gloom, I hear a sound, A heav'nly whis-per, "Come to Me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
O to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me."

3 When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly props resigned must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents, "Come to Me."

4 When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me, "Come to Me."

5 When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to Me.

6 "Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy Portion; come to Me."

7 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, "Come to Me."

Charlotte Elliott, 1841

295 SAWLEY C. M.

James Walch, 1860

1. Je - sus, Thou art the sin - ner's Friend; As such I look to Thee;
Now, in the ful - ness of Thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

(*Or to Evan, No.* 278)

2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary's tree,
Remember all Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield my soul to Thee;
While Thou art pleading on the throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But Thy salvation's free;
Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

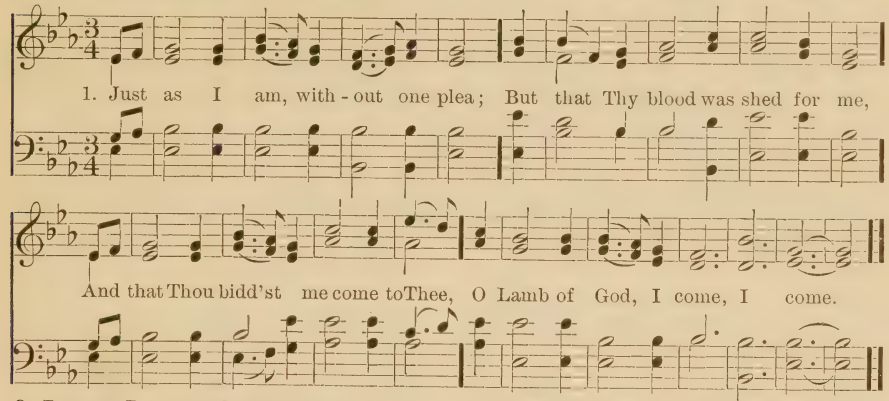
5 Howe'er forsaken or despised,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er forgotten here on earth,
Do Thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And human help shall flee,
Then, then, my dear redeeming God,
O then remember me.

Rev. Richard Burnham, 1796; Verses 1, 4, alt.

296 WOODWORTH L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1849



2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

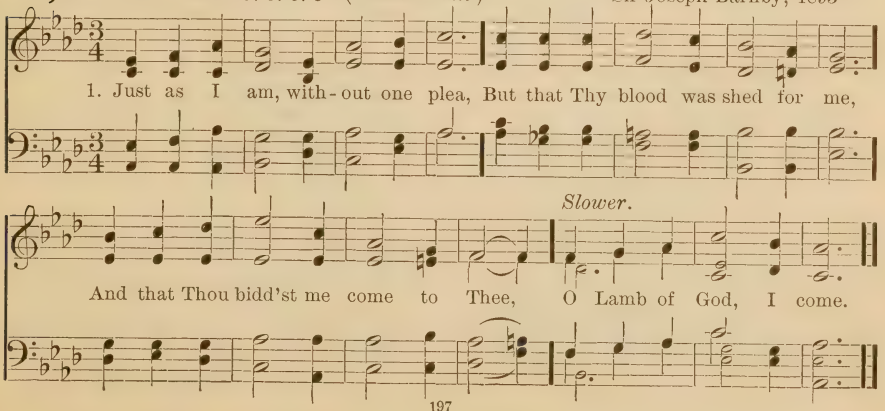
5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836

JUST AS I AM 8. 8. 8. 6 (*Second Tune*)

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1893



297 VOX DILECTI C. M. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1868

p *pp rad.* *mf a tempo.*

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."

p *cres.*

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
2. Of that life - giv - ing stream;
3. In Him my star, my sun;

cres. *ff*

I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream; [revived,
My thirst was quench'd, my soul
And now I live in Him.

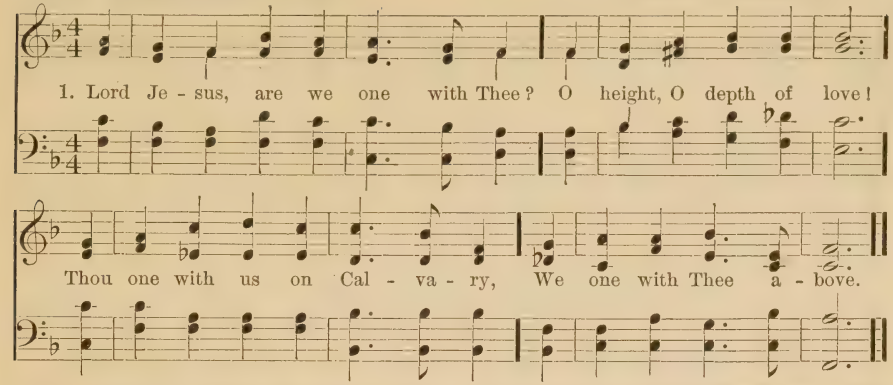
3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all the day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

4 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
My Father's house above
Has many mansions; I've a place
Prepared for you in love.
I trust in Jesus: — in that house,
According to His word,
Redeemed by grace, my soul shall live
Forever with the Lord.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1846

298 DALEHURST C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1872



2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
With us of flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery, one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by Thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were [Thine,
To set Thy members free.

4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height
Thy saints and Thee can part.

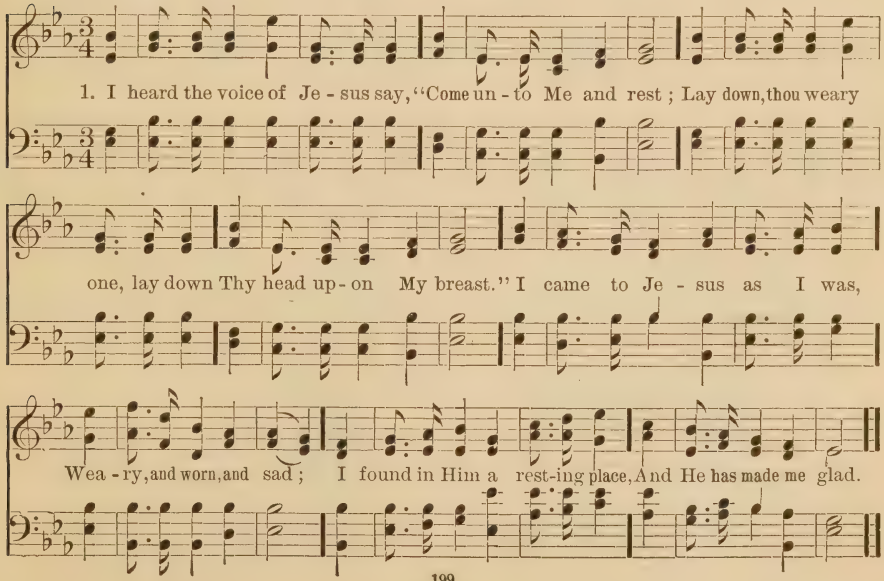
5 O teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with Thee.

6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious [day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That Thou with us art one.

Rev. James G. Deck, 1837

VARINA C. M. D. (*Second Tune*)

Arr. by George F. Root, 1849



299 HOLY CHURCH 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arthur H. Brown, 1862

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load.
I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains
White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus:
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases;
He all my sorrows shares.

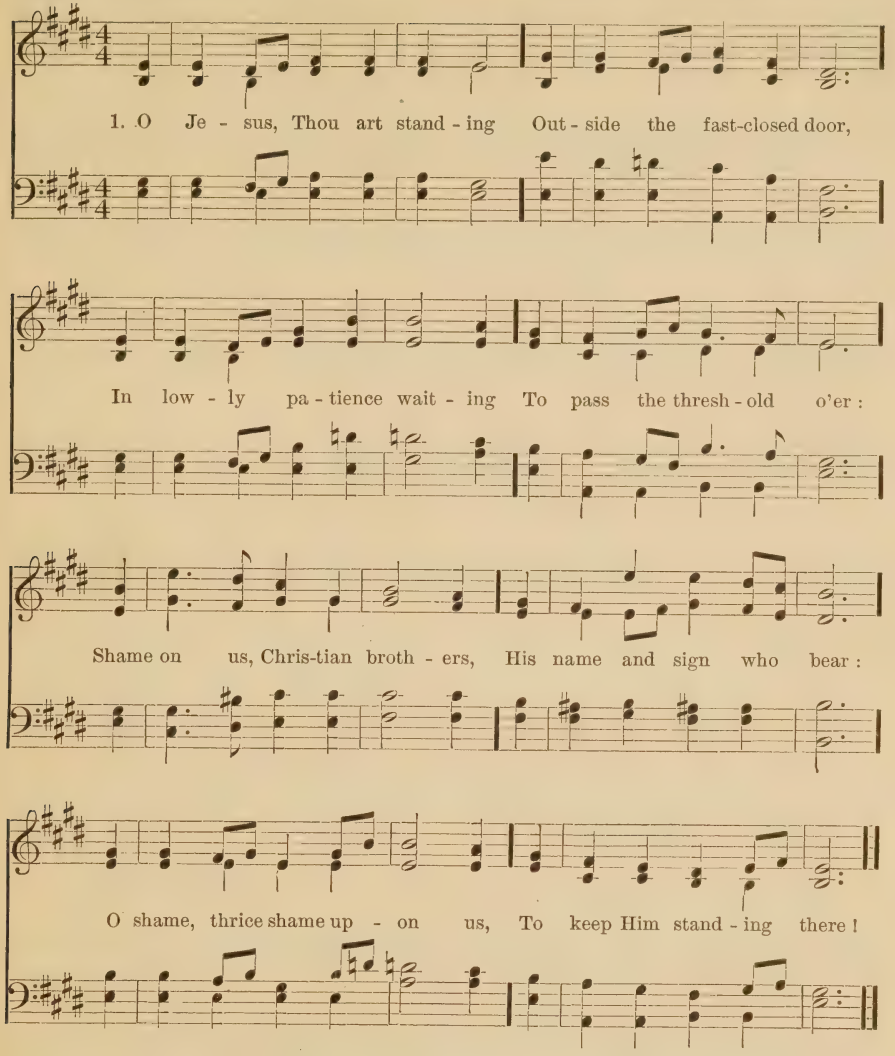
3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angel's song.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843

300 MEREDITH 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Justin H. Knecht, 1799,
and Rev. Edward Husband, 1871



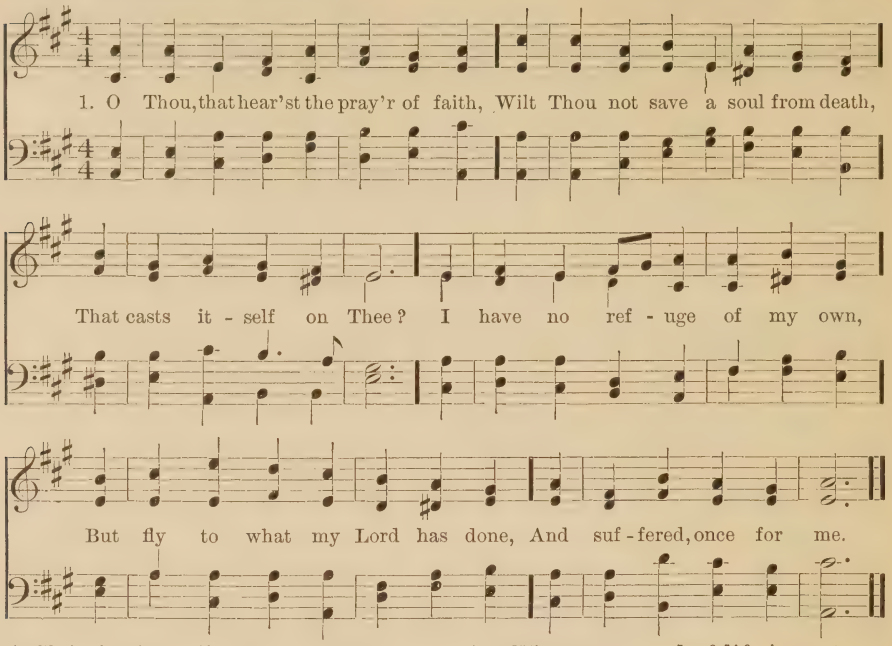
2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

Bishop William W. How, 1867

301 PURLEIGH 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6

Arthur H. Brown, 1861



2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And His atoning blood:
Thy righteousness my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall avail for me,
And bring me near to God.

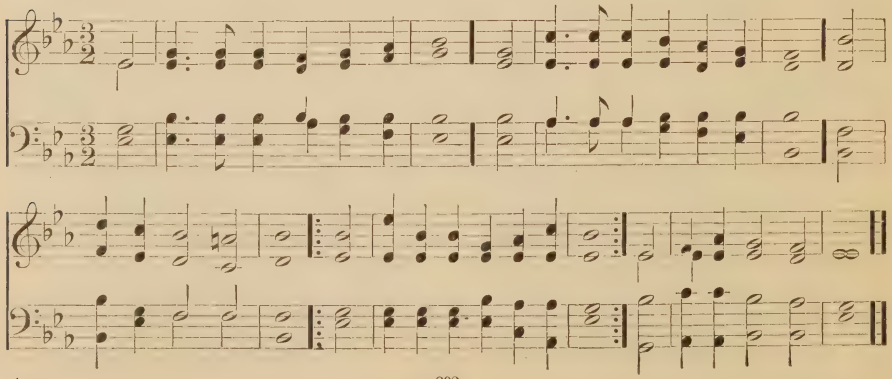
3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolation send:
By Him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1776

MERIBAH 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6 (*Second Tune*)

Lowell Mason, 1839



302 HARTFORD 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1877

1. I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav - iour of the lost,
Whose pre - cious blood re - deemed me, At such tre - men - dous cost;
Thy right - eous - ness, Thy par - don, Thy pre - cious blood must be
My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art All in all to me,
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear;
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee!

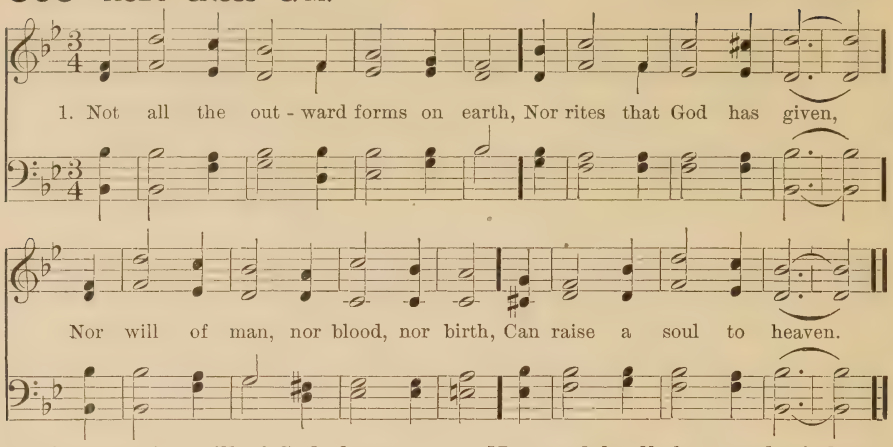
4 I could not do without Thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessèd Lord, but Thine.

5 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

Frances R. Havergal, 1873

303 HOLY CROSS C. M.

1866



2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace:
Born in the image of His Son,
A new, peculiar race.

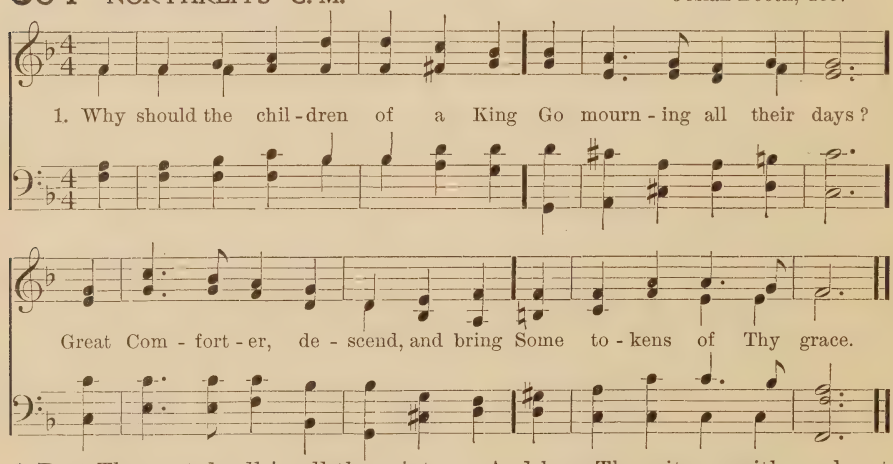
3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh;
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

304 NORTHREPPS C. M.

Josiah Booth, 1887



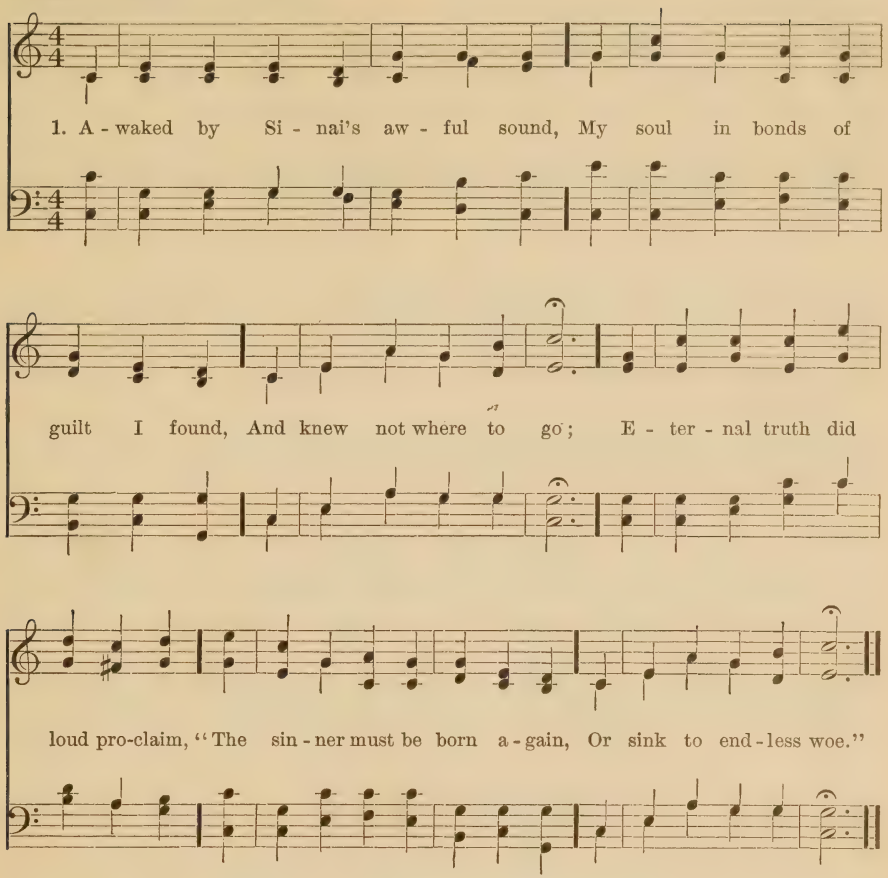
2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood,
And bear Thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

305 GANGES 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6 1798



2 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
And whelmed my tortured mind.

3 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast oppressive load;
Alas, I read and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

4 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet, when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed this way,
And felt His pity move;
The sinner, by His justice slain,
Now by His grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

Rev. Samson Occum, 1760

306 HIS FOREVER 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1890

1. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cord of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which nought can sev - er,
For I am His and He is mine For - ev - er and for - ev - er.

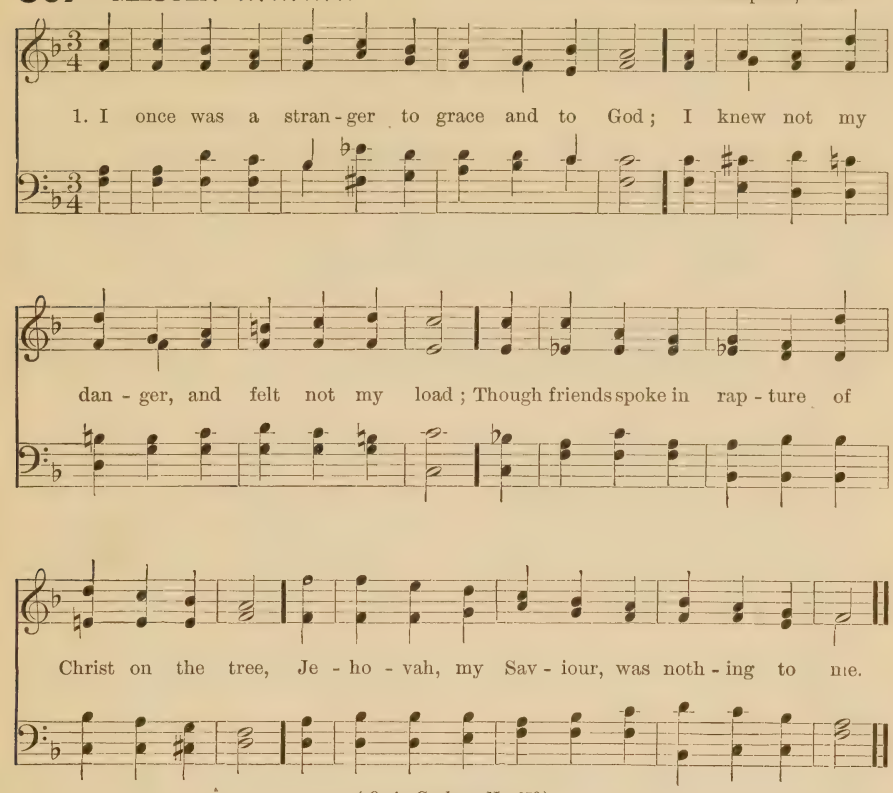
2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Naught that I have mine own I'll call,
I'll hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His forever.

3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend,
So kind and true and tender!
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From Him who loves me now so well
What power my soul shall sever?
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No: I am His forever.

Rev. James G. Small, 1866

307 MILSTER 11. 11. 11. 11

John P. Campbell, 1899



(Or to Goshen, No. 270)

2 When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me: I trembled to die:
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see:
Jehovah, Thou only my Saviour must be!

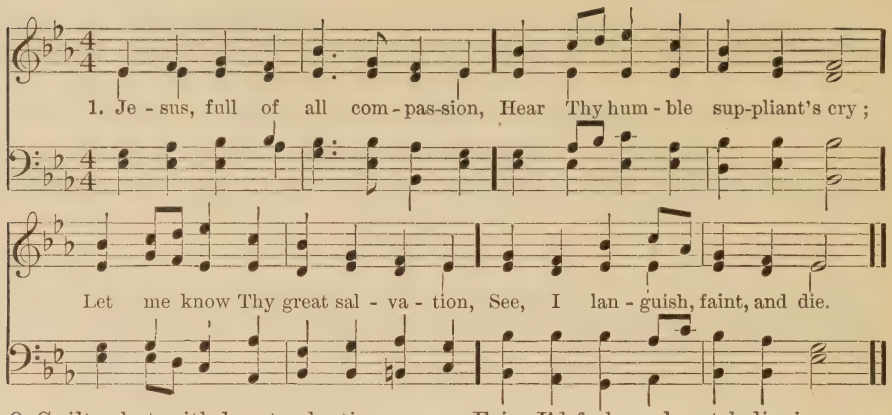
3 My terrors all vanished before His sweet name;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life giving and free:
Jehovah, my Saviour, is all things to me.

4 Jehovah, the Lord, is my treasure and boast;
Jehovah, my Saviour, I ne'er can be lost;
In Thee I shall conquer, by flood and by field,
Jehovah my Anchor, Jehovah my Shield!

Rev. Robert McCheyne, 1837, alt.

308 BARTIMAEUS 8. 7. 8. 7

Daniel Read, 1804



2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at Thy feet repenting,
Send, O send me quick relief.

3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to Him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to Him who ever lives?

4 While I view Thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless, on the cursèd tree,
Fain, I'd feel my heart believing
That Thou sufferedst thus for me.

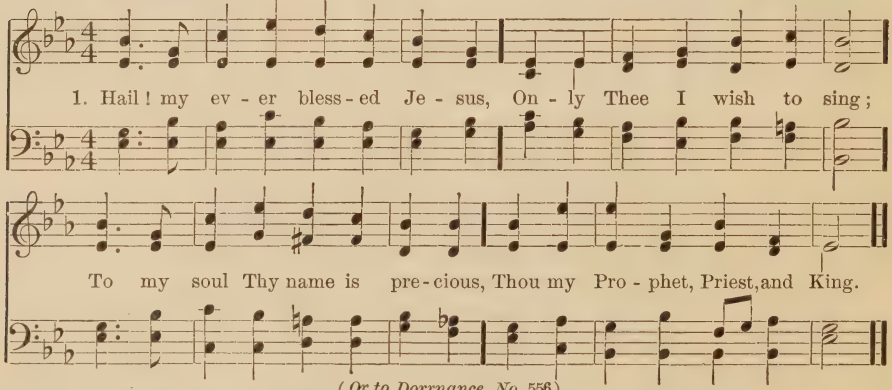
5 With Thy righteousness and Spirit,
I am more than angels blest;
Heir with Thee, all things inherit,
Peace, and joy, and endless rest.

6 Saved!—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with Thy love.

Rev. Daniel Turner, 1769

309 OSWALD 8. 7. 8. 7

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1857



(*Or to Dorrnance, No.* 556)

2 O what mercy flows from heaven!
O what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.

4 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
Whilst astonished I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.

6 That blest moment I received Him,
Filled my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

John Wingrove, 1785

310 HAPPY DAY L. M. with Refrain

Anon.

1. { O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God;
{ Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, Here in Thy courts we'll glad - ly stay,

And at Thy foot - stool hum-bly pray, That Thou wouldst take our sins a - way;

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Christ shall wash our sins a - way.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

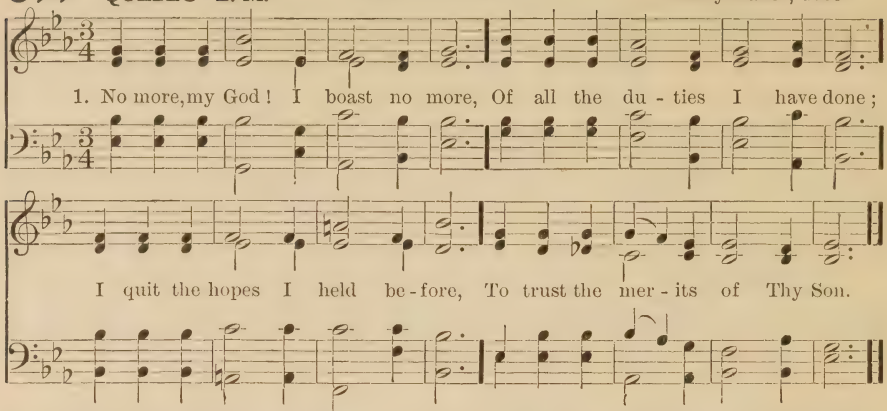
5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755

311 QUEBEC L. M.

Justification

Henry Baker, 1866



2 Now, for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

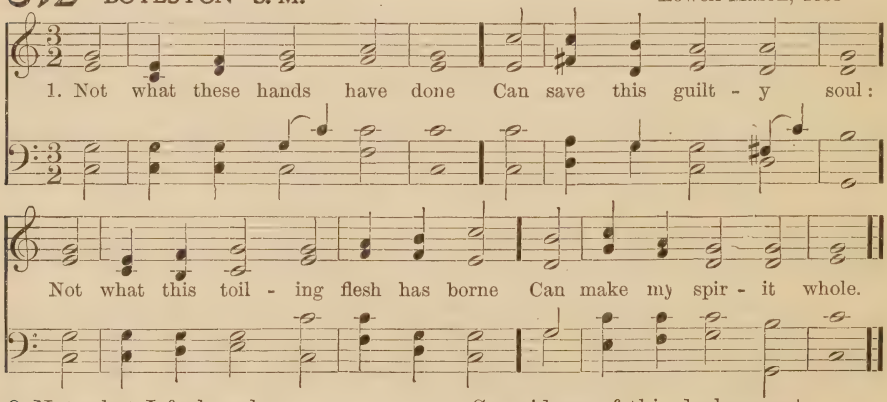
3 Yes,—and I must, and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne;
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

312 BOYLSTON S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1833



2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers and sighs and tears
Can bear my awful load.

3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.

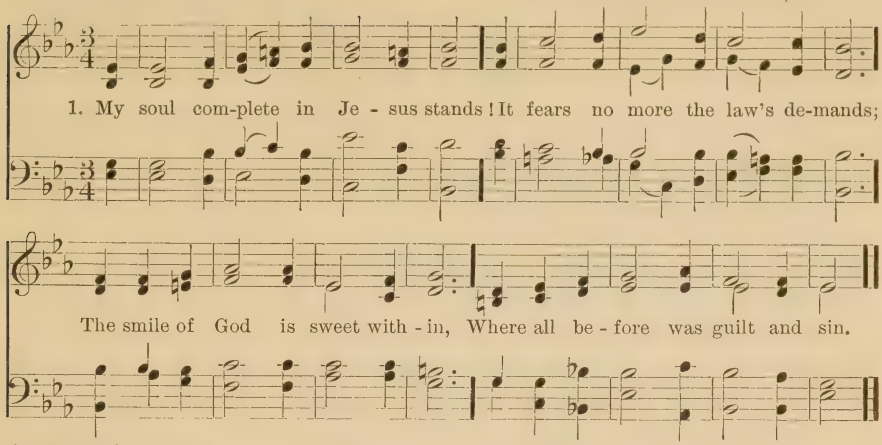
5 Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.

6 I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love Divine;
And, with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1861

313 ANGELUS L. M.

Scheffler's Geistliche Hirtenlieder, 1657



2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives;
Accepts the peace His pardon gives;
Receives the grace His death secured,
And pleads the anguish He endured.

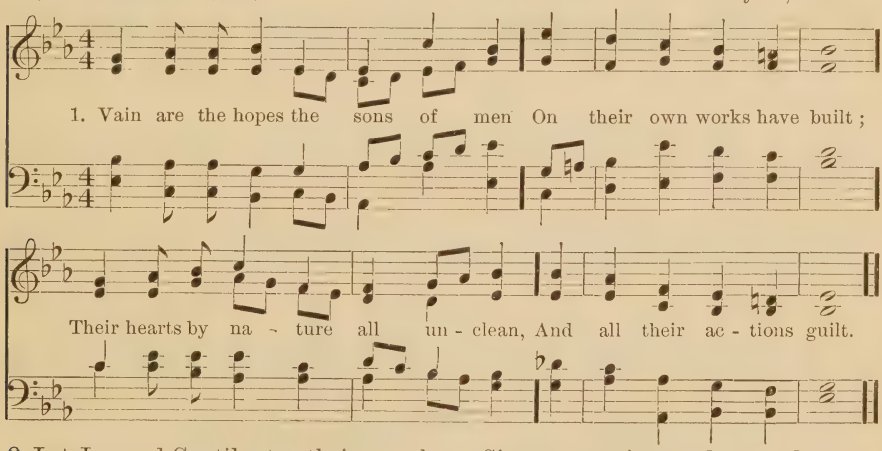
3 My soul its every foe defies,
And cries —'Tis God that justifies!
Who charges God's elect with sin?
Shall Christ, who died their peace to win?

4 A song of praise my soul shall sing,
To our eternal, glorious King!
Shall worship humbly at His feet,
In whom alone it stands complete.

Mrs. Grace W. Hinsdale, 1865

314 ELVET C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862



2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

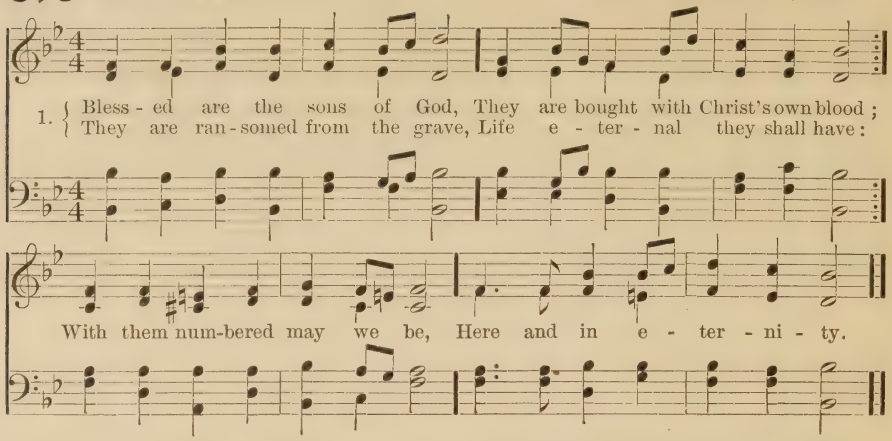
3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is Thy grace!
When in Thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

315 ROSEFIELD 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7

Rev. H. A. Caesar Malan, 1830



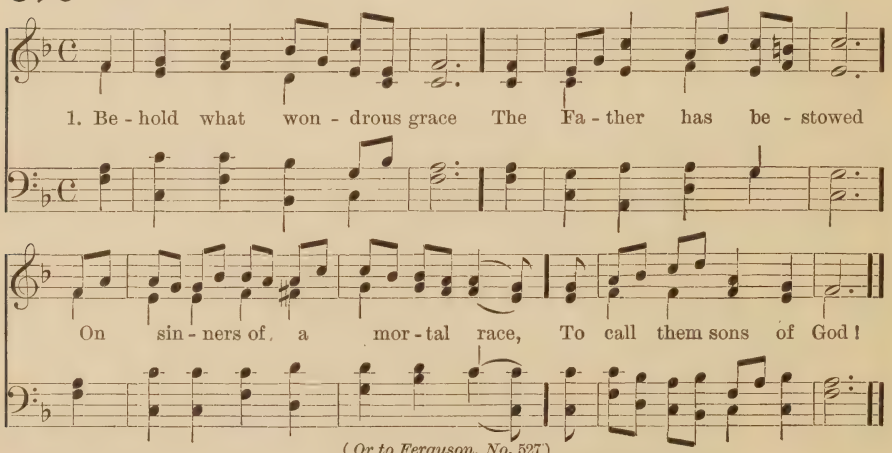
2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are washed away,
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here and in eternity.

Rev. Joseph Humphreys, 1743; Arr. and verse 2, l. 2, alt.

316 SHIRLAND S. M.

Samuel Stanley, 1805



(*Or to Ferguson, No.* 527)

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much Divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

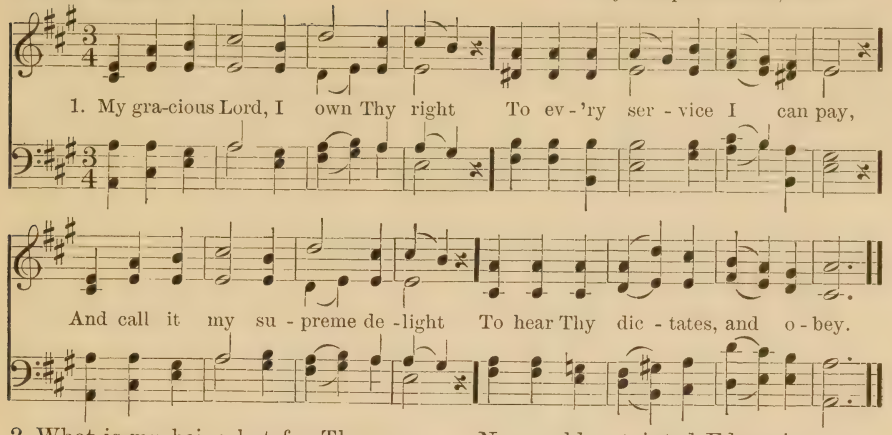
4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall "Abba, Father," cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

317 FELIX L. M.

Arranged from Mendelssohn
by Joseph Maclean, 1901



2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end,
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend?

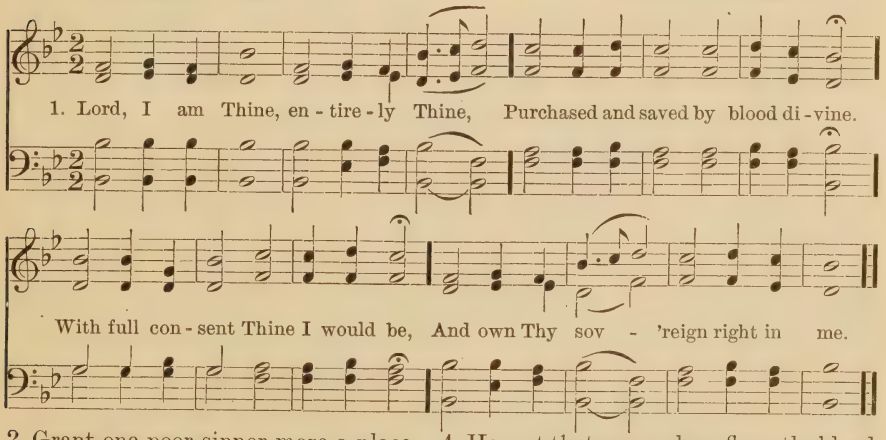
3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, His saving power.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1740

318 SESSIONS L. M.

Luther O. Emerson, 1853



2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity:
The vow is passed beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

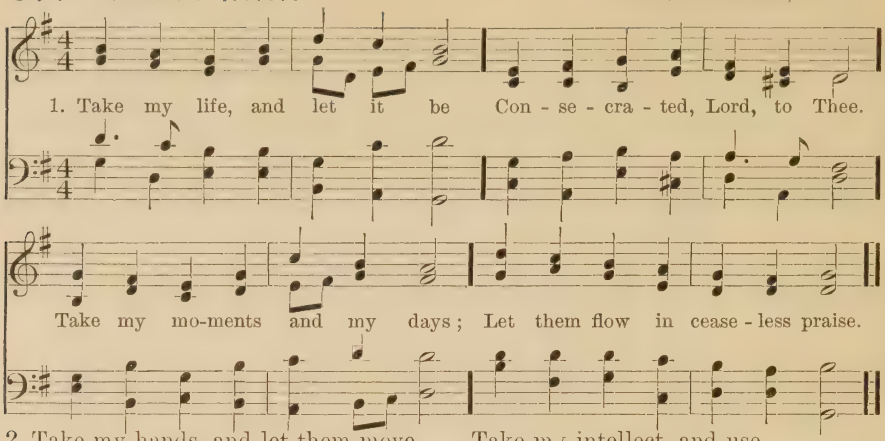
4 Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God;
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

5 Do Thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

Rev. Samuel Davies, 1769

319 VIENNA 7.7.7.7

Justin H. Knecht, 1797



2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

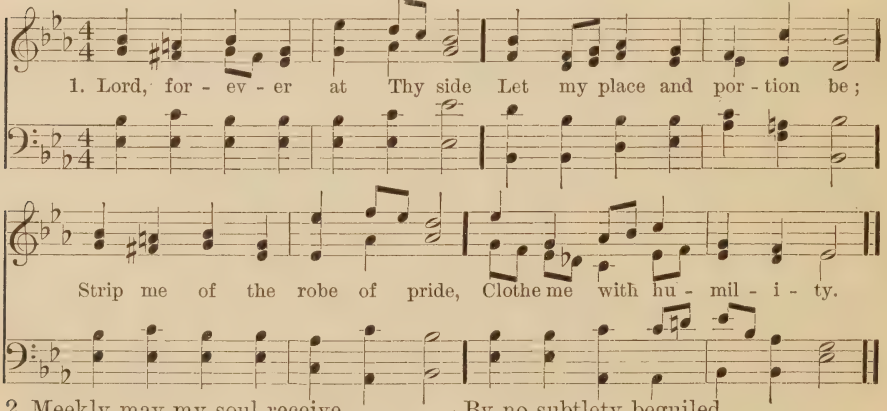
5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal, 1874

320 SOLITUDE 7.7.7.7

Lewis T. Downes, 1851



2 Meekly may my soul receive
All Thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken; I believe,
Though the prophecy were sealed.

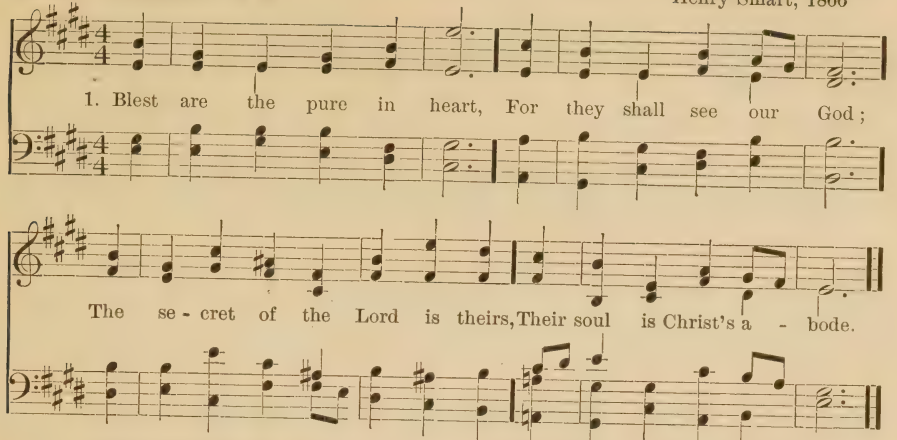
3 Quiet as a weanèd child,
Weanèd from the mother's breast,
By no subtlety beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.

4 Saints rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him, in all His ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

James Montgomery, 1822

321 JAMISON S. M.

Henry Smart, 1866



2 The Lord, who left the sky
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King,—

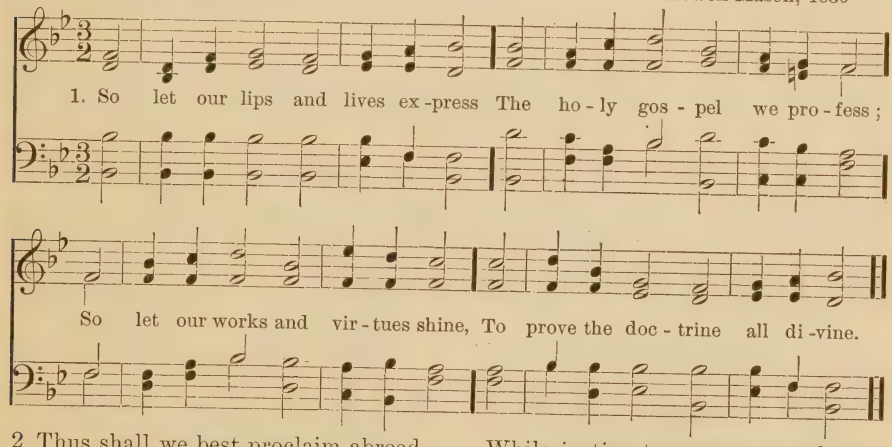
3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His cradle and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
Ours may this blessing be:
O give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

Rev. John Keble, 1819; Verses 2, 4, added, 1836

322 HEBRON L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830



2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and [love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on His word.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

323 BEECHER 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

John Zundel, 1870

1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver!
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1747

324 PRINCE 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8

Henri F. Hemy, 1865
Altered by J. G. Walton, 1871

1. Je-sus, Thy bound-less love to me No tho't can reach, no tongue de-clare;

O knit my thank-ful heart to Thee, And reign with-out a ri-val there:

Thine whol-ly, Thine a-lone I am, Be Thou a-lone my con-stant Flame.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone;
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange fires far from my soul remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

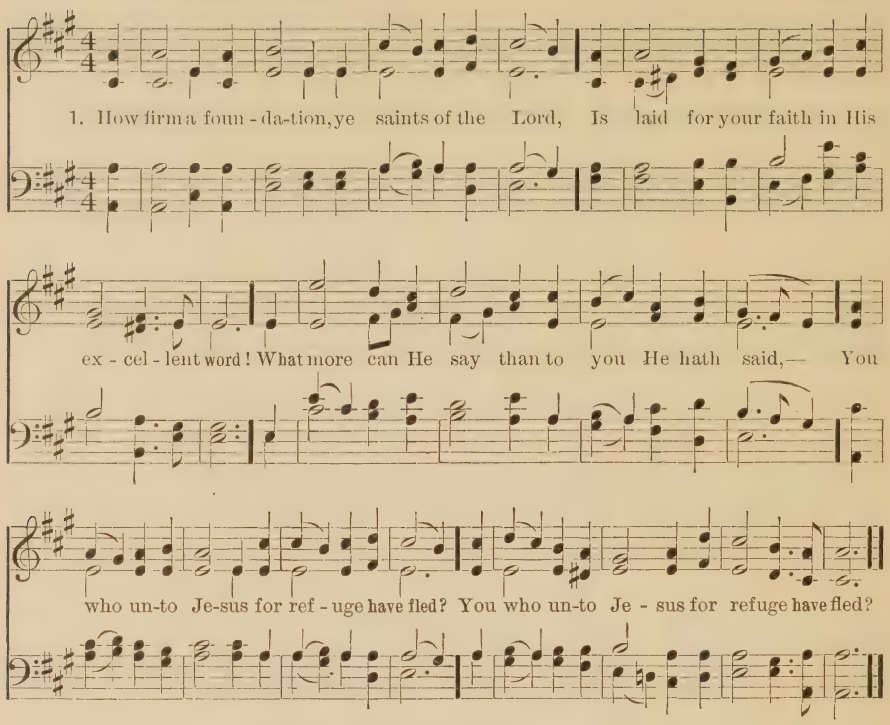
3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies:
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise.
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Or hear, or feel, or think, but Thee.

4 Still let Thy love point out my way;
How wondrous things Thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my work, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

Rev. Paul Gerhardt, 1653
Tr. Rev. John Wesley, 1739; Verse 3, l. 6, alt.

325 PORTUGESE HYMN 11. 11. 11. 11 1782



2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

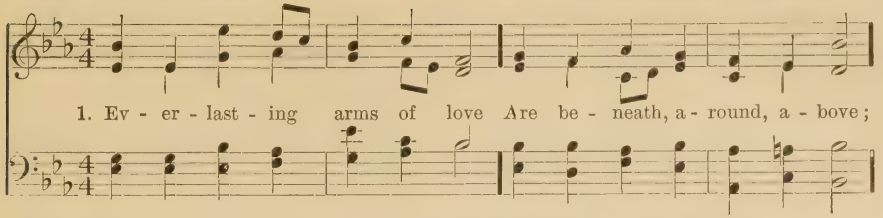
5 "E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

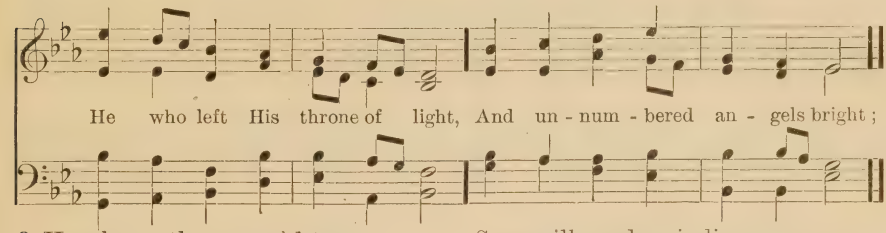
6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

"K," in Rippon's Selection, 1787

326 THEODORA 7. 7. 7. 7

Arr. from George F. Handel, 1750





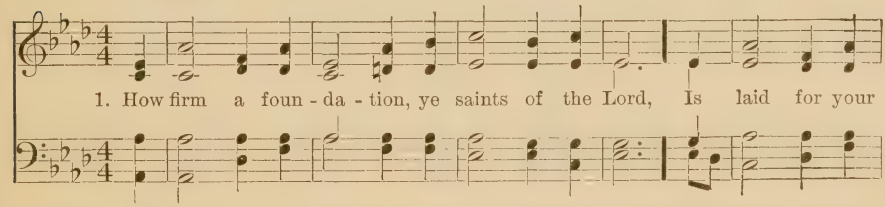
2 He who on the accursèd tree
Gave His precious life for me;
He it is that bears me on,
His the arm I lean upon.

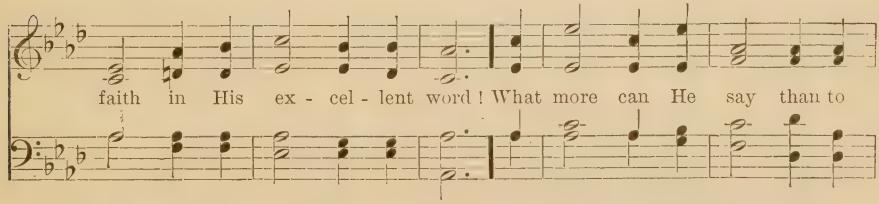
3 All things hasten to decay,
Earth and sea will pass away;
Soon will yonder circling sun
Cease his blazing course to run.

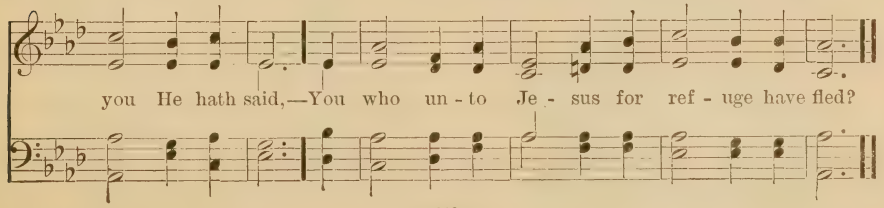
4 Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,
But the Changeless cannot change:
Gladly will I journey on,
With His arm to lean upon.

Rev. John R. Macduff, 1853

PROTECTION 11. 11. 11. 11 (*Second Tune.*)

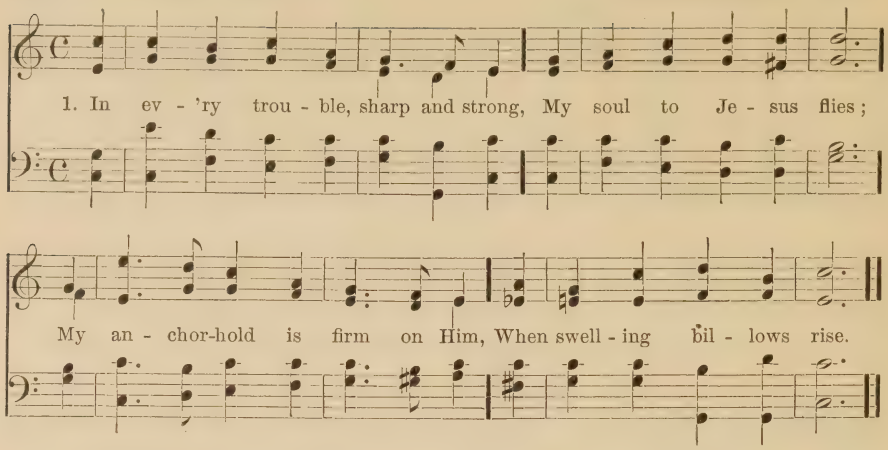






327 SAUVEUR C. M.

Frederick G. Baker, 1876



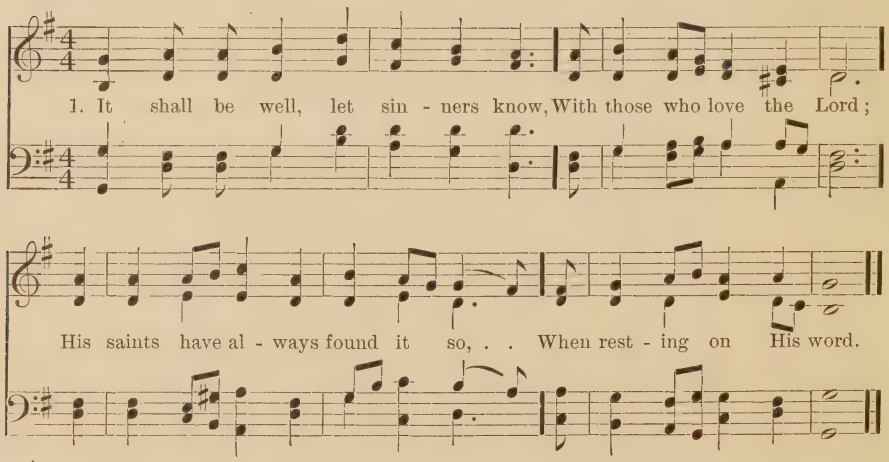
2 His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

3 Loud alleluias sing, my soul,
To Thy Redeemer's name;
In joy, in sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

Rev. John Killinghall, 1741

328 DEDHAM C. M.

William Gardiner, 1812



2 Peace, then, ye chastened sons of God,
Why let your sorrows swell?
Wisdom directs your Father's rod,
His word says, It is well.

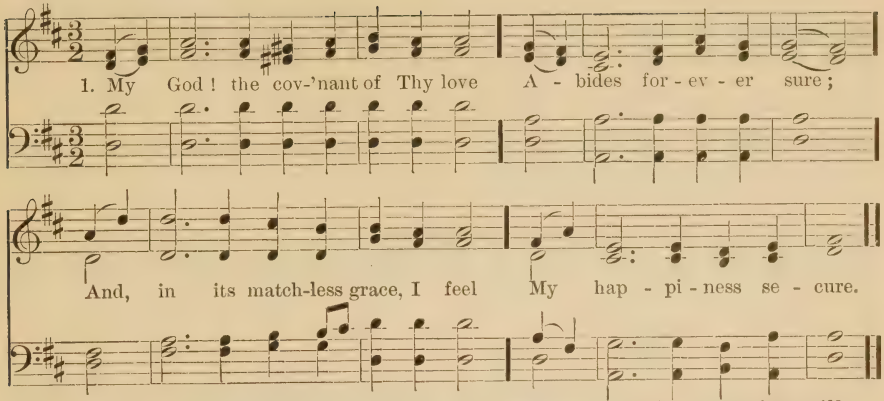
3 Though you may trials sharp endure,
From sin, or death, or hell;
Your heavenly Father's love is sure,
And therefore, It is well.

4 Soon will your sorrows all be o'er,
And you shall sweetly tell,
On Canaan's calm and pleasant shore,
That all at last is well.

Rev. Joseph Hoskins, 1806

329 COOLING C. M.

A. J. Abbey, 1858



2 What though my house be not with Thee,
As nature could desire!
To nobler joys than nature gives
Thy servants all aspire.

3 Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home;—

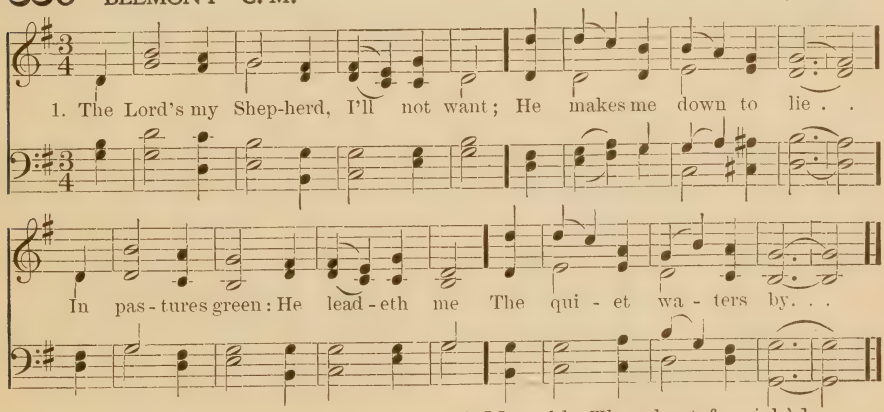
4 I welcome all Thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what Thou dost,
I wait the light above.

5 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
And when my eyelids close in death,
Sustain my fainting heart.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755

330 BELMONT C. M.

William Gardiner, 1812



2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Scottish Psalter, 1650, based on Francis Rous, Sir William Mure and others

331 HOLLINGSIDE 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo, on Thee I cast my care;
Reach me out Thy gracious hand.
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity!

Rev. Chas. Wesley, 1740

REFUGE 7. 7. 7. 7. D. (*Second Tune*) Joseph P. Holbrook, 1862

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the near - er wa - ters
roll, While the tem - pest still is high! Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the
storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last!

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MARTYN 7. 7. 7. 7. D. (*Third Tune*) Simeon B. Marsh, 1834

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! }
D.C. *Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last!*

D.C.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

332 PLEASANT PASTURES 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7

1. Sav - iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care;

In Thy pleas - ant pas - tures feed us; For our use Thy folds pre - pare:

Bless - ed Je - sus! Bless - ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessèd Jesus,
Hear the children, when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus,
Early let us turn to Thee.

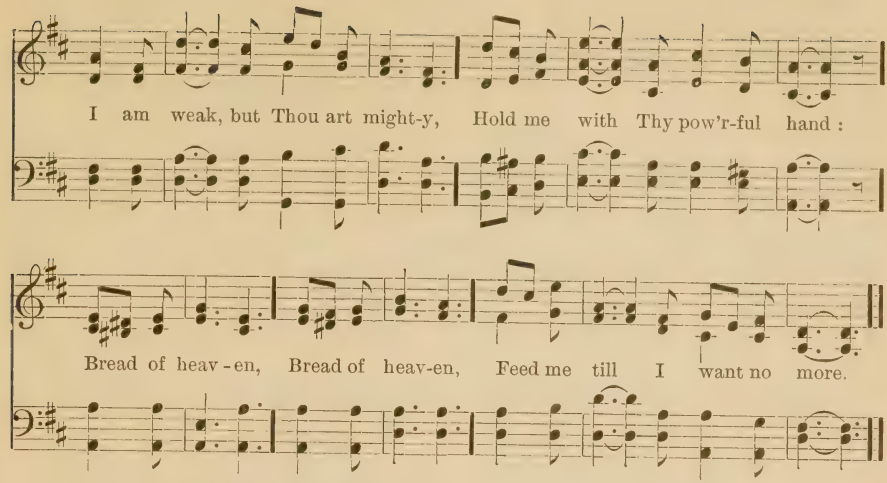
4 Early let us seek Thy favor;
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Adelaide Thrupp, 1836

333 SEGUR 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7

Joseph P. Holbrook, 1862

1. Guide me, O Thou Great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;



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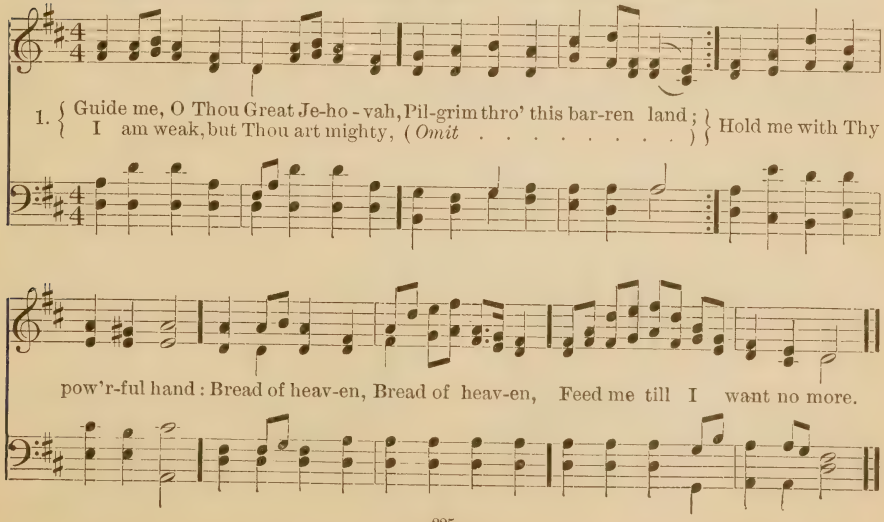
2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

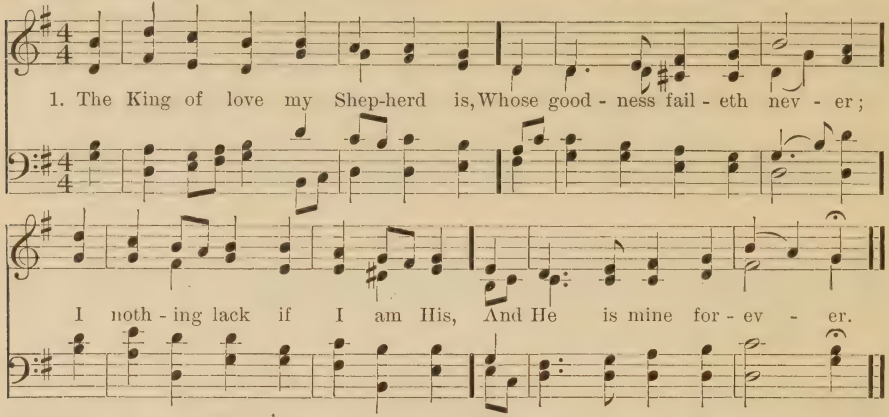
Rev. William Williams (Welsh), 1745; Tr. verse 1, Rev. Peter Williams, 1771; Verses 2, 3, Rev. Wm. Williams, c. 1772

OLIPHANT 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7 (*Second Tune*) Arr. from Pierre M. F. de S. Baillot, c. 1800 by Lowell Mason, 1832



334 DOMINUS REGIT ME 8. 7. 8. 7

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1868



2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

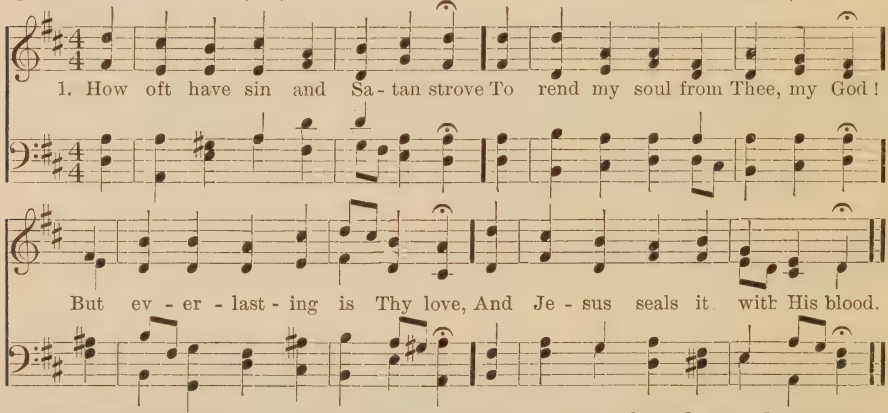
5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, 1868

335 ERFURT L. M.

Martin Luther, 1535



2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm His wondrous grace:
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

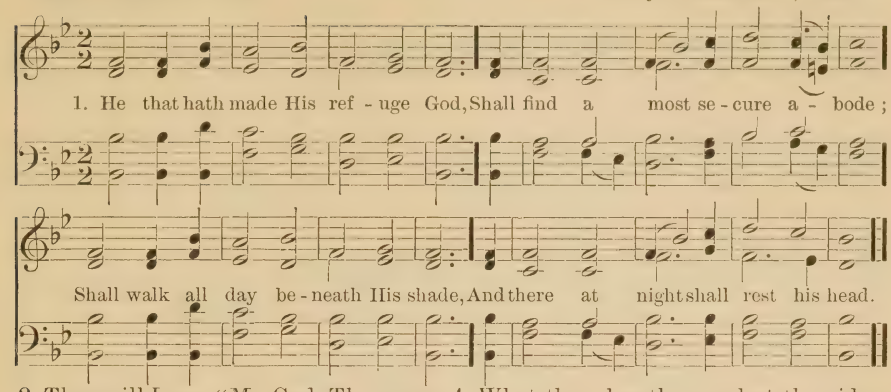
3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirits up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundations for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

336 WARD L. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1830



2 Then will I say, "My God, Thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower;
I that am formed of feeble dust
Make Thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
From Satan's wiles, who still betrays
Unguarded souls, a thousand ways.

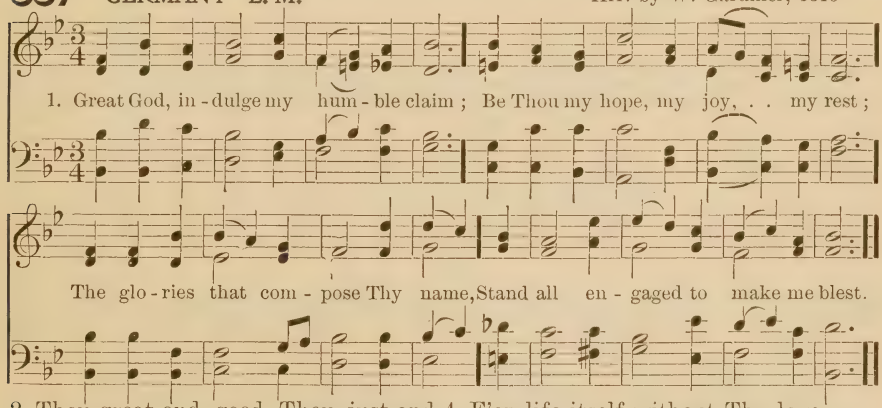
4 What though a thousand at thy side,
Around thy path ten thousand died,
Thy God His chosen people saves
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

5 The sword, the pestilence, or fire
Shall but fulfil their best desire;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring Thy children, Lord, to Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

337 GERMANY L. M.

Arr. by W. Gardiner, 1815



2 Thou great and good, Thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father, and my God!
And I am Thine by sacred ties, [blood.
Thy son, Thy servant bought with

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For Thee I long, to Thee I look,
As travelers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.

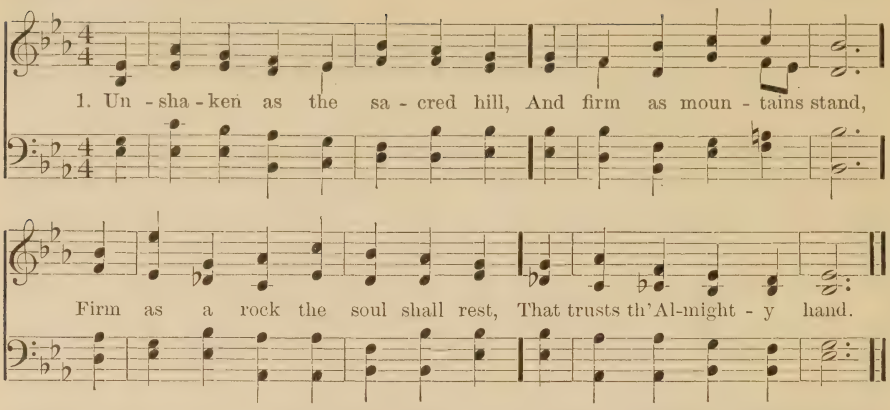
4 E'en life itself without Thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford;
Yea, t'would a tiresome burden prove
If I were banished from Thee, Lord.

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719; Verse 4 alt.

338 COLUMBIA C. M.

George A. Löhr, 1861



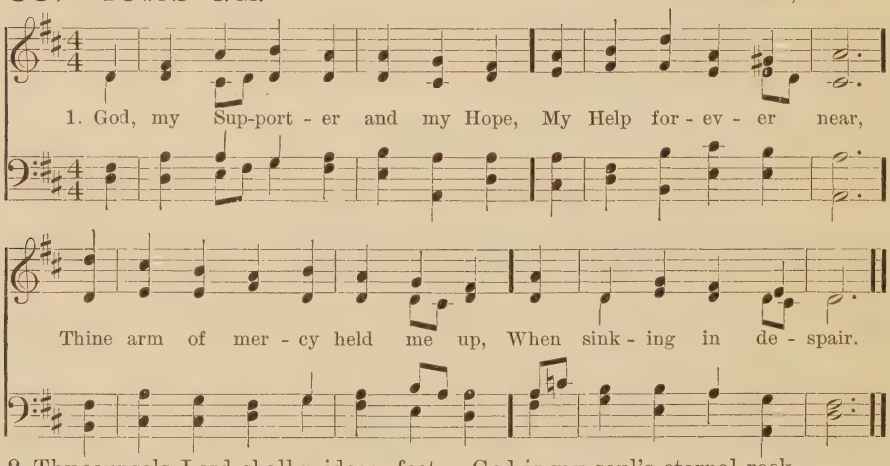
2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

339 DOWNS C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1833



2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet,
Through life's dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near Thy seat,
To dwell before Thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but Thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 Behold! the sinners that remove
Far from Thy presence, die;
Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to Thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound Thy works [abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

340 PILOT 7.7.7.7.7.7

John E. Gould, 1871

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest-uous sea;
D.C.—*Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.*

D.C.

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach-'rous shoal;

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

Rev. Edward Hopper, 1871

341 EVAN C.M.

Rev. William H. Havergal, 1846

1. There is a safe and se - cret place Be - neath the wings di - vine,

Re - served for all the heirs of grace, O be that ref - uge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

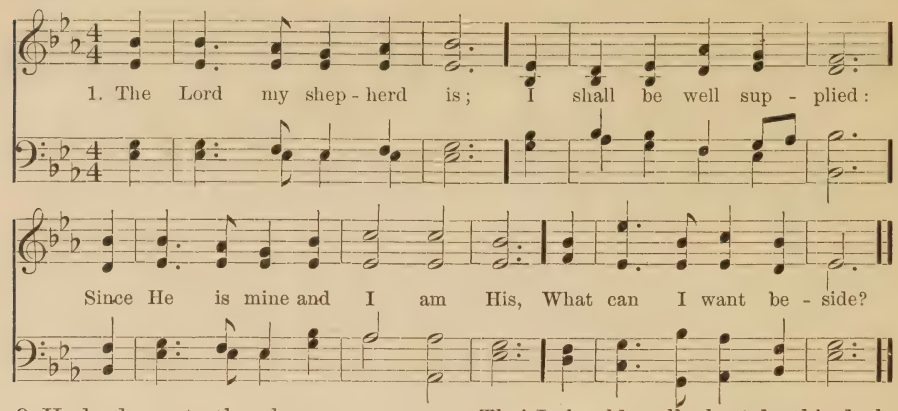
3 He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir!
How rich a lot is thine!

4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

342 OLNEY S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830



2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me, in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark [shade
My Shepherd's with me there.

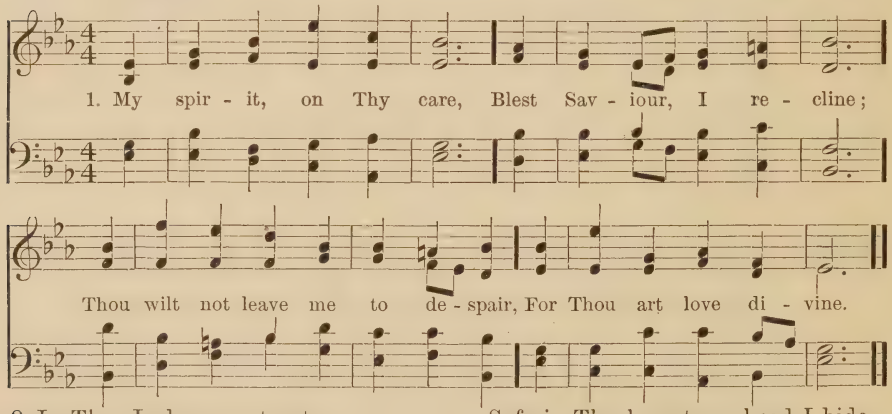
5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

343 MORAVIA S. M.

Rev. L. R. West, 1790



2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform:
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

344 GOUNOD 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Charles F. Gounod

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, Thou hast taught me I should live to Thee a - lone;

Year by year, Thy hand hath bro't me On thro' dan - gers oft un - known.

When I wandered, Thou hast found me; When I doubt-ed, sent me light,

Still Thine arm has been a - round me, All my paths were in Thy sight.

(*Or to Autumn, No.* 197)

345 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

1 Gently, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Thro' the changes Thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears:
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us;
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear:
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest;
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Thomas Hastings, 1832, alt.

2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well, I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need:
Thro' the prayer of faith receiving [deed.
Strength—the Spirit's strength, in-

3 I would trust in Thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon Thine arm;
Follow wholly Thy directing,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to Thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at Thy side!

Rev. John M. Neale, 1850

346 HE LEADETH ME L. M. with Refrain

William B. Bradbury, 1864

1. He lead - eth me! O bless-ed thought, O words with heavenly comfort fraught;

What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead-eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me;

His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

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2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore, 1861

347 SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS 7. 6. 7. 6. D. with Refrain

William H. Doane, 1870

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
Cho.—*Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,*

rit. Fine.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,

D.C. Chorus.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the Jas - per sea. . . .

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2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

Fanny J. Crosby, 1868

Faith

348 SWANWICK C. M.

J. Lucas

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev - 'ry foe; That will not trem - ble, on the brink Of an - y earth-ly woe, Of an - y earth-ly woe.

2 That will not murmur nor complain,
Beneath the chastening rod;
But in the hour of grief or pain,
Can lean upon its God.

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear,
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt:

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor its soft arts beguile.

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way,
By truth restrained and led,
And with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed.

Rev. William H. Bathurst, 1831

349 ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866

1. Lord, I be - lieve; Thy pow'r I own, Thy truth I would o - bey; I won - der com - fort - less and lone When from Thy paths I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

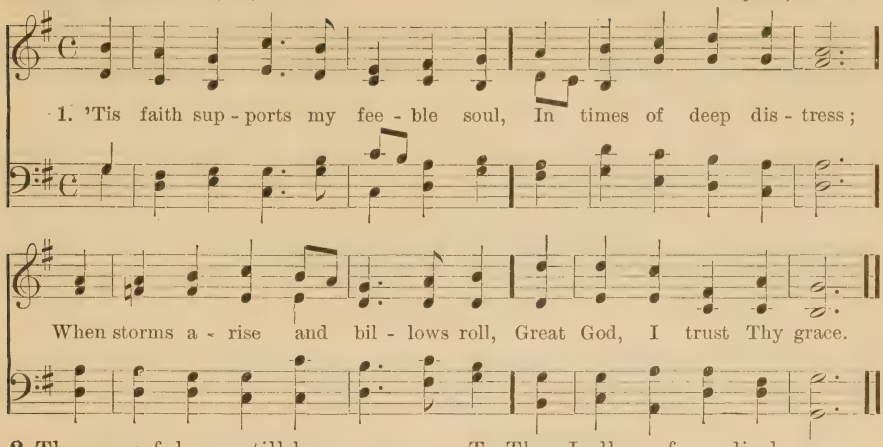
3 Lord, I believe; yet Thou dost know
My faith is cold and weak;
Pity my frailty, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes, I believe; and only Thou
Canst give my doubts relief:
Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help Thou mine unbelief!"

Rev. John R. Wreford, 1837

350 FAITH C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866



2 Thy powerful arm still bears me up,
Whatever griefs befall;
Thou art my life, my joy, my hope,
And Thou my all in all.

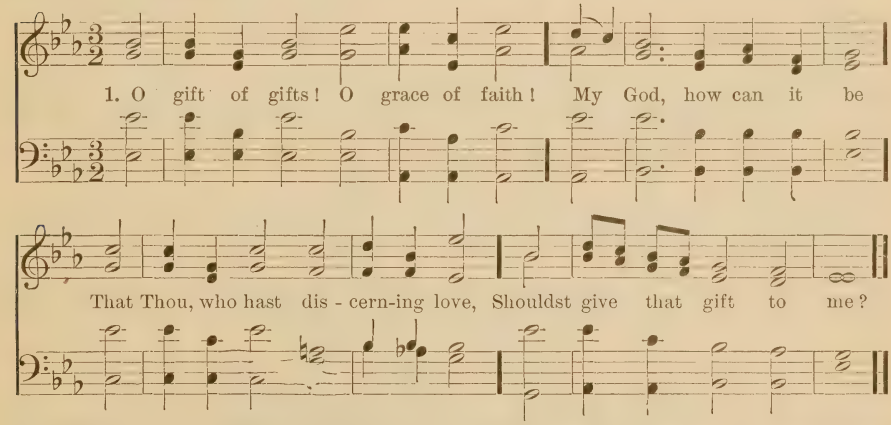
3 Bereft of friends, beset with foes,
With dangers all around,
To Thee I all my fears disclose,
In Thee my help is found.

4 In every want, in every strait,
To Thee alone I fly;
When other comforters depart,
Thou art forever nigh.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome, 1817

351 VALENTIA C. M.

Arr. from Max Eberwein



2 How many hearts Thou mightst have
More innocent than mine! [had
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of Thine!

3 Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

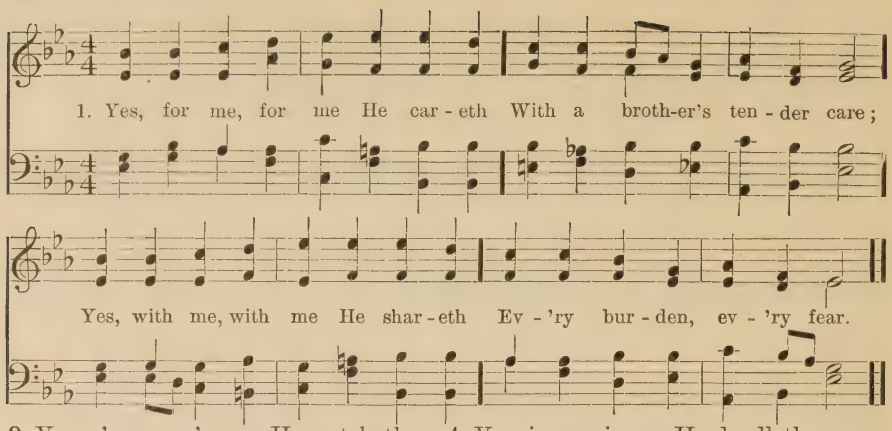
4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest
Seem trifles less than light— [cross,
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.

5 O happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O Faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death!

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1849

352 WADDELL 8. 7. 8. 7

German



2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

3 Yes, for me He standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

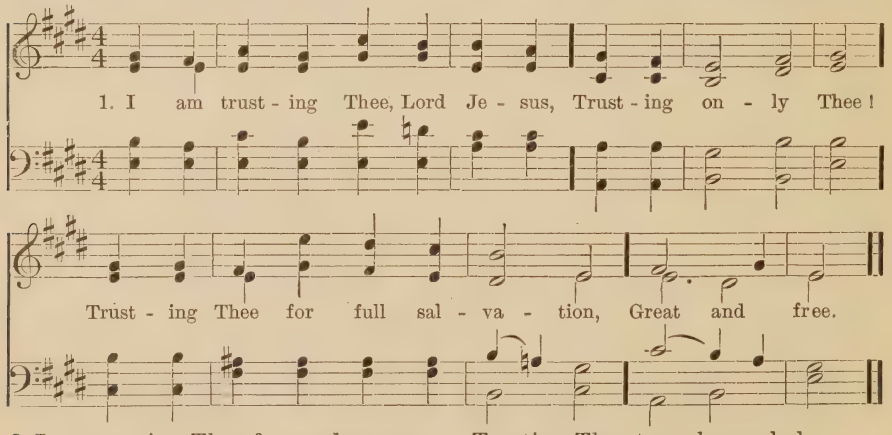
4 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth;
I in Him, and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.

5 Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1844

353 LAFAYETTE 8. 5. 8. 3

Sir Robert P. Stewart, 1874



2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

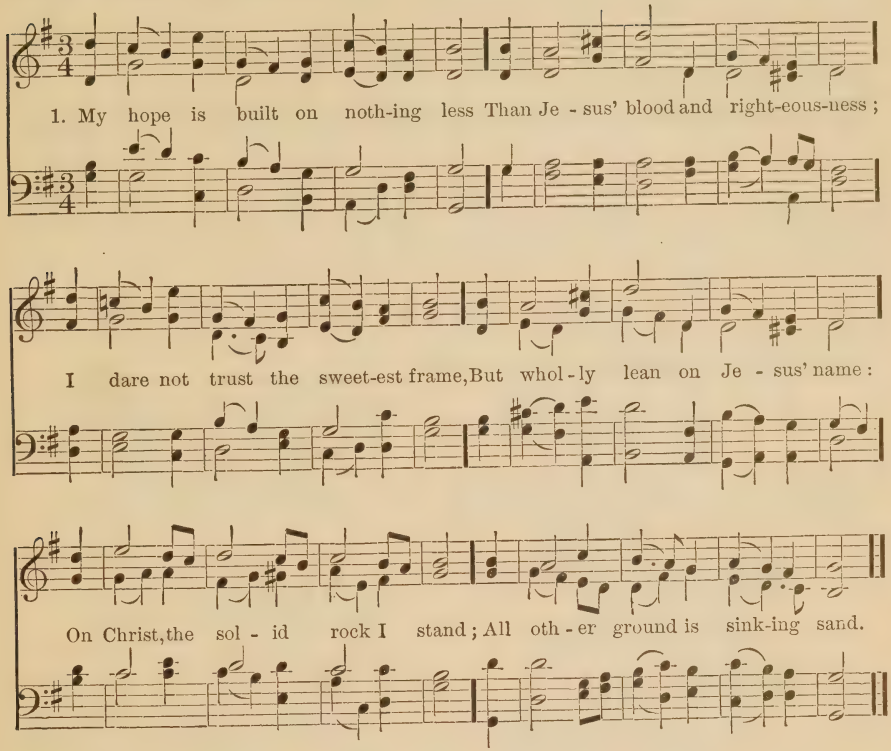
5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt [give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

Frances R. Havergal, 1874

354 SURREY 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8

Henry Carey, 1723



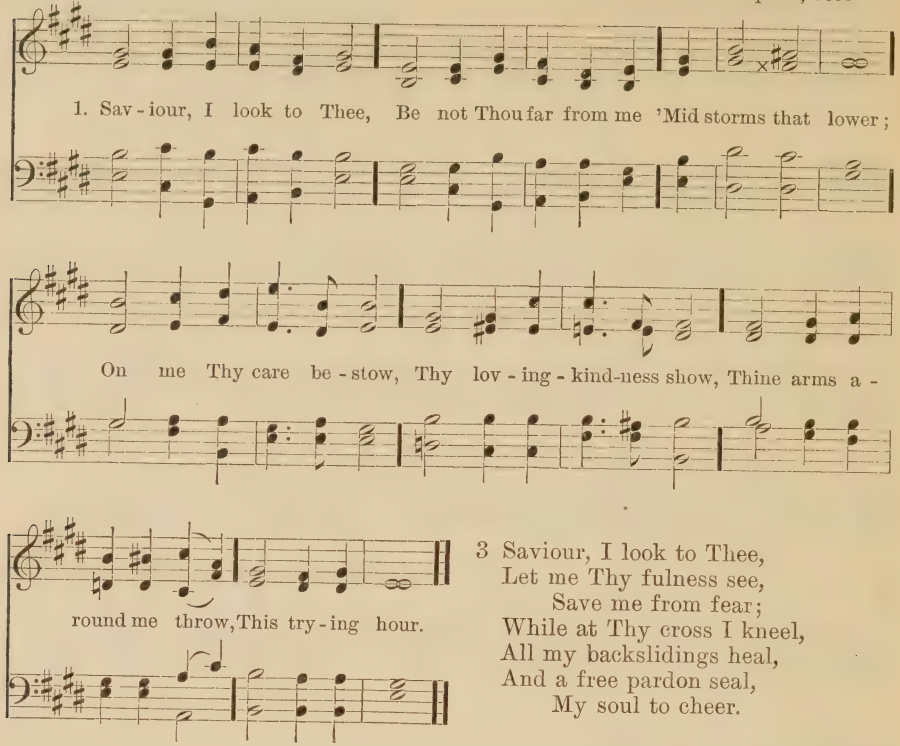
2 When darkness seems to vail His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail;
On Christ, the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Rev. Edward Mote, 1825

355 LOWRANCE 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

John P. Campbell, 1899



2 Saviour, I look to Thee,
Feeble as infancy,
Gird up my heart:
Author of life and light,
Thou hast an arm of might,
Thine is the sovereign right,
Thy strength impart.

3 Saviour, I look to Thee,
Let me Thy fulness see,
Save me from fear;
While at Thy cross I kneel,
All my backslidings heal,
And a free pardon seal,
My soul to cheer.

4 Saviour, I look to Thee,
Thine shall the glory be,
Hearer of prayer:
Thou art my only aid,
On Thee my soul is stayed,
Naught can my heart invade,
While Thou art near.

Thomas Hastings, 1833

356 MONSELL S. M.

1 How gentle God's commands,
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.

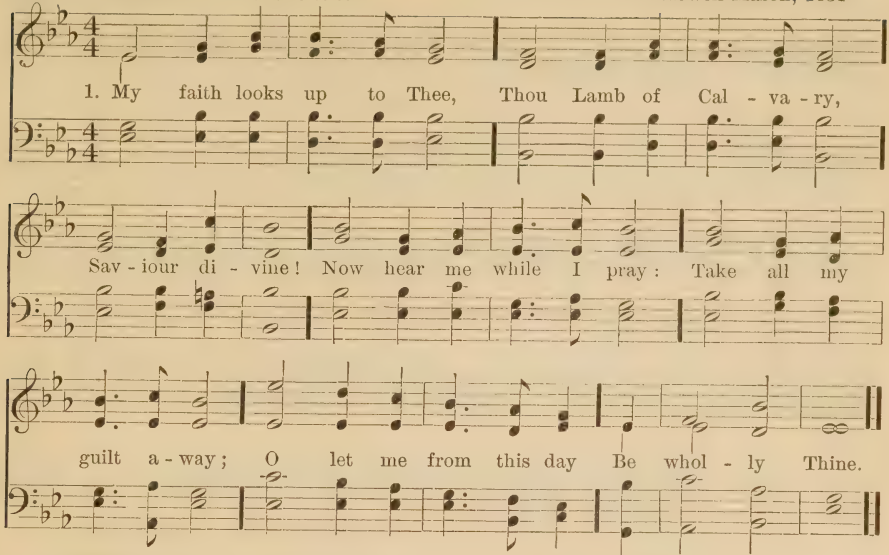
3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755

357 OLIVET 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

Lowell Mason, 1831



2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

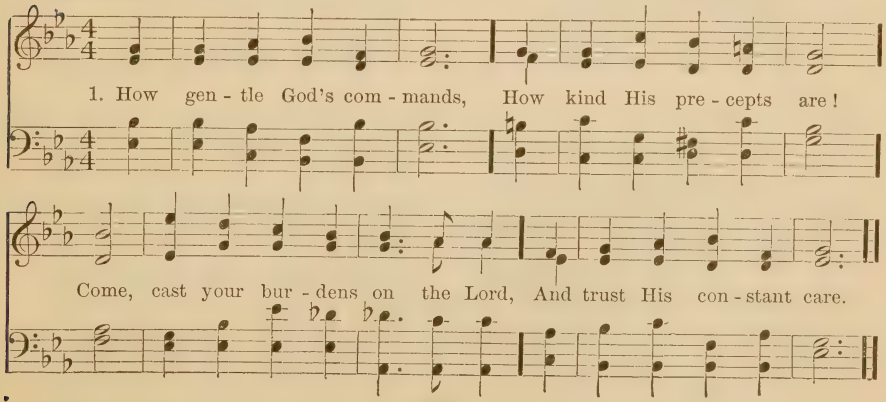
3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn today;
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside!

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1830

MONSELL S. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869



358 WINTERTON 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1892

1. Sav - iour! I fol - low on, Guid - ed by Thee; See - ing not yet the hand That lead - eth me; Hushed be my heart and still, Fear I no fur - ther ill, On - ly to meet Thy will, My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But Thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!"

3 Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;
And with the prayer's ascent,
Jesus the branch hath rent,
Quickly relief hath sent,
Sweetening the draught.

4 Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with Thee;
Led by Thy guiding hand,
Ever to be
Constantly near Thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for Him who died
Freely for me!

Rev. Chas. S. Robinson, 1862

359 HALLE L. M.

1 When sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires;
Jesus, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art Thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on Thy everlasting word,
That word which built the earth and sky?

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives,
Here let me build and rest secure.

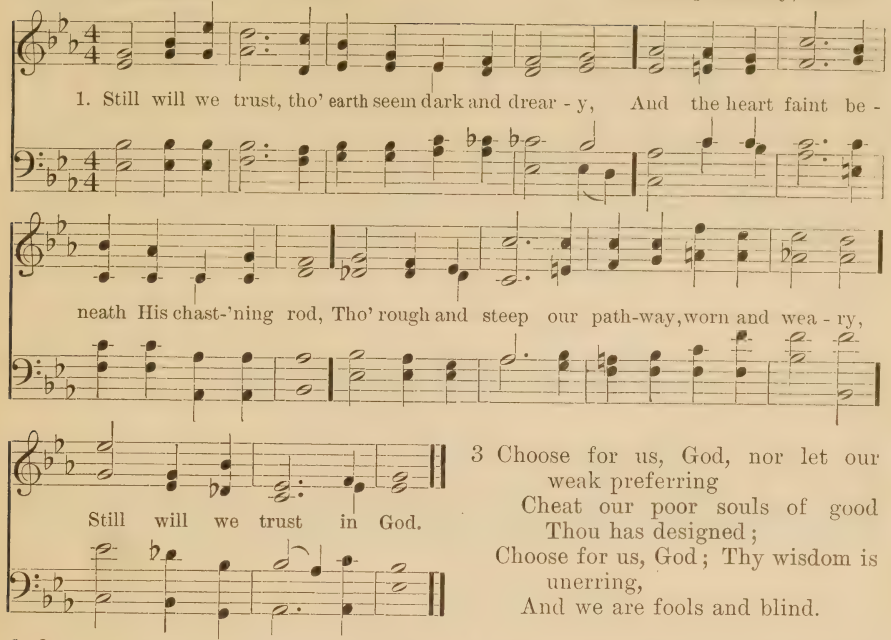
4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell,
Immovable the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth, or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
Since Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

Anna Steele, 1760

360 BIRKDALE 11. 10. 11. 6

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1883



2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain;
Through Him alone who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again.

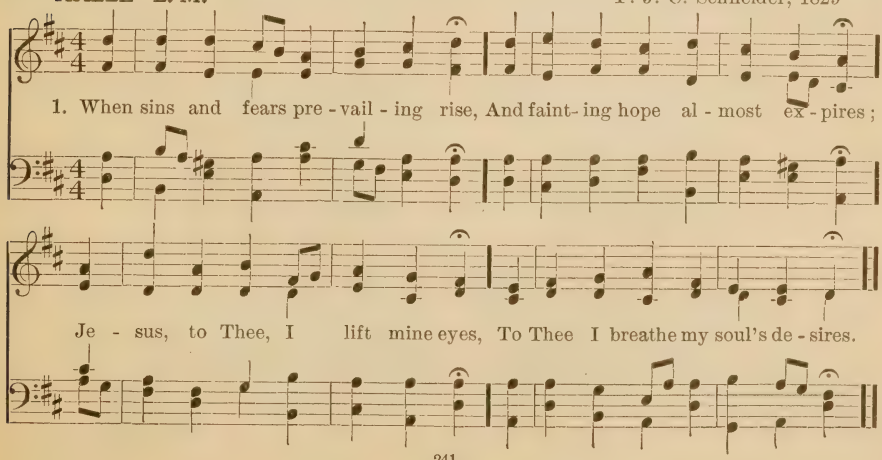
3 Choose for us, God, nor let our weak preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou has designed;
Choose for us, God; Thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

4 Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss;
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

William H. Burleigh, 1868

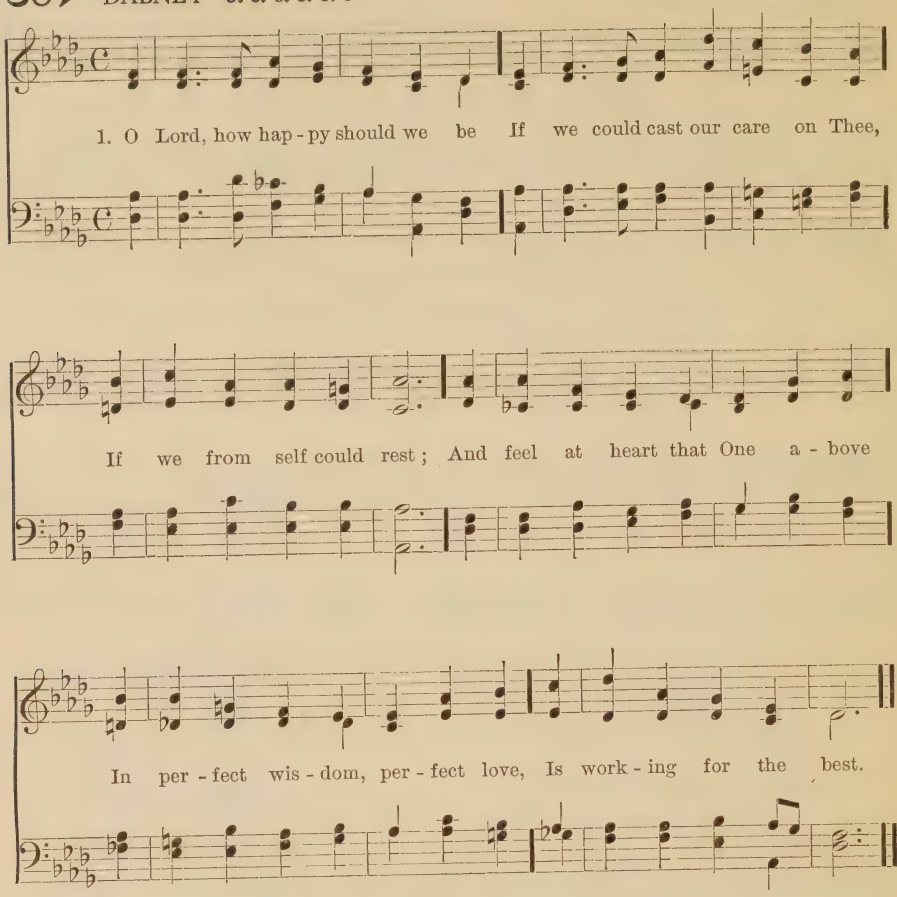
HALLE L. M.

F. J. C. Schneider, 1829



361 DABNEY 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6

Joseph Maclean, 1899



2 How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine Almighty arms!

3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

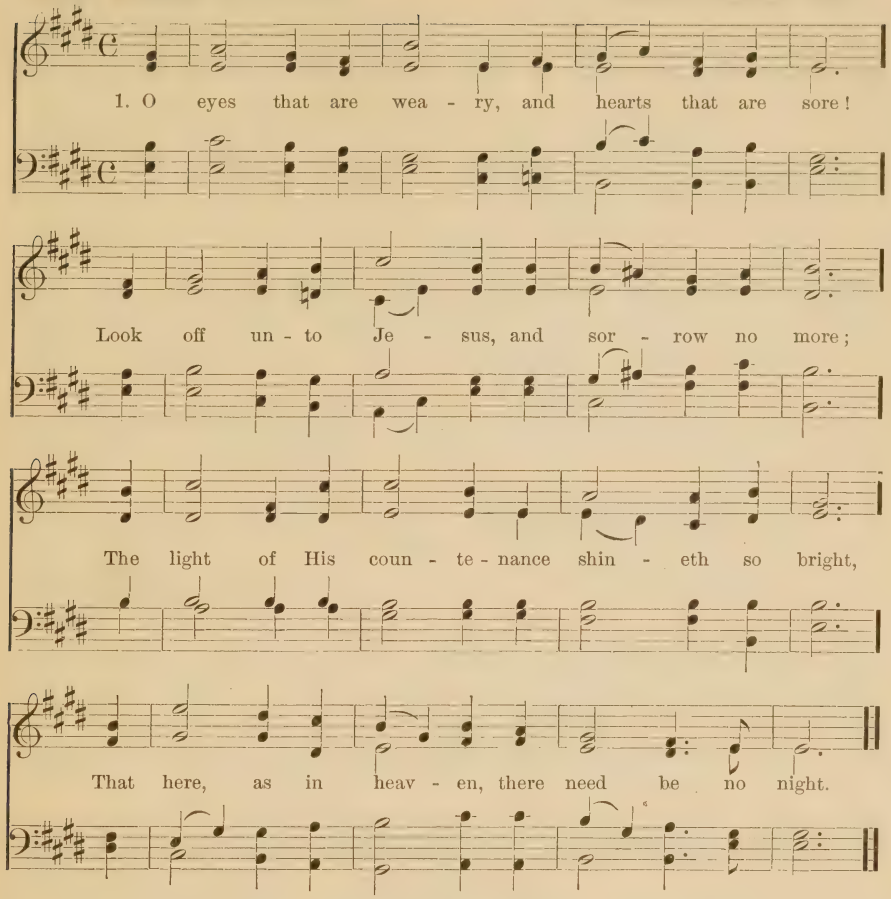
4 We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

Joseph Anstice, 1836

362 MOBILE 11. 11. 11. 11

John P. Campbell, 1899



(*Or to Goshen, No.* 270)

2 When looking to Jesus, I go not astray,
My eyes are upon Him, He shows me the way;
The path may seem dark, as He leads me along,
But following Jesus, I cannot go wrong.

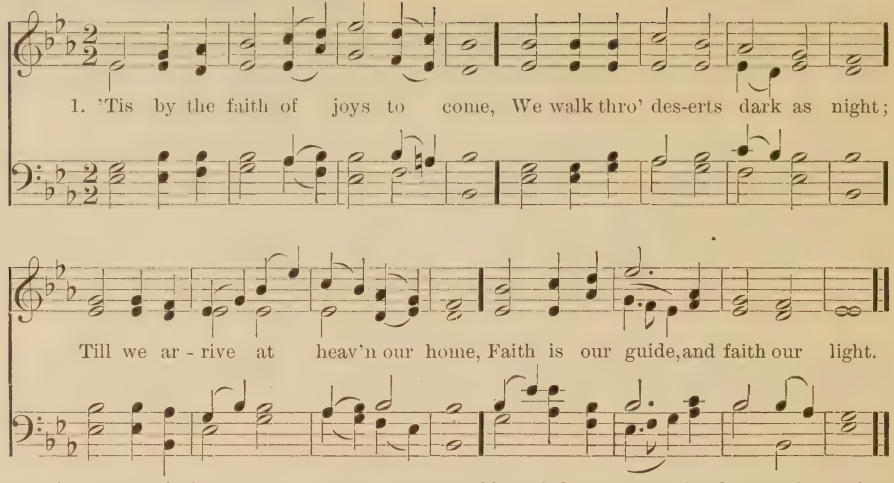
3 Still looking to Jesus, O may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round
They'll bear me away in His presence to be,
And see Him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then I shall know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus my Lord, when I stand face to face—
Shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

Rev. John N. Darby, 1822

363 DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton, c., 1790



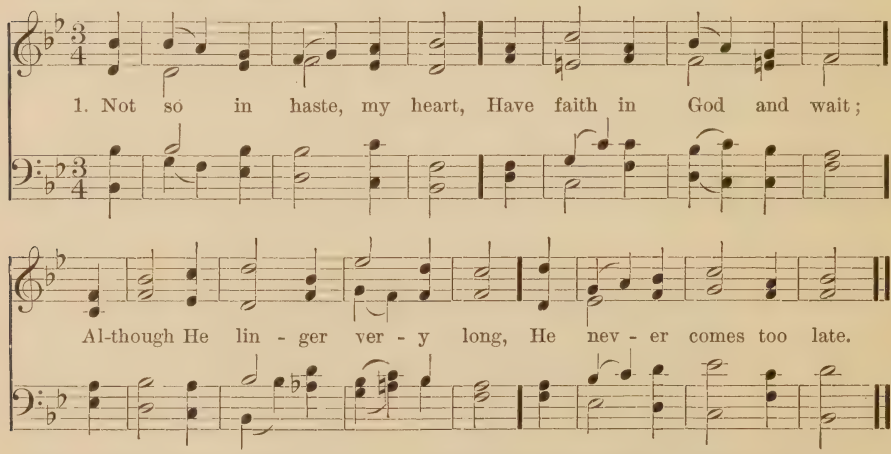
2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant world she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

364 AYNHOE S. M.

1745



2 He never comes too late;
He knoweth what is best:
Vex not thyself to-day in vain,
Until He cometh, rest.

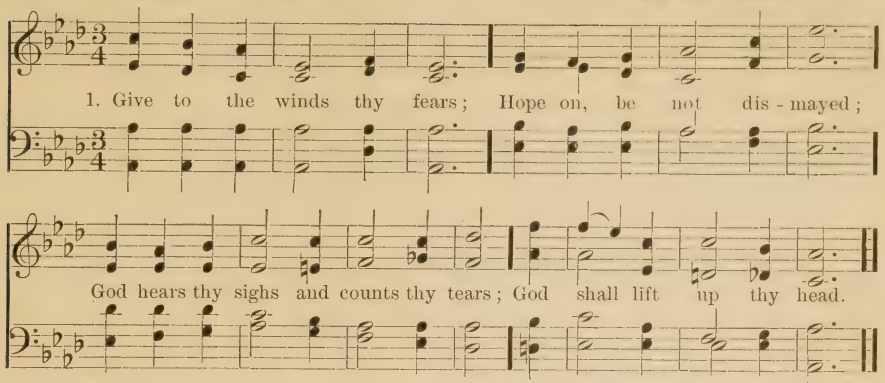
3 Until He cometh, rest;
Nor grudge the hours that roll;
The feet that patient wait for God,
Are soonest at the goal.

4 Are soonest at the goal
That is not gained by speed:
Then hold thee still, my anxious heart,
For I shall wait His lead.

Anon.

365 GREENWOOD S. M.

Joseph E. Sweetser, 1849



2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in brightest day.

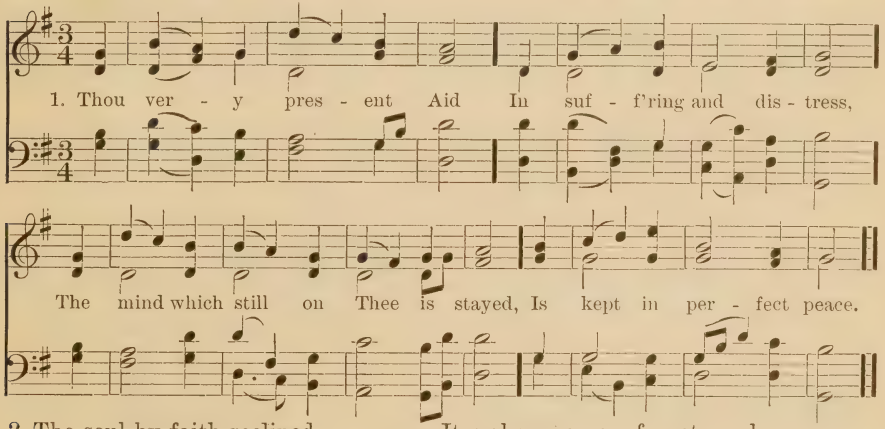
3 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

4 What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

Rev. Paul Gerhardt, 1656; Tr. Rev. John Wesley, 1739

366 THATCHER S. M.

Arr. from George F. Handel



2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er Thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
It makes me now forget my loss,
And lose myself in Thee.

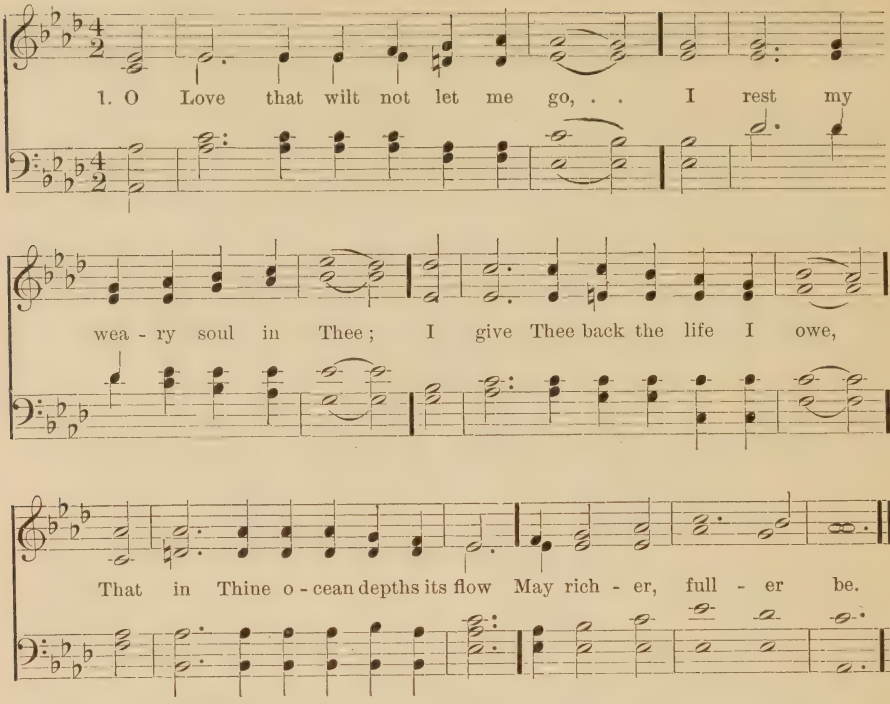
5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.

6 Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in one,
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749

367 MARGARET 8. 8. 8. 8. 6

Albert L. Peace, 1885



2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

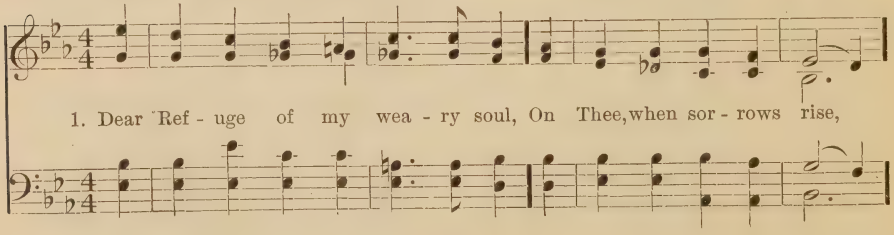
3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

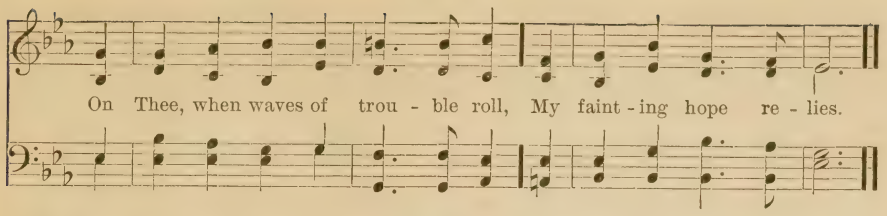
4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

Rev. George Matheson, 1882

368 HOLY TRINITY C. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1861





2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For every pain I feel.

3 But O when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

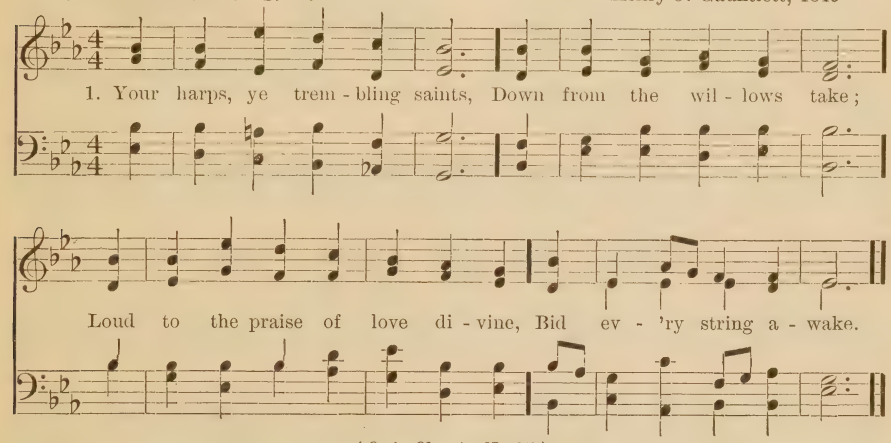
6 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer:
O may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there.

7 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

Anne Steele, 1760

369 ETERNITY S. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1849



(Or to Olmutz, No. 277)

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come
Shall quench the love divine.

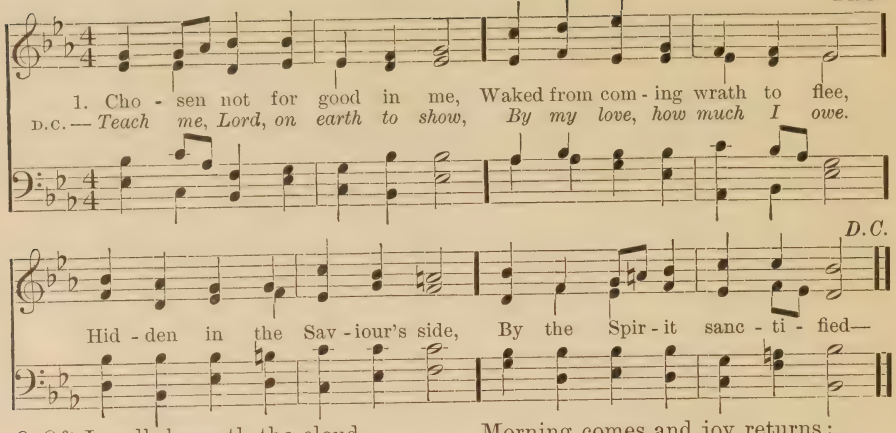
4 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

5 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee;
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1772

370 NICOLAI 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7

Johann Rosenmuller, 1694



2 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud:
But, when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light;
Blessed Jesus! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

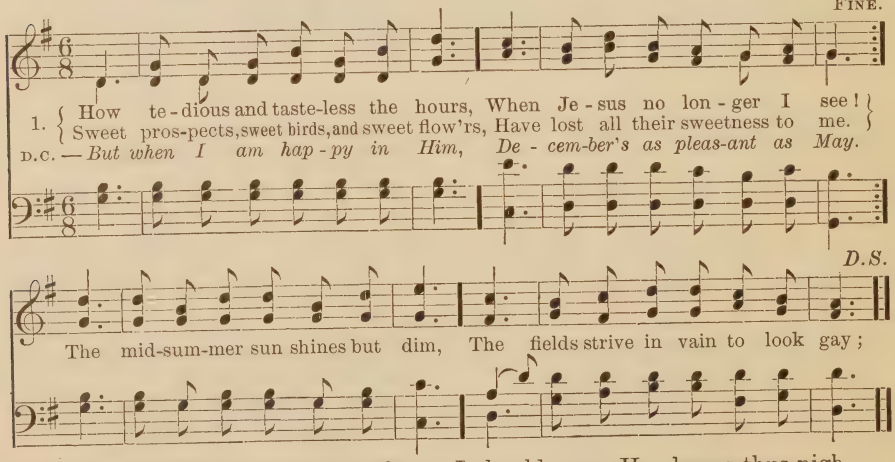
3 Oft the nights of sorrow reign —
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain;
But a night Thine anger burns —
Morning comes and joy returns:
God of comforts! bid me show
To Thy poor how much I owe.

4 When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I'm captive led;
Oft I fall, but still arise —
Jesus comes — the tempter flies:
Blessed Jesus! bid me show
Weary sinners all I owe.

Rev. Robert McCheyne, 1837

371 DE FLEURY 8. 8. 8. 8. D.

German Air



2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While blessed with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto Thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

372 WESTMINSTER 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the pray'r I make
On bend - ed knee. This is my earn - est plea, More love, O
Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek;
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

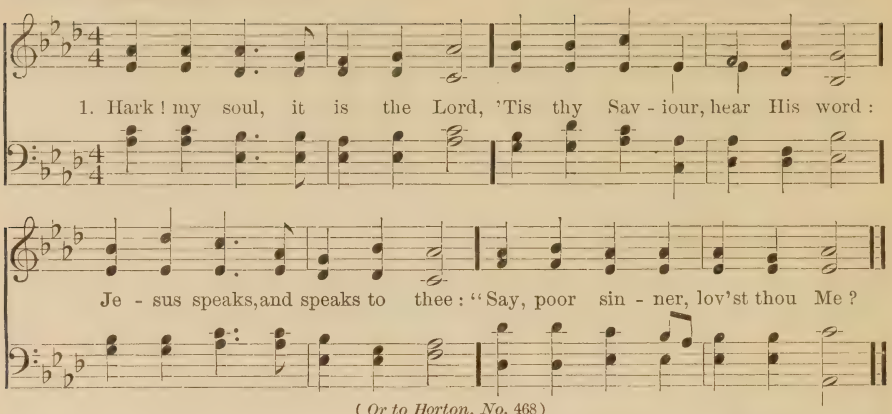
3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee
More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,—
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

Elizabeth P. Prentiss, 1869

373 CHESTER 7.7.7.7

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862



(*Or to Horton, No.* 468)

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

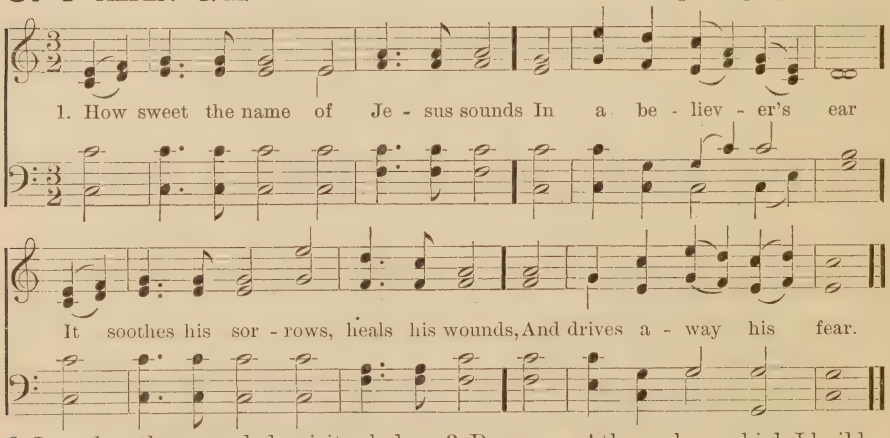
5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shall be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper, 1768

374 HEBER C. M.

George Kingsley, 1838



2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast!
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

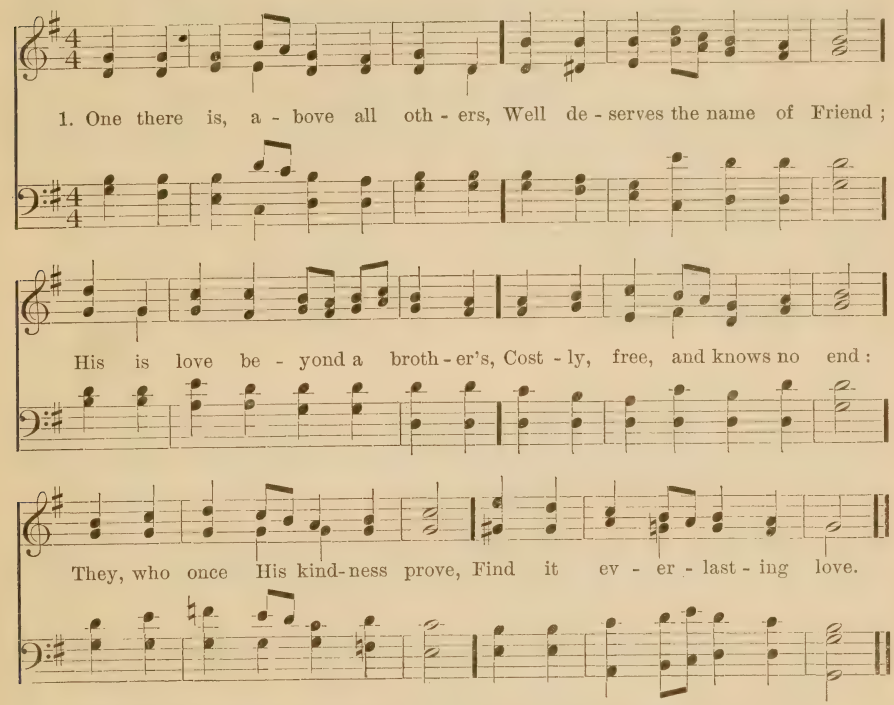
5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

375 MURIEL 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7

Charles F. Gounod, 1872



2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
"Friend of sinners" was His name;
Now above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same.
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

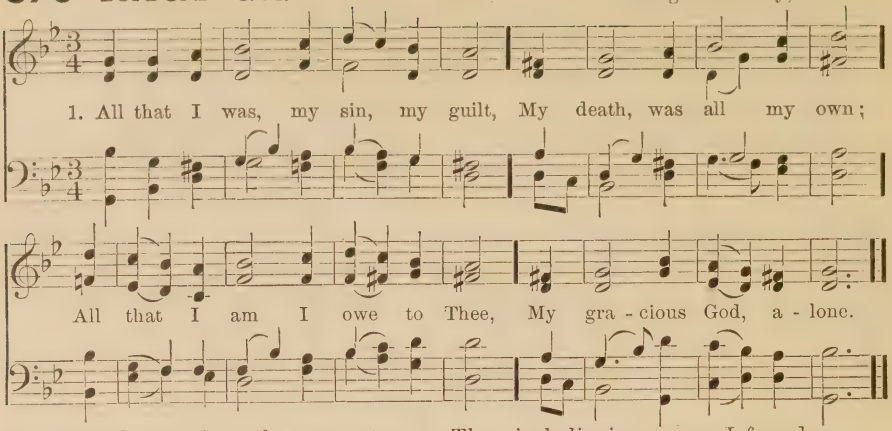
4 Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat Him thus:
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

5 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

376 BURFORD C. M.

Old English Melody, 1718



2 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty, is Thine.

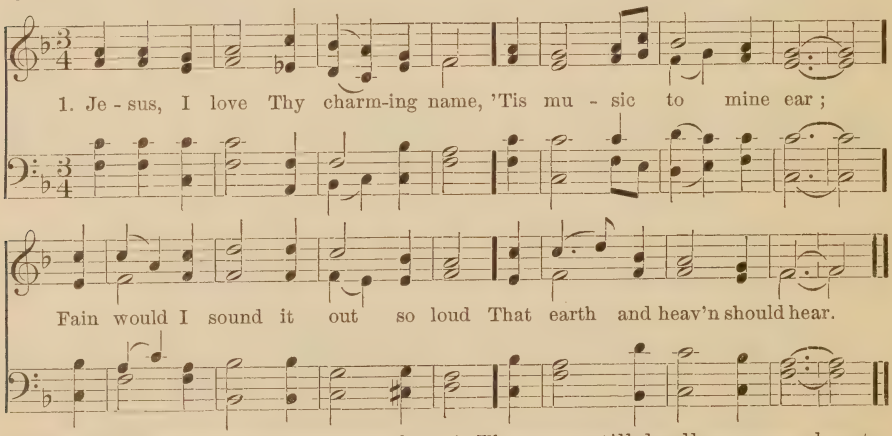
3 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.

4 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1856

377 ALEXANDRIA C. M.

William Arnold (?)



2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My joy, my hope, my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

6 I'll speak the honors of Thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1717

378 MARGUERITE C. M.

Rev. Edward C. Walker, 1876

1. Do not I love Thee, O my Lord? Be - hold my heart, and see,
And turn each hate - ful i - dol out, That dares to ri - val Thee.

2 Do not I love Thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy
Which Thou dost not approve.

3 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?

4 Thou knowest I love Thee, dearest Lord?
But O I long to soar,
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love Thee more.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755

379 DOWNS C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1833

1. Come, let our hearts and voi - ces join To praise the Sav - iour's name;
Whose truth and kind - ness are di - vine, Whose love's a con - stant flame.

2 When most we need His gracious hand
This friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at His command,
He waits to answer prayer.

3 His love no end nor measure knows,
No change can turn its course;
Immutably the same it flows,
From one eternal source.

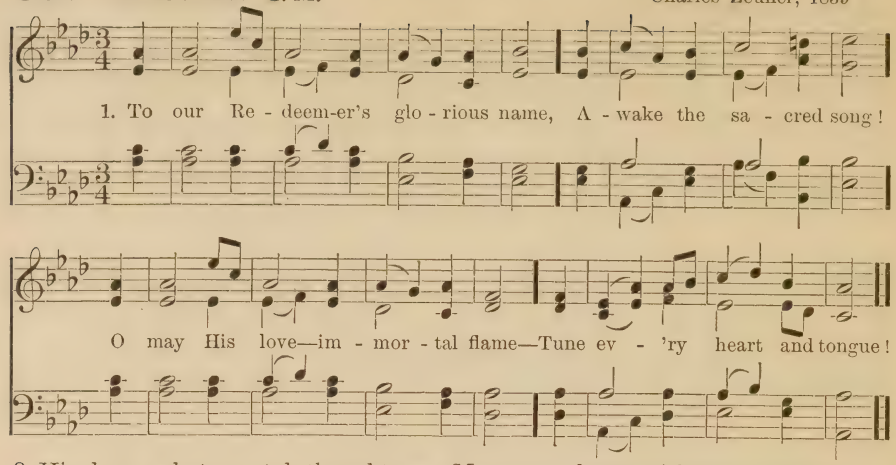
4 When frowns appear to veil His face,
And clouds surround His throne;
He hides the purpose of His grace,
To make it better known.

5 And when our dearest comforts fall,
Before His sovereign will,
He never takes away our all;
Himself He gives us still.

Rev. Joseph Swain, 1792

380 OAKSVILLE C. M.

Charles Zeuner, 1839



2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch,
In wonder, dies away.

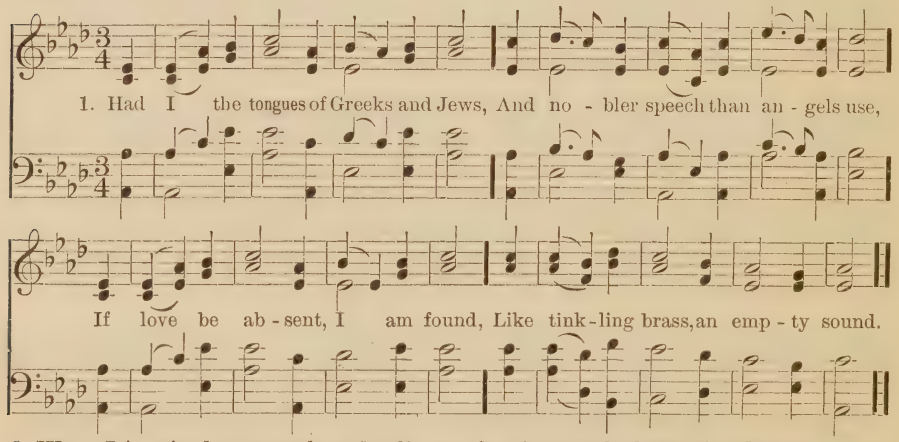
3 Dear Lord! while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say, —
"The Saviour died for me!"

4 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love Thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

Anne Steele, 1760

381 LOUVAN L. M.

Virgil C. Taylor, 1846



2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

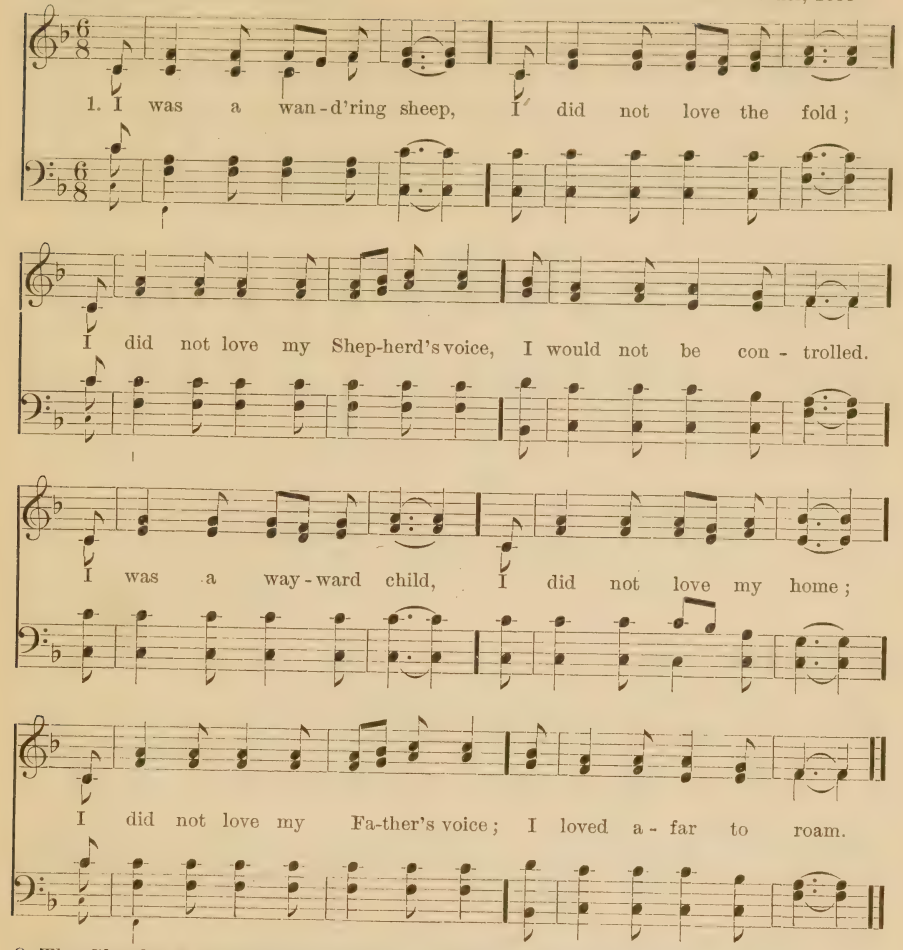
3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name:

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

382 LEBANON S. M. D.

John Zundel, 1855



2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint, and lone;
They found me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

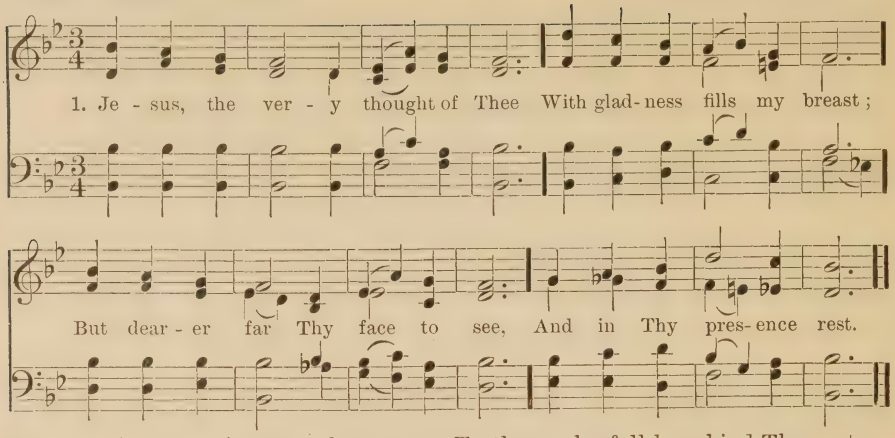
3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled:
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice;
I love, I love His home.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1844; Verse 4, alt.

383 SAWLEY C. M.

James Walch, 1860



2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

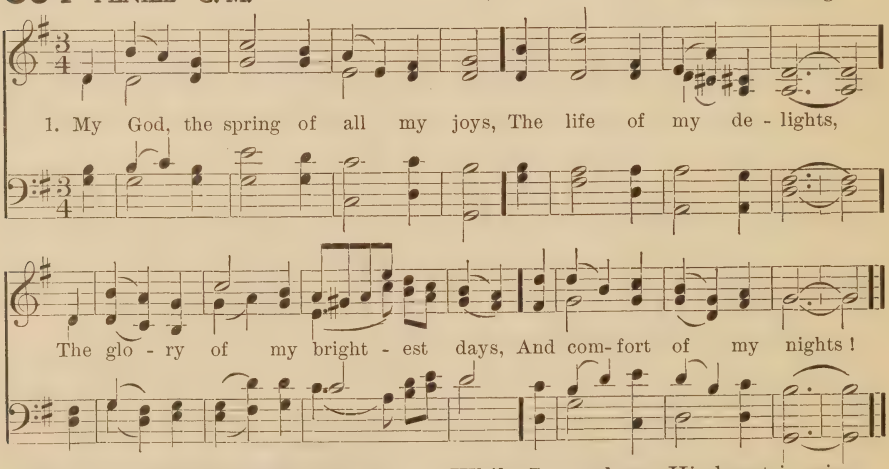
3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4 And they who find Thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus! — what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1150
Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849

384 PENIEL C. M.

Thomas Hastings



2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And He my rising sun.

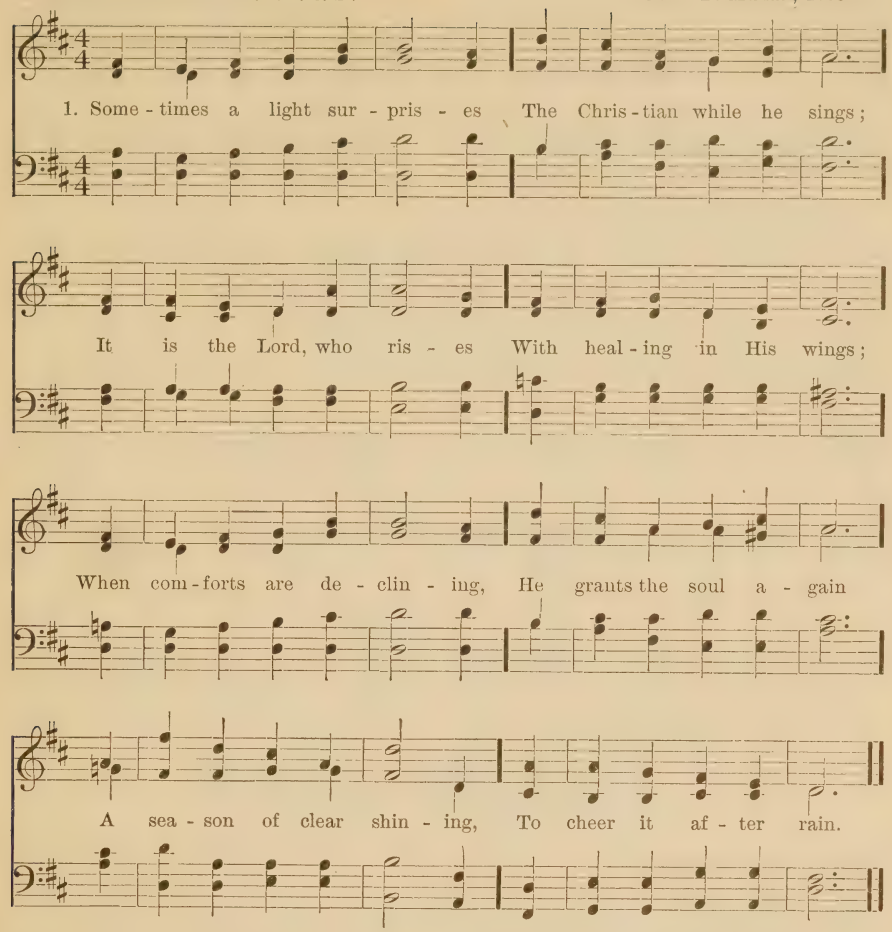
3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

385 BENTLEY 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

John P. Hullah, 1866



2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let th' unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine, nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper, 1779

386 CRAIG 11. 9. 12. 9

Joseph Maclean, 1899

1. How hap - py are they who the Sav - iour o - bey, And have laid up their treas-ures a - bove! O what tongue can ex - press the sweet com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love?

2 'Twas heaven below my Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at His feet, and the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

3 O rapturous height of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed, I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

4 Then all the day long was my Jesus my song
And redemption through faith in His name
O that all might believe, and salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749

387 LEIGHTON S. M.

Henry W. Greatorex, 1849

1. Since Je - sus is my Friend, And I to Him be - long, It mat - ters not what foes in - tend, How - ev - er fierce and strong.

2 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How they who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find Him near.

3 How God hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.

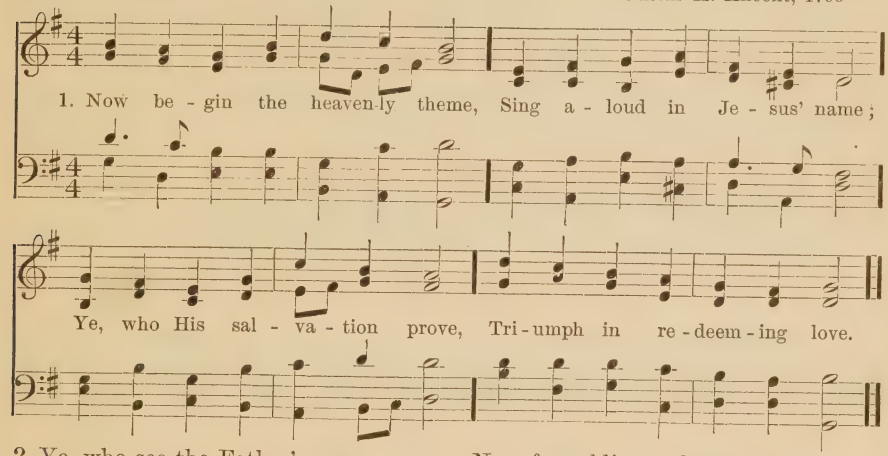
4 My heart for gladness springs;
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it smiles and sings,—
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

5 The sun that lights mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

Rev. Paul Gerhardt, 1656
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1862

388 VIENNA 7. 7. 7. 7

Justin H. Knecht, 1799



2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome, all, by sin oppressed,
Welcome to His sacred rest;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 When His spirit leads us home,
When we to His glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

Anon., in Appendix to Madan's Collection, 1763

389 VIENNA 7. 7. 7. 7

1 Boundless glory, Lord, be Thine;
Thou hast made the darkness shine;
Thou hast sent a cheering ray;
Thou hast turned our night to day.

2 Darkness long involved us round,
Till we knew the joyful sound;
Then our darkness fled away,
Chased by truth's effulgent ray.

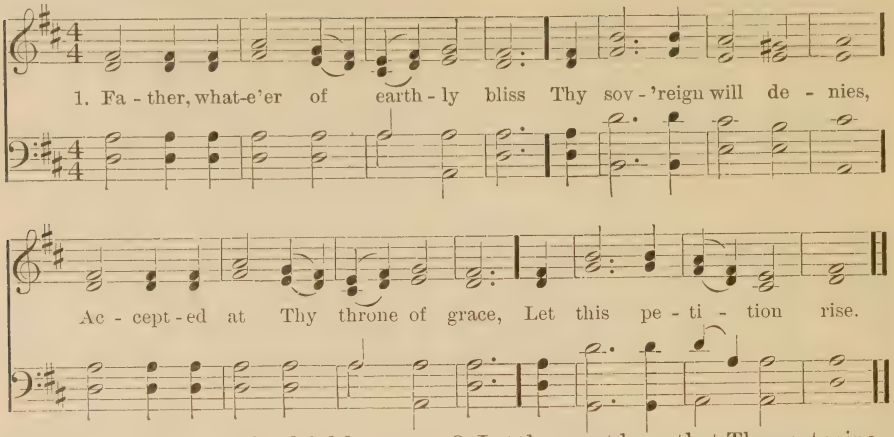
3 They are blest, and none beside,
They, who in the truth abide;
Clear the light that marks their way
Leading to eternal day.

4 Guide us, Saviour, through the road,
Till we reach the saints' abode;
Till we see Thee throned above,
As Thou art, the God of love.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1804

390 NAOMI C. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1836



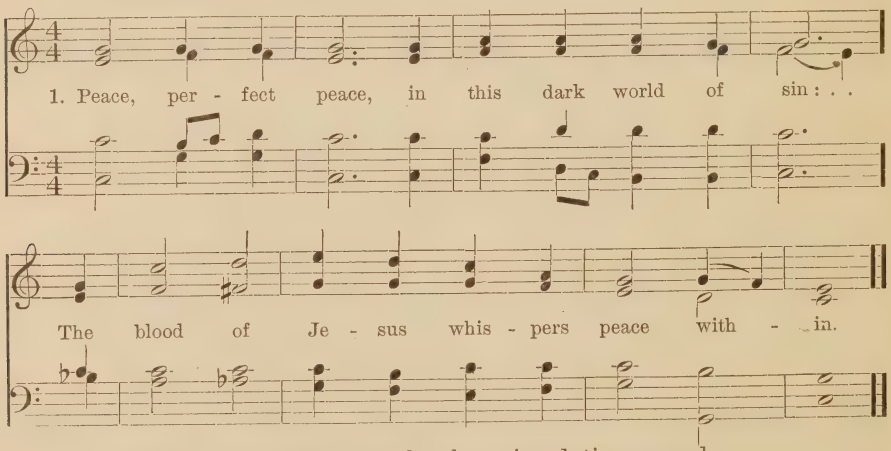
2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele, 1760

391 BICKERSTETH 10. 10

G. T. Caldbeck, 1877



2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed:
To do the will of Jesus, — this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round:
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away:
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown:
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours:
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect peace.

Rev. Edward H. Bickersteth, 1875

392 REPOSE 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7

Arranged by J. P. Holbrook

1. Qui - et, Lord, my fro-ward heart, Make me teach - a - ble and mild,

Up - right, sim - ple, free from art, Make me as a wean - ed child:

From dis - trust and en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleas - es Thee.

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2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

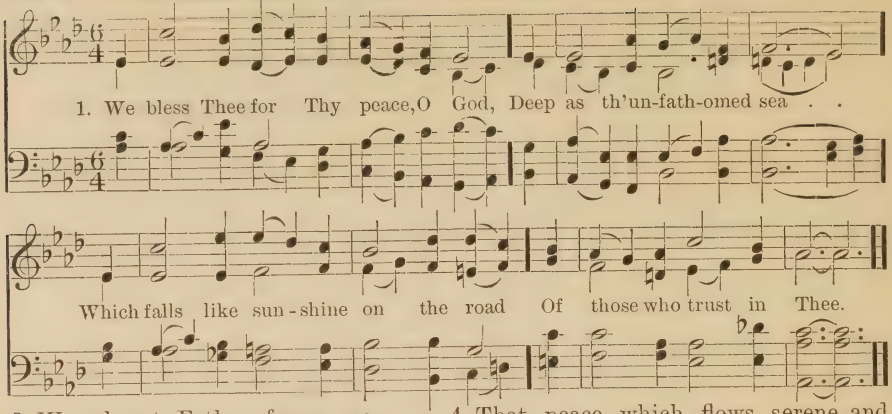
3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone, —
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, guard, and guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

393 AVONDALE C. M.

Josiah Booth, 1887



2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If me may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast:

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee:

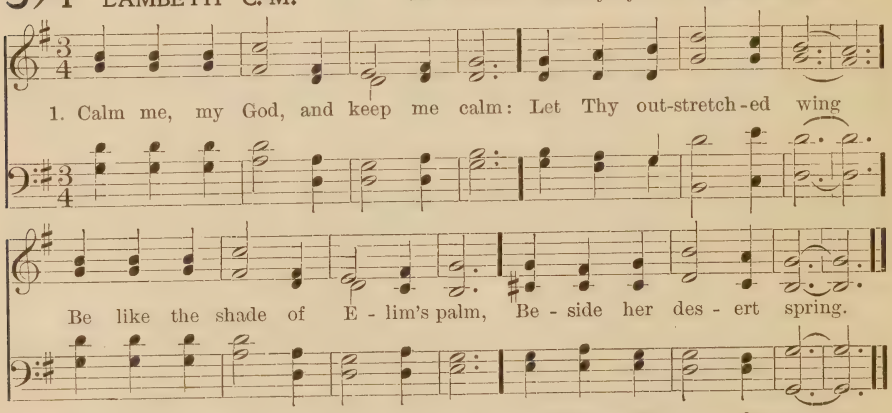
4 That peace which flows serene and [deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

Anon., in "Church Melodies," 1858

394 LAMBETH C. M.

Arr. from old Melody by H. J. Gauntlett, 1869



2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and [rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the busy street;

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
And in the hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
And in my loss or gain;

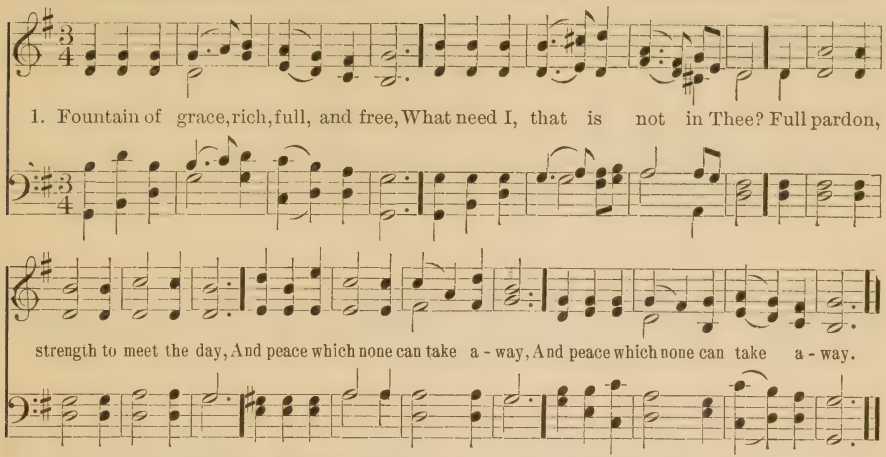
4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame; [throng,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting
Who hate Thy holy name.

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857

395 PARK STREET L. M.

Arr. by W. Gardiner, 1815
from Frederic M. A. Venua, c. 1800



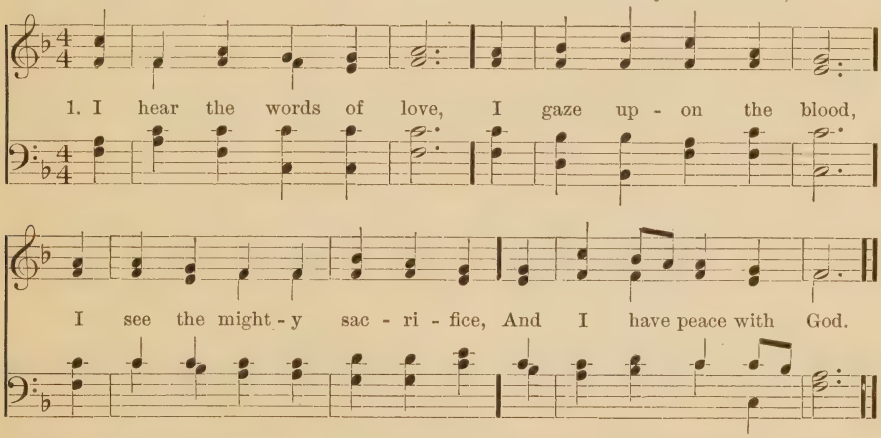
2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear,
'Tis sweet to know that Thou art near;
Am I with dread of justice tried,
'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died.

3 In life, Thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently vails the eyes, —
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

James Edmeston, 1844

396 NEWLAND S. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1858



2 'Tis everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's name;
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

3 The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky; [not,
This blood-sealed friendship changes
The cross is ever nigh.

4 I change — He changes not;
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting-place;
His truth, not mine, the tie.

5 My love is oftimes low,
My joy still ebbs and flows;
But peace with Him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1864

397 WARING 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1883

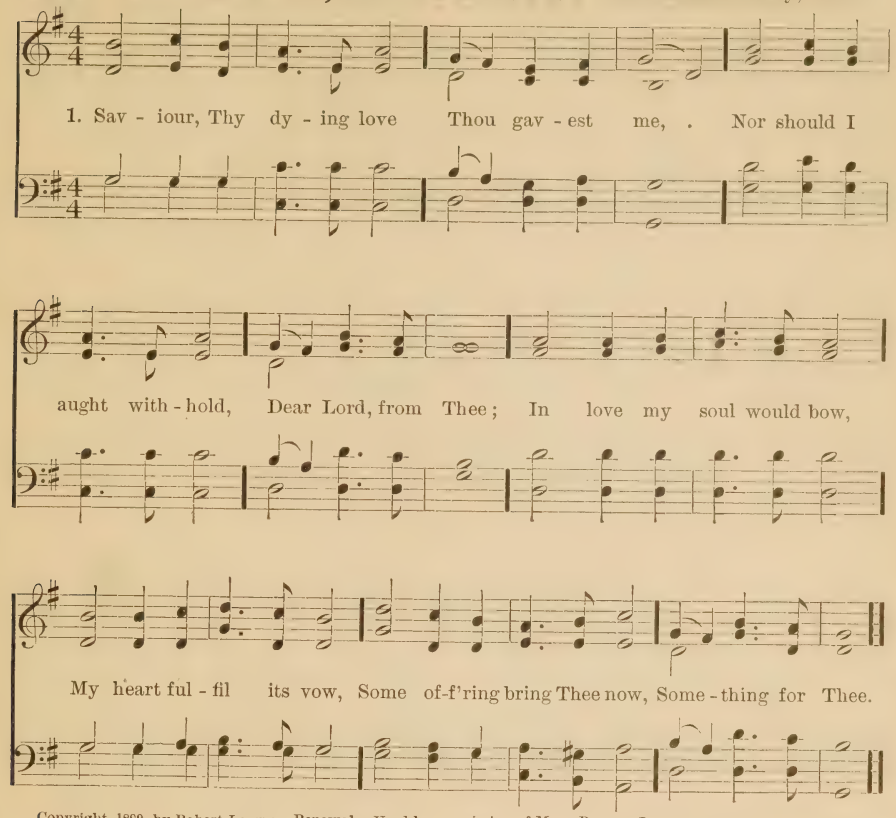
1. In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chan - ges here.
The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid;
But God is round - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
The path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring, 1850

398 SOMETHING FOR JESUS 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4 Rev. Robert Lowry, 1871



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2 O'er the blest mercy-seat
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee.
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have,
Thy gifts so free,
In joy, in grief, through life,
O Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

Rev. S. Dryden Phelps, 1862

399 SUPPLICATION 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

William H. Monk, 1868

1. Take me, O my Fa - ther, take me, Take me, save me, through Thy Son;

That, which Thou wouldst have me, make me, Let Thy will in me be done.

Long from Thee my foot-steps stray - ing, Thorn - y proved the way I trod;

Wea - ry come I now, and pray - ing Take me to Thy love, my God.

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.
Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely, life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee.
Father, take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
In Thy love forever living,
I must be forever blest.

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1864

400 STRATFORD 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875

1. O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wound-ed side!

'Tis on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide.

What foes and snares sur - round me! What doubts and fears with - in!

The grace that sought and found me, A - lone can keep me clean.

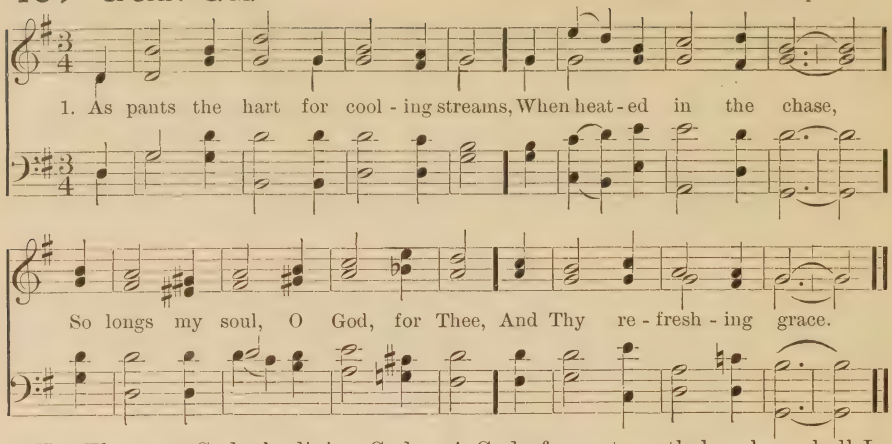
2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I know my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

Rev. James G. Deck, 1842

401 SPOHR C. M.

Arr. from Louis Spohr



2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and He'll employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

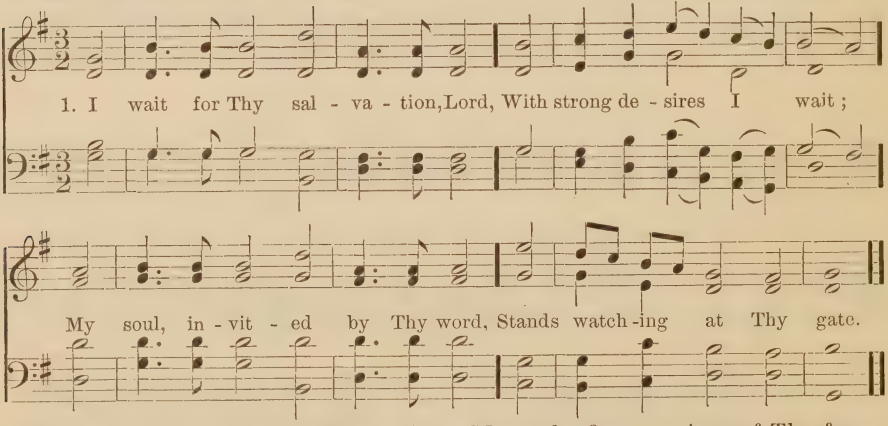
4 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn,
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn?

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and Thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is Thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Tate and Brady's New Version, 1696

402 WOODSTOCK C. M.

Deodatus Dutton, 1829



2 Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes:

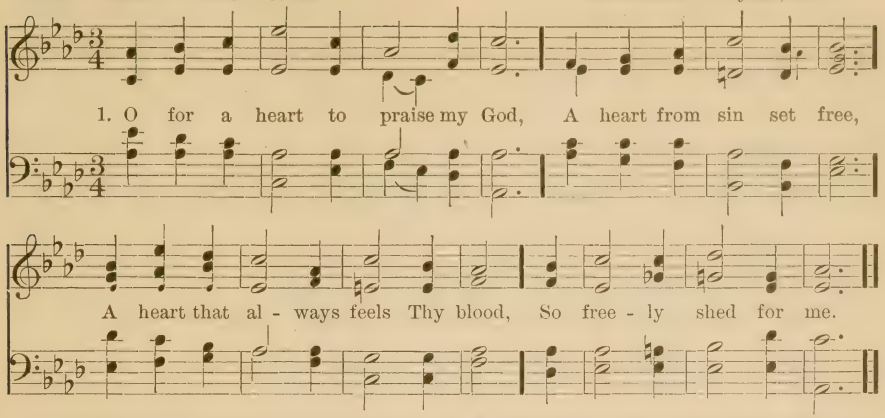
3 So waits my soul to see Thy grace;
And more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of Thy face,
And finds a brighter day.

4 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek His face;
The Lord is good, as well as just,
And plenteous is His grace.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

403 BEATITUDO C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875



2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

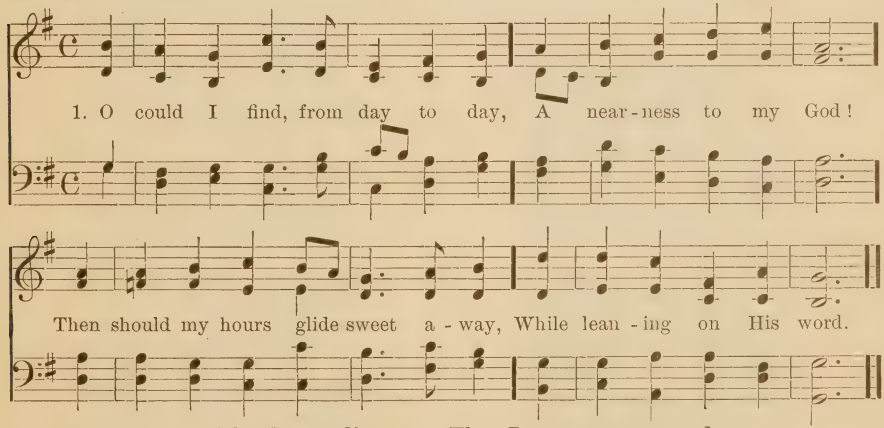
4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Holy, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above:
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742

404 FAITH C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866



2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live
Anew from day to day;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

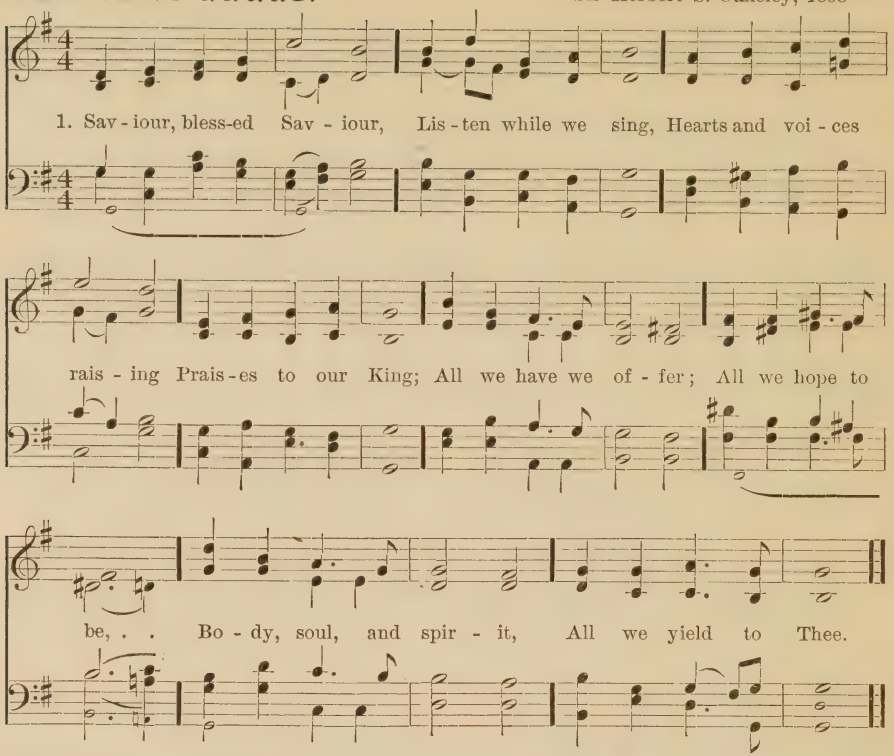
3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly Thine,
That I may nevermore depart,
Nor grieve Thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love Thee more.

Benjamin Cleaveland, 1799

405 EDINA 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, 1868



2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee;
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great, and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain nor sorrow,
Toil nor care is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessed Saviour,
Find a rest at last!

5 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God!
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

6 Higher, then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1862

406 LYNDHURST 6. 5. 6. 5. D. 1883

1. Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind,
Dear - er yet and dear - er Ev - 'ry du - ty find; Hop-ing still, and trust-ing
God with-out a fear, Pa-tient-ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear.

2 Calmer yet and calmer
In the hours of pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light, —
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

4 Swifter yet and swifter
Ever onward run,
Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I go on.
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast;
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

J. W. von Gœthe, 1858

407 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

1 O let him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God and borrow
Ease for heart and mind:
Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping,
Though none else is near.

2 God will never leave us,
All our wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve us,
Sees our cares and woes:
When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succor near.

3 All our woe and sadness
In this world below,
Balance not the goodness
We in heaven shall know,
When our gracious Saviour,
In the realms above
Crowns us with His favor,
Fills us with His love.

H. Oswald, 1793; Tr. F. E. Cox, 1841

408 BETHANY 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1859

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

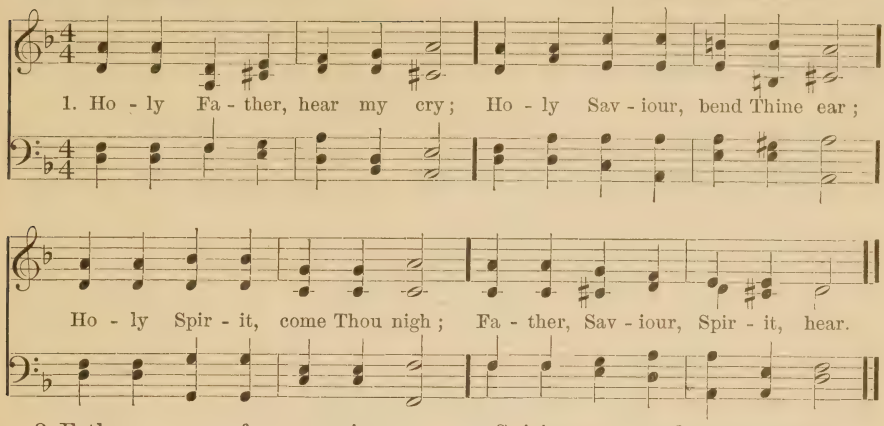
4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah F Adams, 1841

409 HEINLEIN 7. 7. 7. 7

Nürnberger Gebetbuch, 1677



2 Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean;
Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

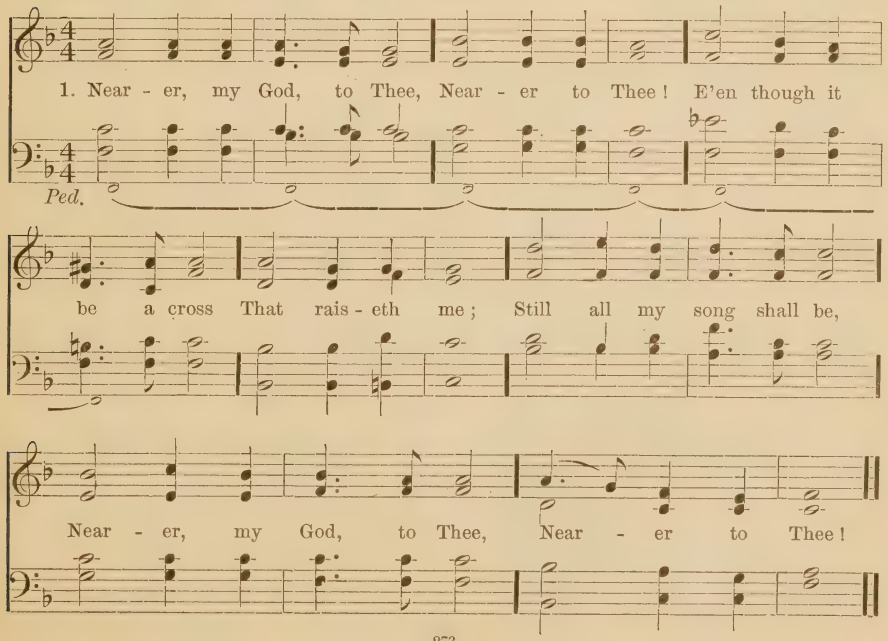
3 Father, let me taste Thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit, come my heart to move;
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843

KEDRON 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4 (*Second Tune*)

A. B. Spratt, 1866



410 ELTON 8. 6. 8. 8. 6

Frederick C. Maker, 1887

1. Dear Lord and Father of man-kind, For-give our feverish ways; Re-clothe us in our right-ful mind; In pur-er lives Thy ser-vice find, In deep-er rev'rence, praise.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above!
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love.

4 Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

5 Breathe through the heats of our [desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire:
Speak thro' the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

John G. Whittier, 1872

411 PHUVAH C. M.

Melchior Vulpius, 1616

1. O that I knew the se-cret place, Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants be-fore His face, And pour my woes a-broad.

2 I'd tell Him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for His own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of His saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to His throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

412 HOLINESS 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Philip P. Bliss, 1875

1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv- ings with - in; . .

More pa - tience in suf - f'ring, More sor - row for sin;

More faith in my Sav - iour, More sense of His care;

More joy in His ser - vice, More pur - pose in pray'r.

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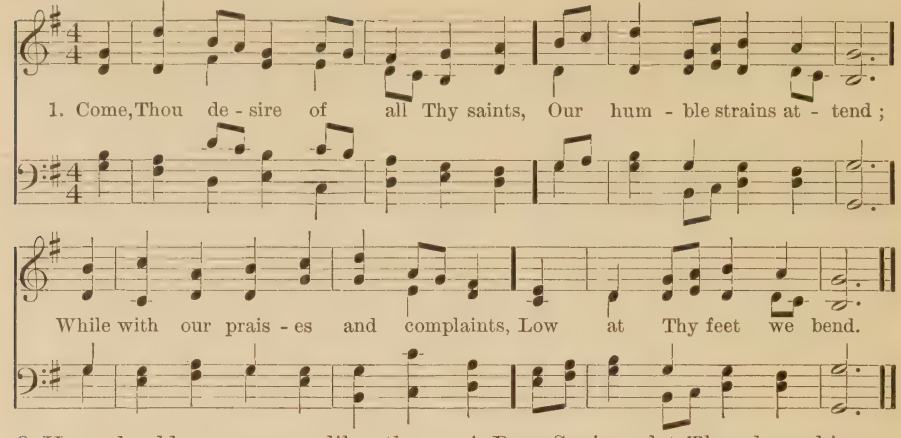
2 More gratitude give me,
More trust in the Lord;
More pride in His glory,
More hope in His word;
More tears for His sorrows,
More pain at His grief;
More meekness in trial,
More praise for relief.

3 More purity give me,
More strength to o'ercome;
More freedom from earth-stains,
More longings for home;
More fit for the kingdom,
More used would I be;
More blessed and holy,
More, Saviour, like Thee.

Philip P. Bliss, 1875

413 STEPHENS C. M.

Rev. William Jones, 1789



2 How should our songs, like those
With warm devotion rise! [above,
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 Come, Lord, Thy love alone can raise
In us the heav'nly flame;
Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,
Our hearts adore Thy name.

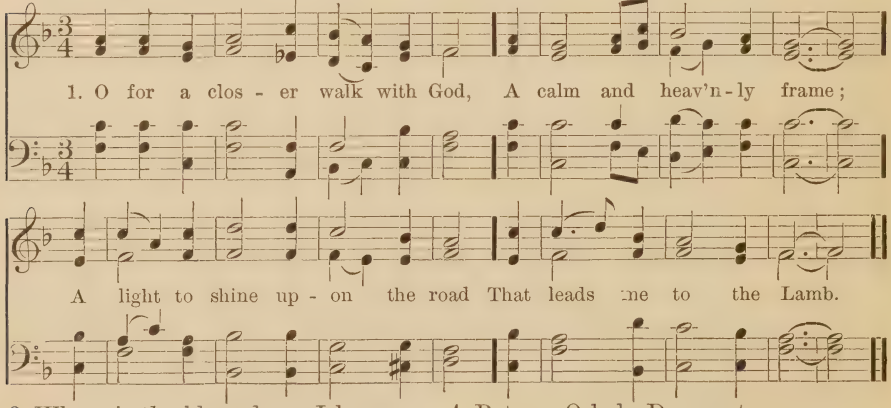
4 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine,
And fill Thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heav'n on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer, come!
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls Thy children home.

Anne Steele, ab. 1760

414 ALEXANDRIA C. M.

William Arnold (?)



2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

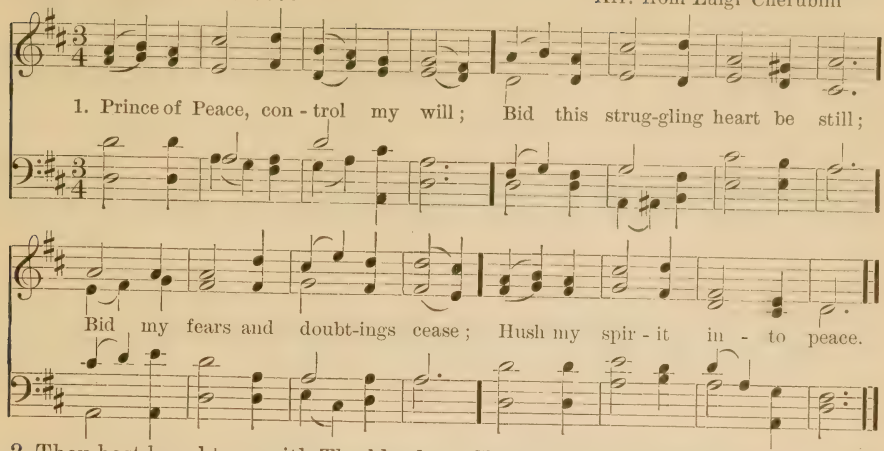
4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

William Cowper, 1772

415 DALLAS 7.7.7.7

Arr. from Luigi Cherubini



2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God.
Peace I ask, but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.

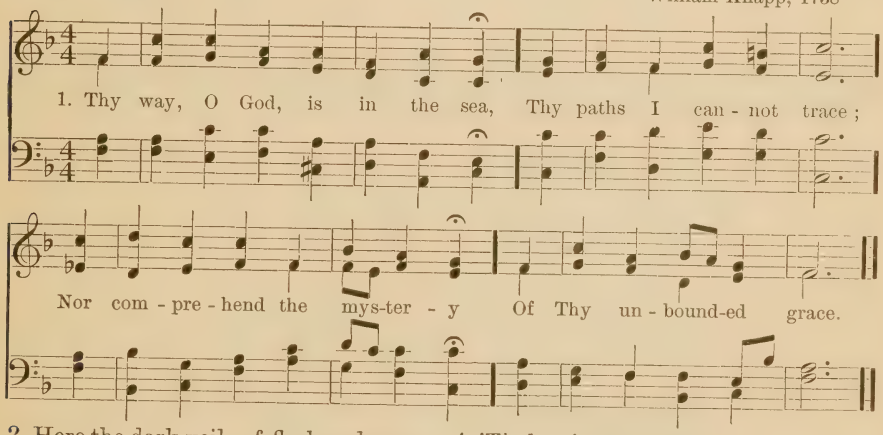
3 May Thy will, not mine, be done,
May Thy will and mine be one;
Chase these doubtings from my heart,
Now Thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall,
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let Thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee.

Mary S. B. Shindler, 1858

416 MEAR C. M.

William Knapp, 1738



2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of Providence
My wondering thoughts confound.

3 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of Thy love:
How little do I know of Thee,
Or of the joys above!

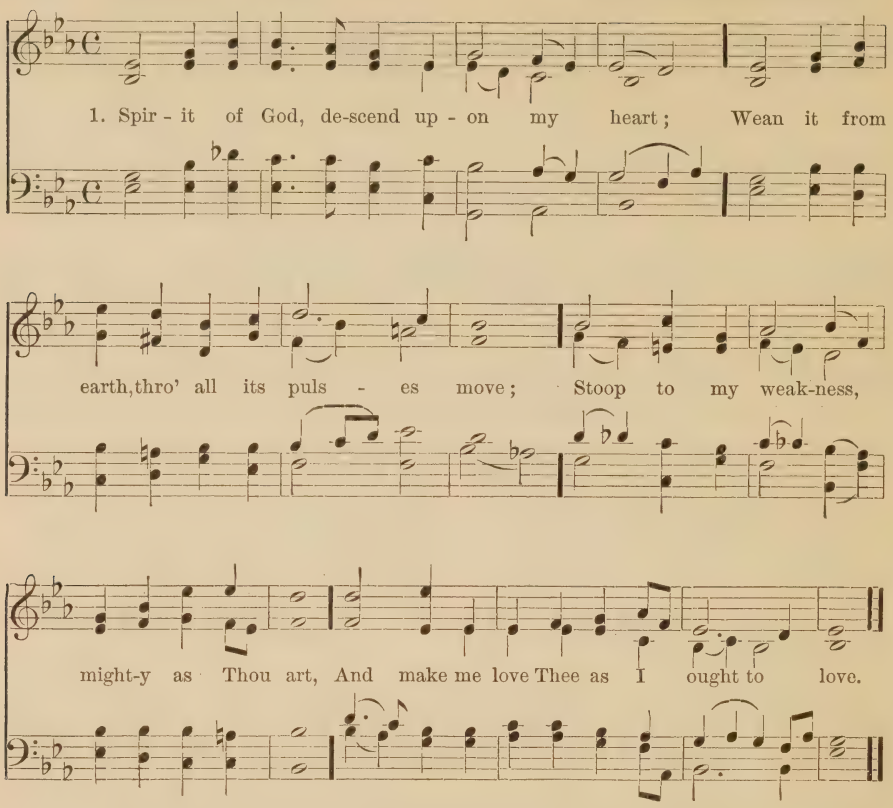
4 'Tis but in part, I know Thy will;
I bless Thee for the sight:
When will Thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

5 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1782

Resignation

417 PAX DEI 10. 10. 10. 10 — Rev. John B. Dykes, 1868



2 I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies,
No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
No angel visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

3 Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?
All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind;
I see Thy cross — there teach my heart to cling:
O let me seek Thee, and O let me find.

4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love, —
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the Heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

Rev. George Croly, 1854

418 RESIGNATION 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6

John P. Campbell, 1900

1. Fa-ther, I know that all my life Is por-tioned out for me; . .

The chang-es that are sure to come, I do not fear to see: . .

I ask Thee for a pres-ent mind, In-tent on pleas-ing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
To wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

6 In service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

Anna L. Waring, 1850, alt.

419 LUX BENIGNA 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1867

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . .
The dis - tant scene,— one step e - nough for me.

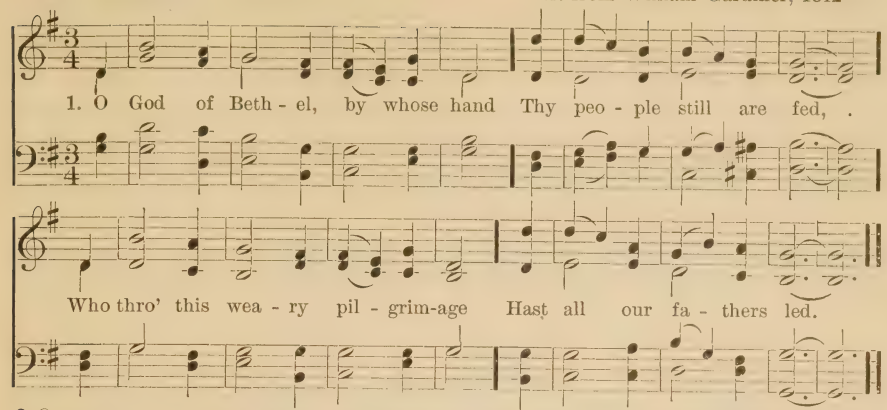
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel-faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Rev. John H. Newman, 1833

420 BELMONT C. M.

Arr. from William Gardiner, 1812



2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

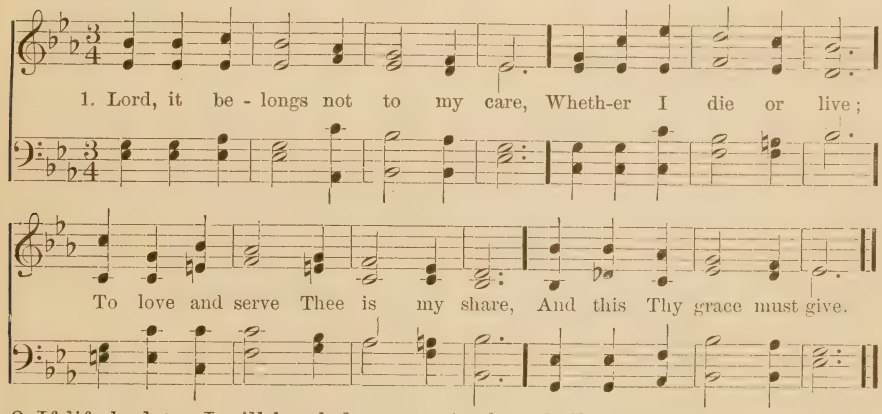
4 O spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1737; Alt. Rev. John Logan, 1781

421 PRINCE OF PEACE C. M.

Archbishop William D. Maclagan, 1884



2 If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To end my toilsome day.

3 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see:
For if Thy work on earth be sweet
What will Thy glory be?

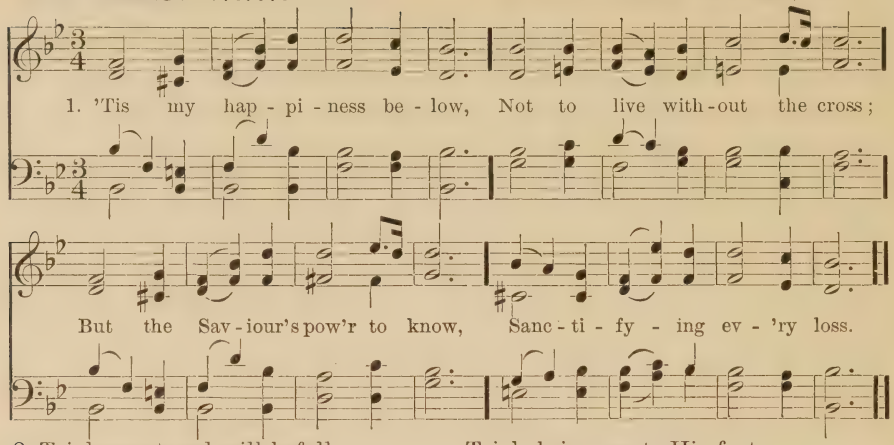
4 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

5 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

Rev. Richard Baxter, 1681, alt.

422 MERCY 7.7.7.7

Arr. from Louis M. Gottschalk, 1867



2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

3 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

4 Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

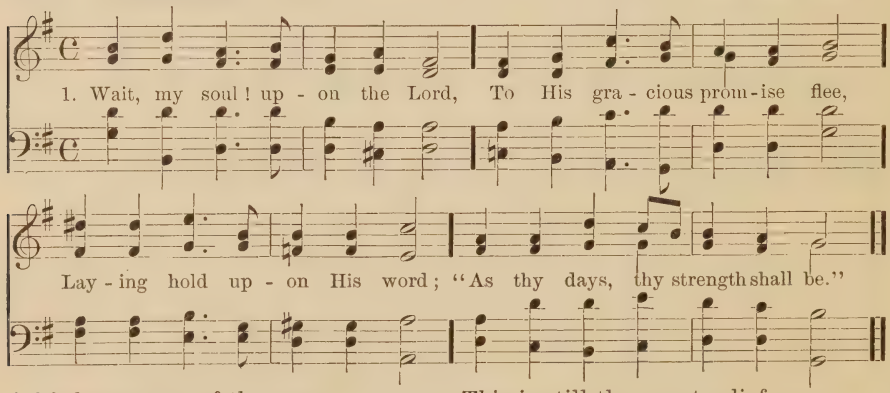
5 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way;
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast-away?

6 Aliens may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God,
Must not, would not, if he might.

William Cowper, 1774

423 EVERMORE 7.7.7.7

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1868



2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace:
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

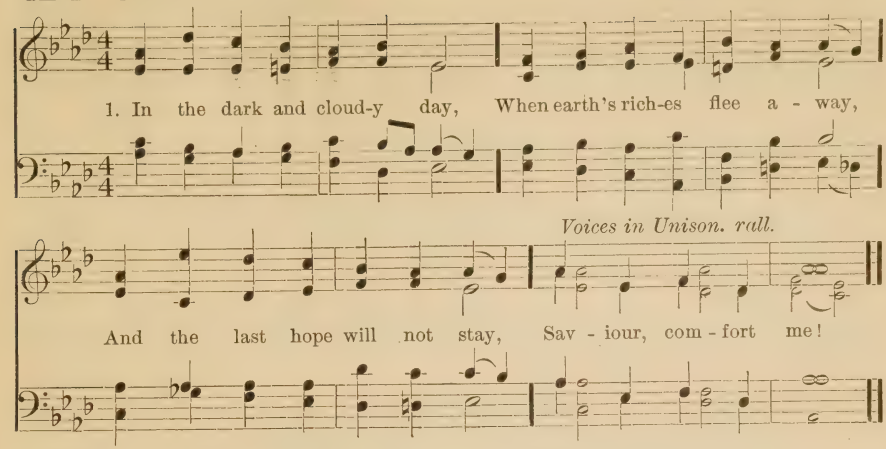
3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou may'st see;
This is still thy sweet relief:
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages! I'm secure,
With Thy promise, full and free,
Faithful, in Thy covenant sure,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

Wm. Freeman Lloyd, 1835

424 CHARITY 7. 7. 7. 5

Sir John Stainer, 1868



2 When the secret idol's gone
That my poor heart yearned upon,—
Desolate, bereft, alone,
Saviour, comfort me!

3 Thou, who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in Thy love confide;
Saviour, comfort me!

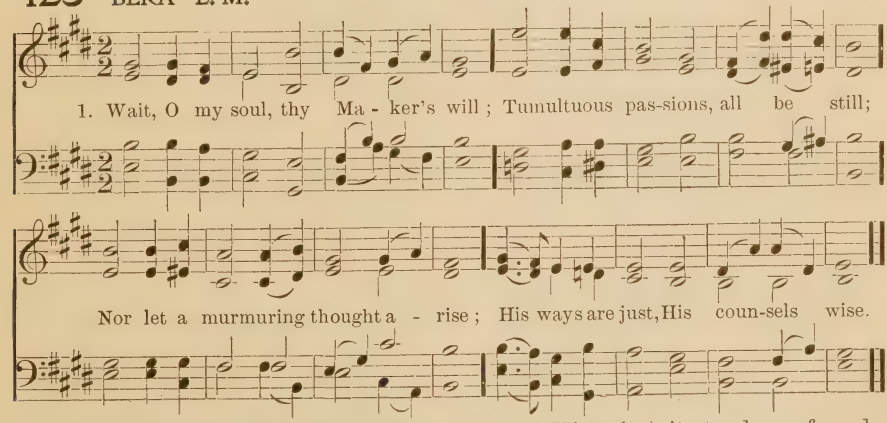
4 Comfort me; I am cast down:
'Tis my heavenly Father's frown;
I deserve it all, I own:
Saviour, comfort me!

5 So it shall be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If Thou wilt but tenderly,
Saviour, comfort me!

George Rawson, 1853

425 BERA L. M.

John E. Gould, 1849



2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs His work, the cause conceals;
And though His footsteps are unknown,
Judgment and truth support His throne.

3 In heaven and earth, in air and seas,
He executes His wise decrees;
And by His saints it stands confessed,
That what He does is ever best.

4 Then, O my soul, submissive wait,
With reverence bow before His seat:
And midst the terrors of His rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome, 1818

426 BRATTLE STREET C. M. D.

Arr. from Ignace Pleyel, 1809

1. { While Thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Pow'r, Be my vain wish-es stilled; } With
{ And may this con - se - cra - ted hour (*Omit* . . . . .) }

bet - ter hopes be filled. 2. Thy love the pow'rs of tho't bestowed; To Thee my tho'ts would

soar; Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed; That mer - cy I a - dore.

3 In each event of life, how clear,
Thy ruling hand I see.
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

Helen M. Williams, 1786

427 EASTON L. M.

1 O deem not they are blest alone,
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

William Cullen Bryant, 1824

428 ALMA 11. 10. 11. 10

Arr. from Samuel Webbe, 1792

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - rows that heav'n can-not heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
"Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love;
Come to the feast prepared, come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore, 1816; Alt. Verse 3, Thomas Hastings, 1832

EASTON L. M.

Arr. from J. W. A. Mozart
by W. Gardiner, 1812

1. O deem not they are blest a - lone, Whose lives a peace-ful ten - or keep; For God, who pit - ies man, has shown A bless-ing for the eyes that weep.

429 CHARLOTTE 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

Joseph Maclean, 1899

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor-row, or thro' joy, Con-duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee;
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

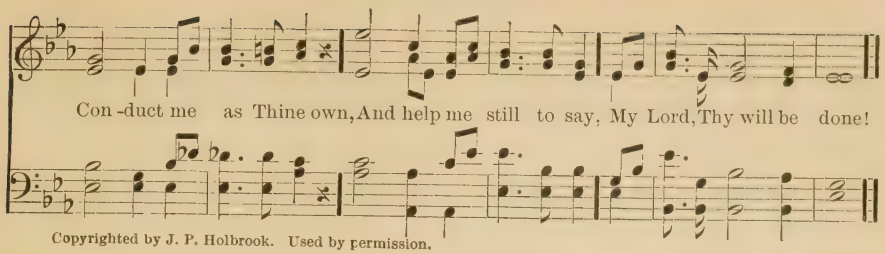
Rev. Benjamin Schmolck, 1716; Tr. J. Borthwick, 1854

JEWETT 6. 6. 6. 6. D. (*Second Tune*)

Arr. from C. M. von Weber, 1821
by Joseph P. Holbrook, 1862

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy,

Resignation



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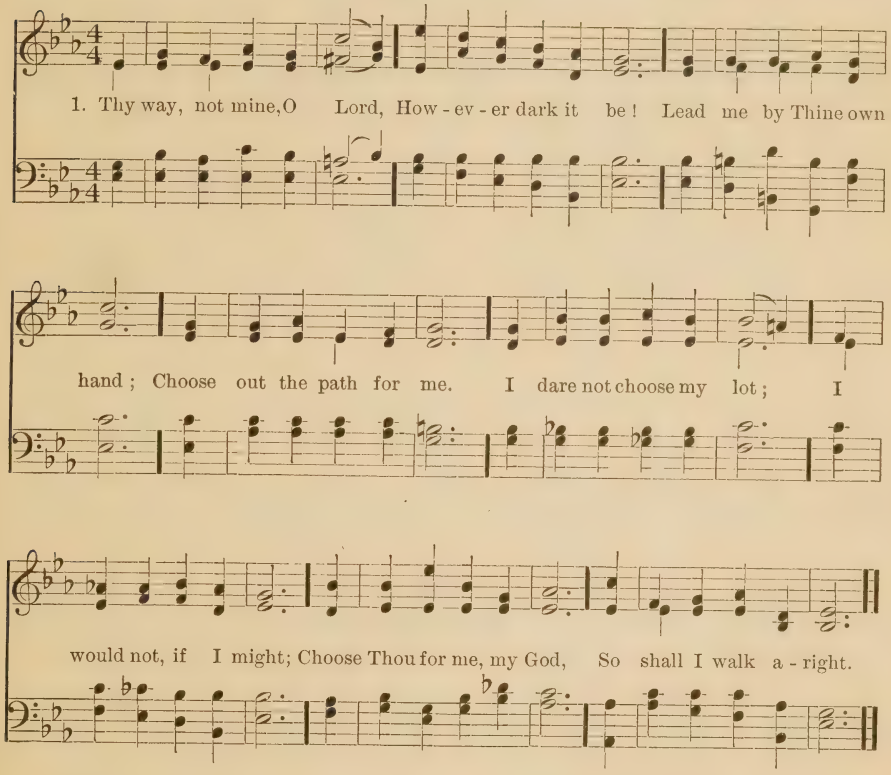
430 BAXTER 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1871



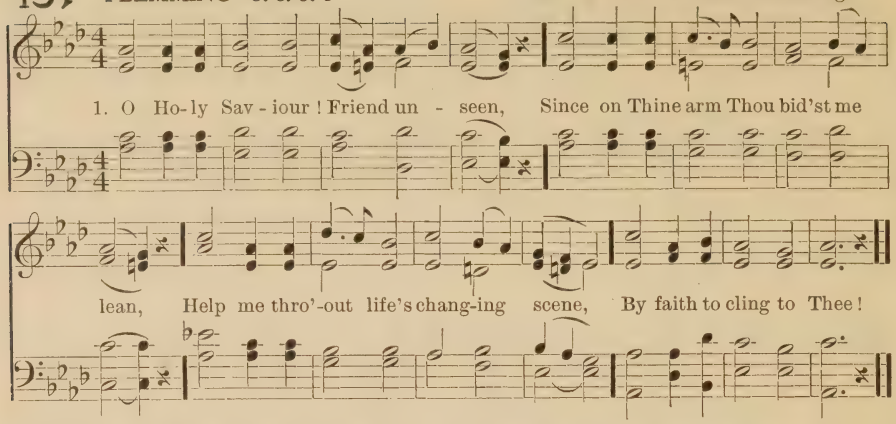
2 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness, or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great, or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857

431 FLEMMING 8. 8. 8. 6

Arr. from Friedrich F. Flemming



2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine ?
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee.

3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove ;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

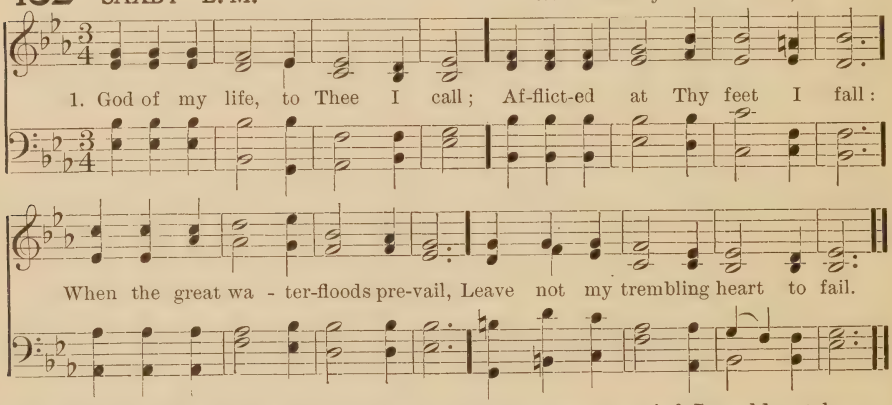
4 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to me."

5 Though faith and hope may long be [tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside ;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee !

Charlotte Elliott, 1836, alt.

432 SAXBY L. M.

Rev. Timothy R. Matthews, 1862



2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?

3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain ?

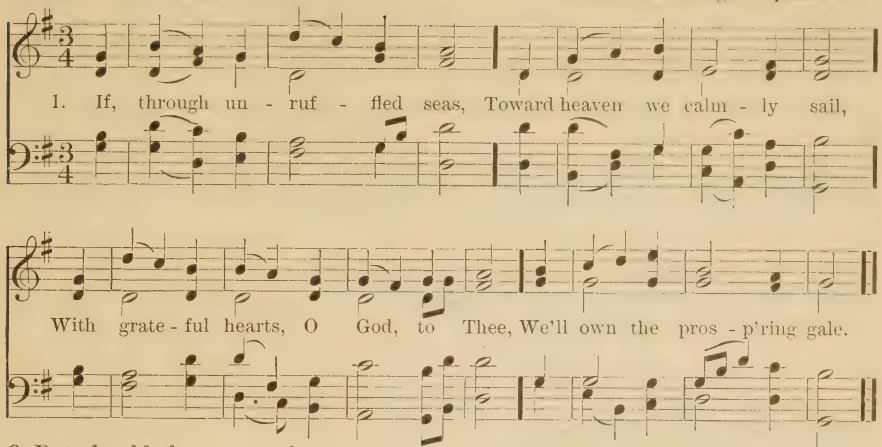
4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer ;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

William Cowper, 1779

433 THATCHER S. M.

Arr. from George F. Handel



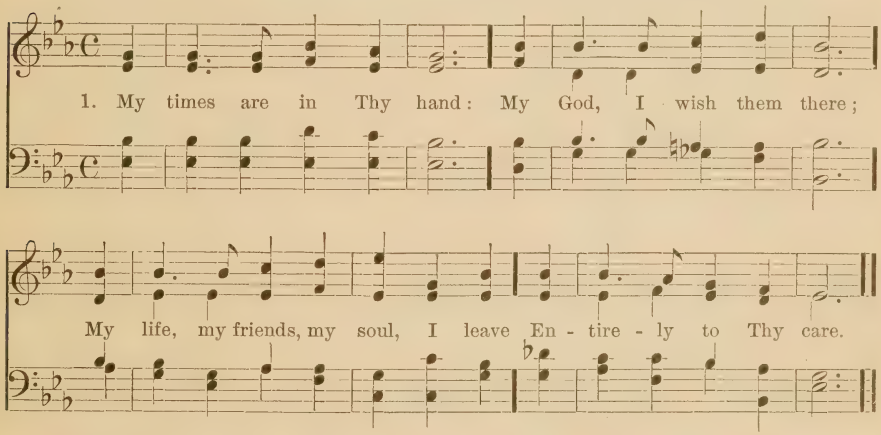
2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1772

434 ALDERSGATE S. M.

Rev. G. P. Merrick, 1875



2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in Thy hand;
Why should I doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

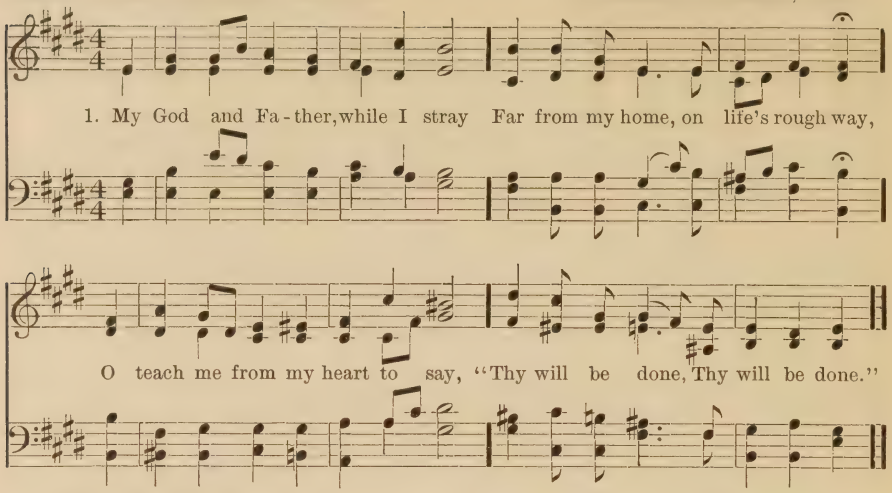
4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced,
Is now my guard and guide;

5 My times are in Thy hand,
I'll always trust in Thee;
And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall forever be.

William F. Lloyd, 1838

435 EAST CHURCH 8. 8. 8. 4

Elizabeth W. Freeman, 1899



2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine:
"Thy will be done!"

5 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,—
"Thy will be done!"

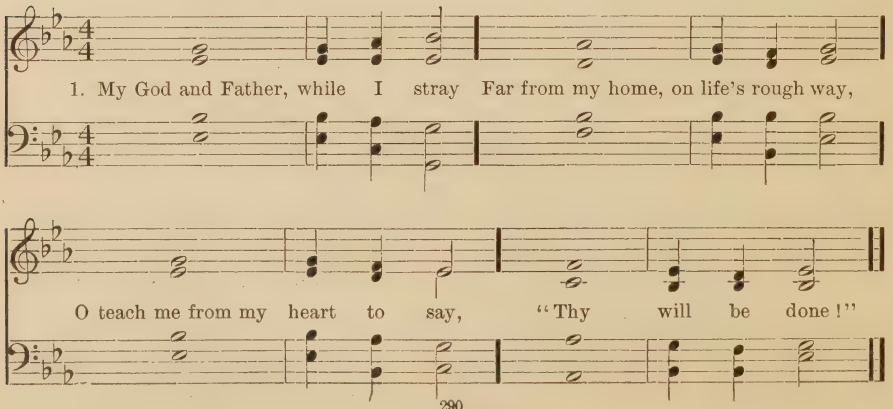
6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

Charlotte Elliott, 1835

TROYTE, No. 1 (Chant)

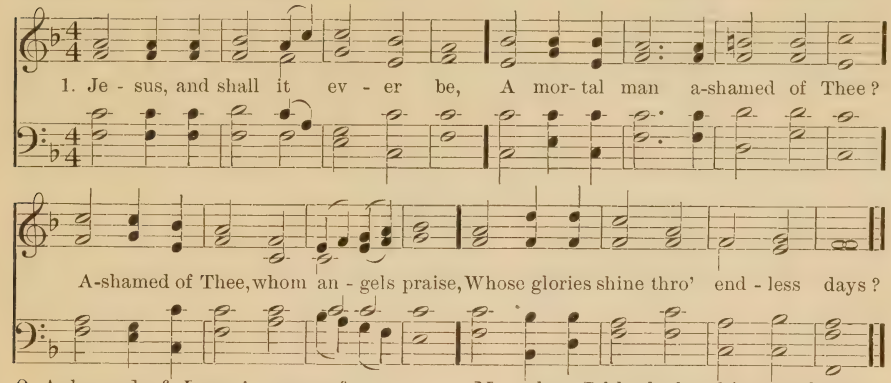
Arthur H. D. Troyte, 1857



Confessing Christ

436 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1848



2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

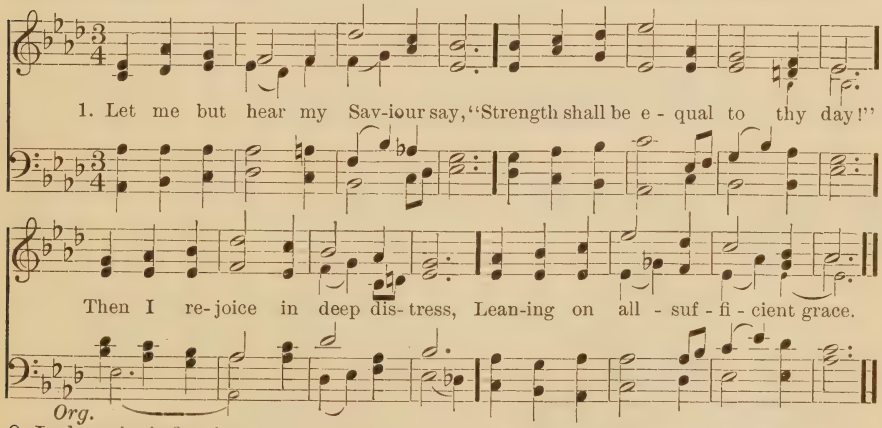
5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Rev. Joseph Grigg, 1765

437 ABENDS L. M.

Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, 1874



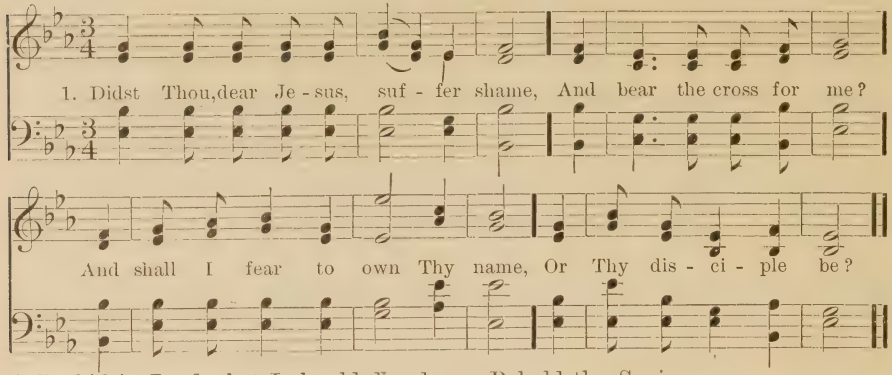
2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things — or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While His own hand my head sustains.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

438 ELIZABETHTOWN C. M.

George Kingsley, 1838



2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
O let me in Thy footsteps tread,
And glory in Thy cross.

3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness
Nor love nor zeal grow cold. [shine,

4 Say to my soul, "Why dost thou fear
The face of feeble clay?
Behold thy Saviour ever near,
Will guard thee in the way."

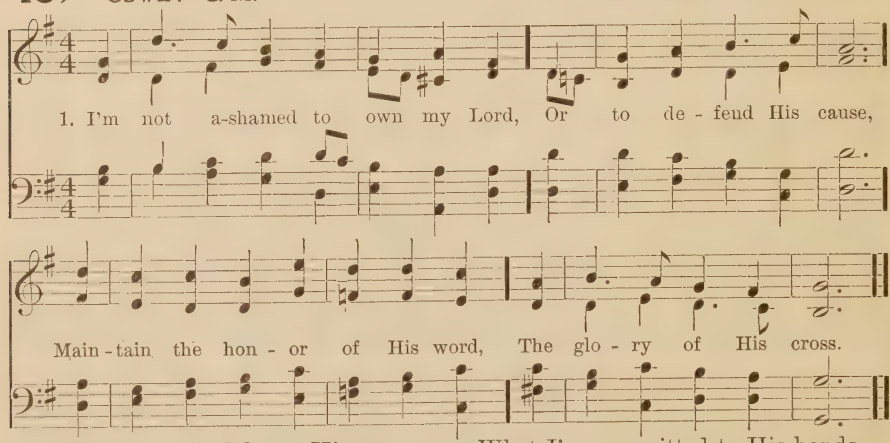
5 O how my soul would rise and run,
At this reviving word;
Nor any painful sufferings shun
To follow Thee, my Lord.

6 Let sinful man reproach, defame,
And call me what they will,
If I may glorify Thy name,
And be Thy servant still.

James Maxwell, 1806

439 OSWIN C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862



2 Jesus, my God! I know His name;
His name is all my trust:
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure,
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

440 MAITLAND C. M.

George N. Allen, 1850

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

Verse 1, Rev. Thomas Shepherd, 1693, alt.
Verse 2, anon., c. 1810; Verse 3, anon., 1849

441 ALETTA 7.7.7.7

William B. Bradbury, 1858

1. Peo - ple of the liv - ing God, I have sought the world a - round,
Paths of sin and sor - row trod, Peace and com - fort no where found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest.

3 Lonely, I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave:

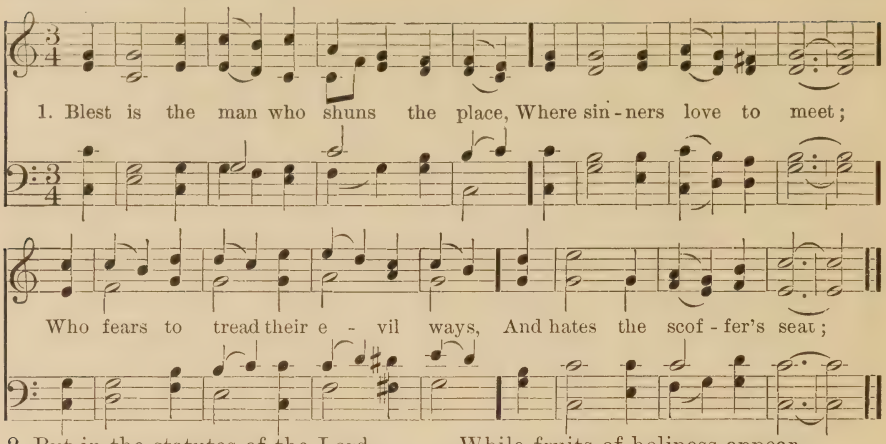
4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

5 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power,
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour:

6 "Follow me;" I know Thy voice;
Jesus, Lord, Thy steps I see;
Now I take Thy yoke by choice;
Light Thy burden now to me.

James Montgomery, 1814

442 COVENTRY C. M.



2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 He, like a plant of generous kind
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

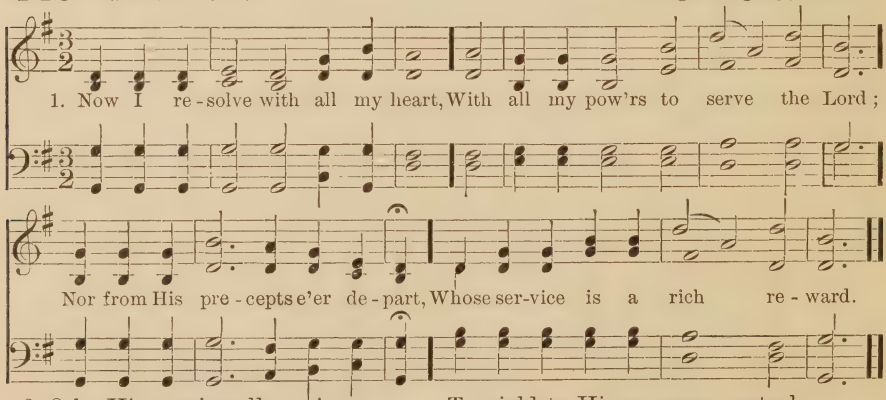
5 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust
Or chaff before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge, at His right [hand,
Appoints His saints a place.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

443 WARE L. M.

George Kingsley, 1838



2 O be His service all my joy;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

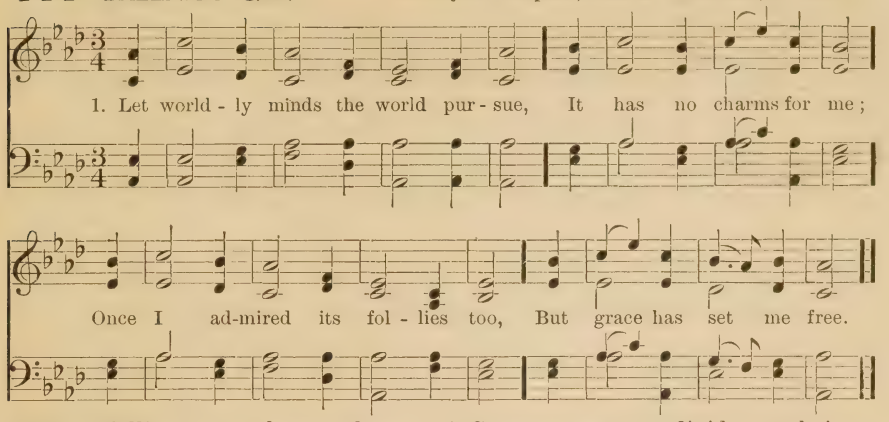
3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to His supreme control,
And in His kind commands rejoice.

4 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave His sacred ways:
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live Thy praise.

Anne Steele, 1760; Verse 1, l. 1, alt.

444 BALERMA C. M.

Arr. by R. Simpson, from L. Von Esch, c. 1810



2 Those follies now no longer please,
No more delight afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have known the Lord.

3 As by the light of op'ning day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.

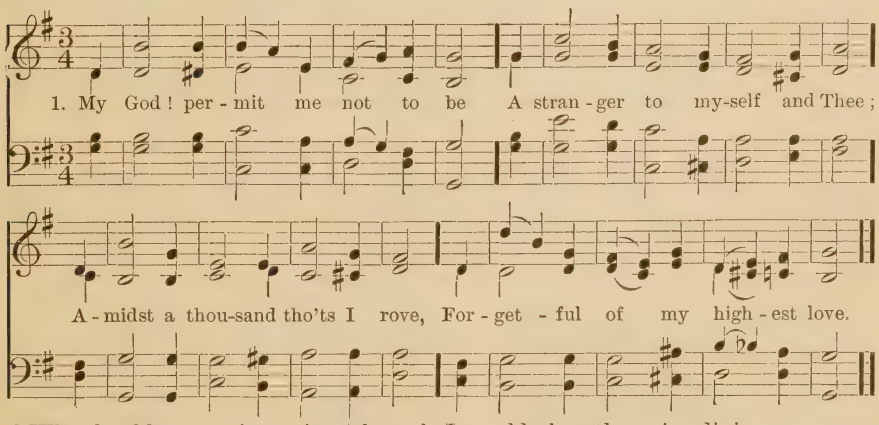
4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Shall fix my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone,
And wholly live to Thee;
Yet worthless still, myself I own,
Thy worth is all my plea.

Rev. John Newton, 1774

445 BROOKFIELD L. M.

Thomas B. Southgate



2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1708

446 POLYCARP 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1866

May be sung in unison.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be.

Slower.

Let the world neg - lect and leave me; They have left my Sav - iour too:
Hu - man hopes have oft de - ceived me; Thou art faith - ful, Thou art true.

(*Or to Bethany, No.* 115)

2 Perish, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy bleeding love I see;
O 'tis not in joy to charm me,
When that love is hid from me.

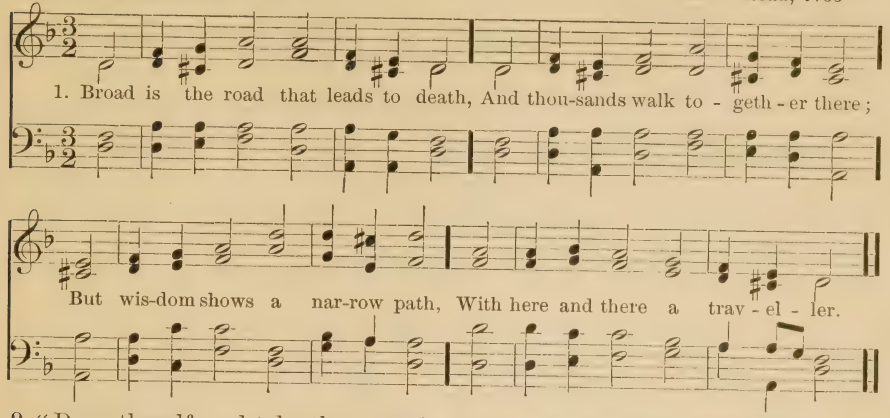
3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide you there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1825, alt.

447 WINDHAM L. M.

Daniel Read, 1785



2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

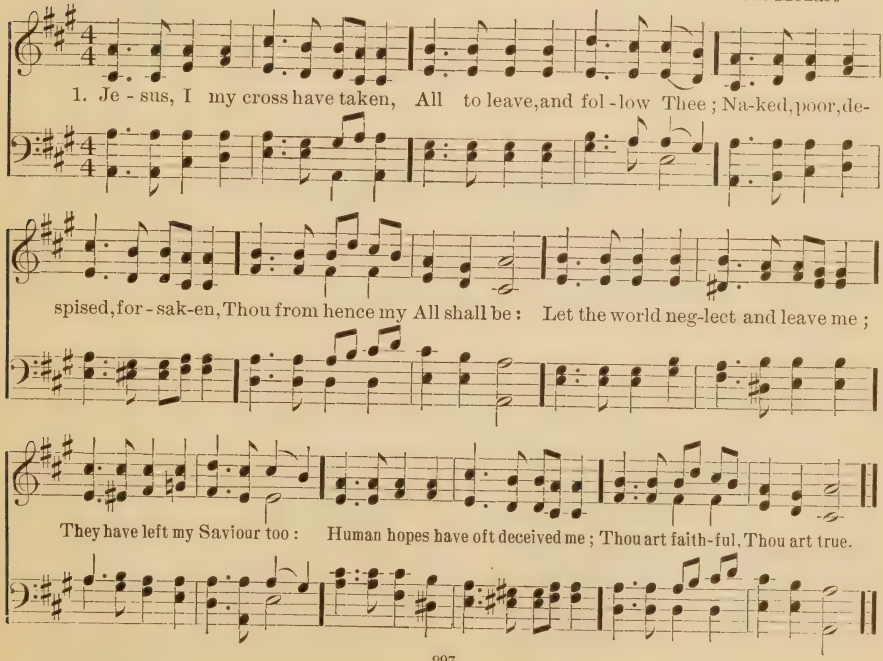
3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

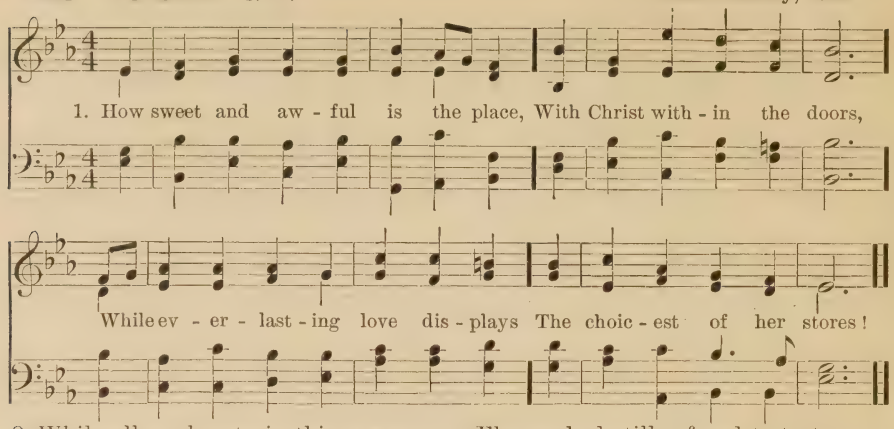
CRUCIFER 8. 7. 8. 7. D. (*Second Tune*)

Arr. from Mozart



448 HORSLEY C. M.

William Horsley, 1844



2 While all our hearts, in this our song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

3 "Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the [feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

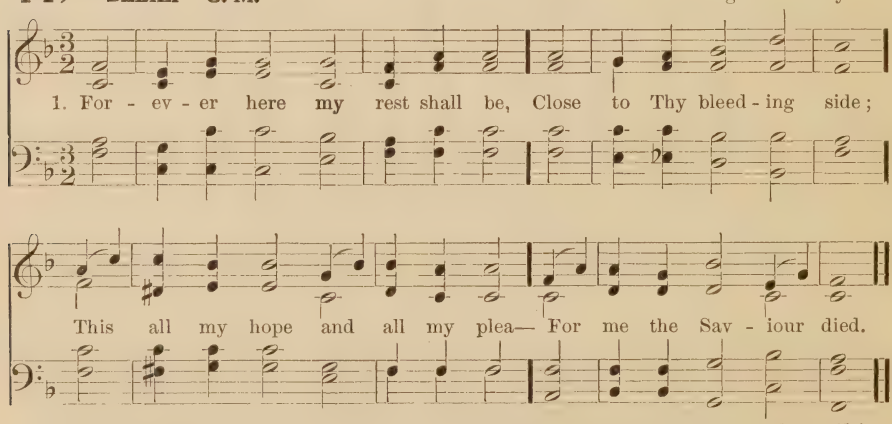
5 Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see Thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart, and [soul,
Sing Thy redeeming grace.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

449 BELIEF C. M.

English Melody



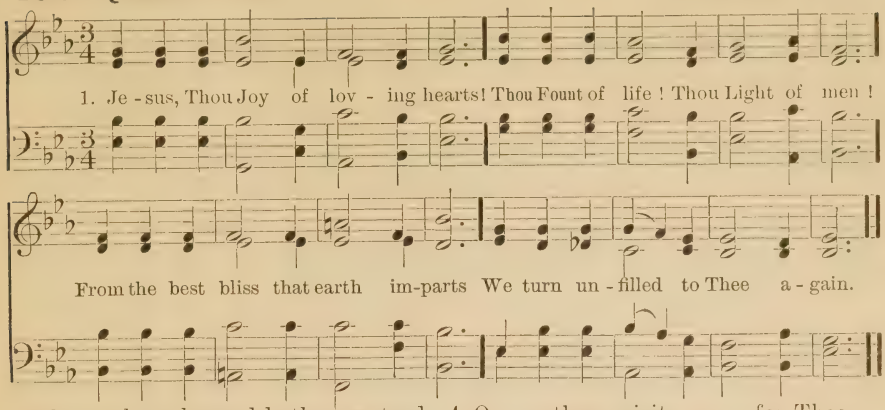
2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine [own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone—
My hands, my head, my heart.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742

450 QUEBEC L. M.

Henry Baker, 1866



2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee all in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread!
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

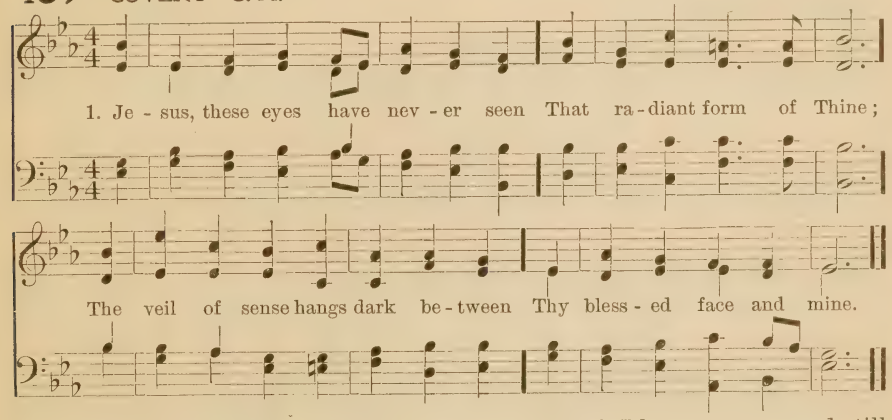
4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast,
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus! ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux, c. 1150; Tr. Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858

451 COVERT C. M.

Arr. from Tochter Sion, 1741



2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes
When slumbers o'er me roll, [unsought,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

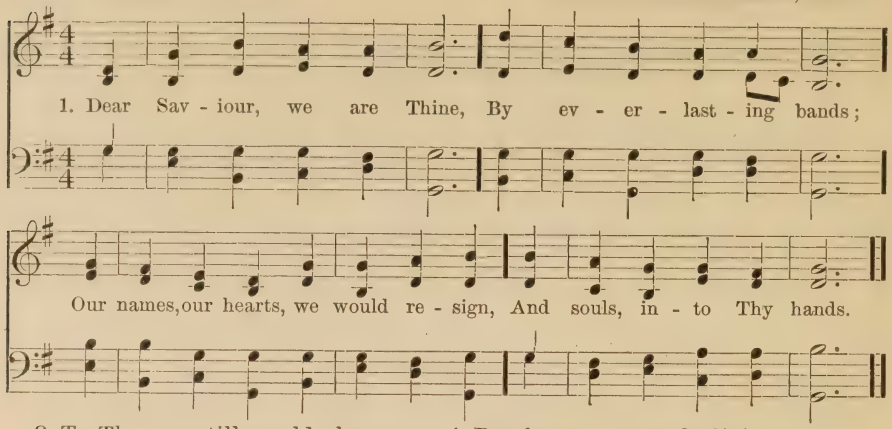
4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall
And still this throbbing heart, [seal,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art.

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858

452 CALVIN S. M.

Arr. from Genevan Psalter, 1543



2 To Thee we still would cleave,
With ever growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee our Head;
Shall form us to Thy image bright,
That we Thy paths may tread.

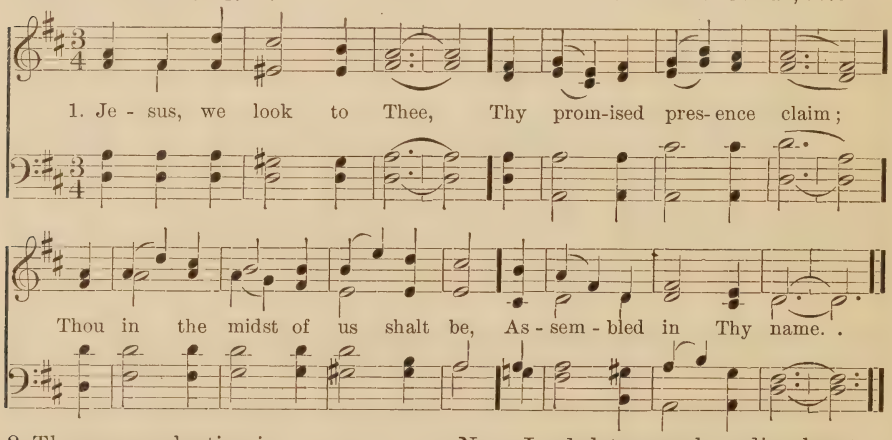
4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near Thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
Since He in heaven has fixed His throne,
He'll fix His members there.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755, alt.

453 RHODES S. M.

C. Warwick Jordan, 1875



2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

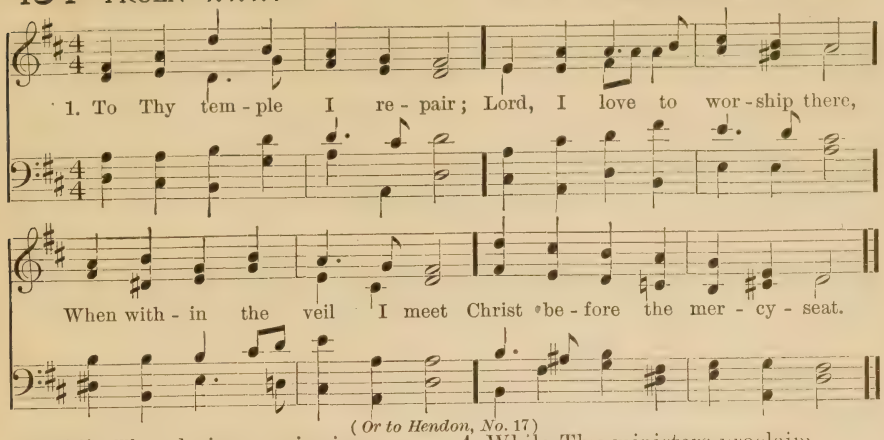
3 Present we know Thou art,
But, O Thyself reveal;
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel.

4 O may Thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749

454 PRUEN 7. 7. 7. 7

Rev. Frederick A. G. Ouseley, 1867



(Or to Hendon, No. 17)

2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

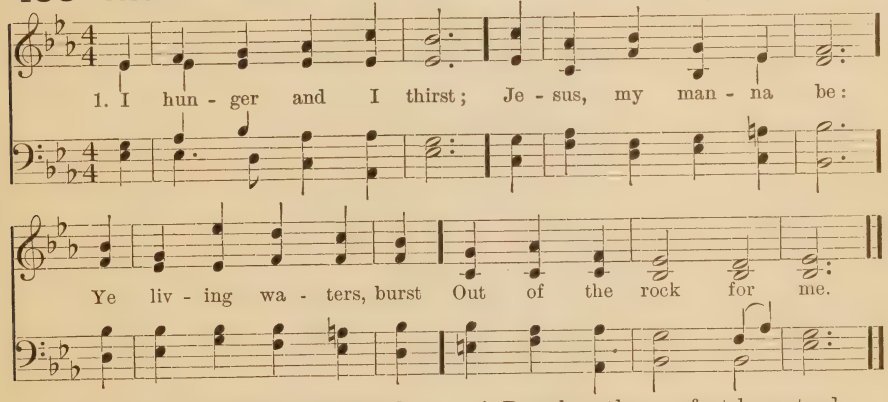
4 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

5 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,—
I have walked with God to-day.

James Montgomery, 1812

455 MOSELEY 6. 6. 6. 6

Henry Smart, 1881



2 Thou bruised and broken bread,
My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
O feed me, or I die!

3 Thou true life-giving vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

4 Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began;
Feed me, Thou bread of God;
Help me, Thou Son of Man.

5 For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
O living waters, rise
Within me evermore!

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1873

456 FIAT LUX 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875

1. Je - sus, Thy name I love, All oth - er names a - bove,
Je - sus, my Lord! O Thou art all to me; Noth - ing to
please I see, Noth - ing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!

2 Thou, blessèd Son of God,
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
How mighty is Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear,
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon Thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then Thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

Rev. Joseph G. Deck, 1842

457 BLUMENTHAL 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Arr. from Jacques Blumenthal, 1847

1. Saviour, when in dust to Thee, Low we bow th'ador-ing knee, When, repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our stream-ing eyes, O by all Thy pains and woe, Suf-fered once for
man be - low, Bend-ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sup - pli - cat - ing cry.

2 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and fears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By Thy vic'try in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,—
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our deep, imploring cry.

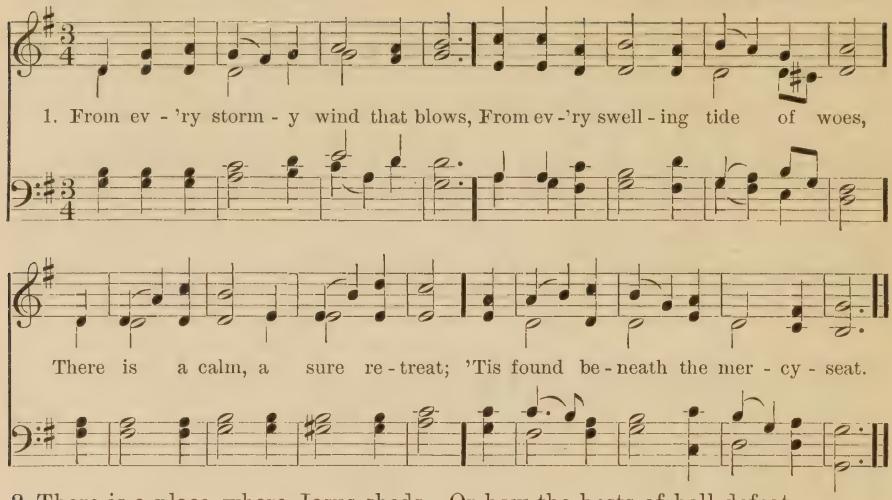
3 By Thine hour of dark despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice,—
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our sad, beseeching cry.

4 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sealed sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save,—
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,—
Saviour, Prince exalted high,
Hear our solemn litany.

Sir Robert Grant, 1815, alt.

458 VIA BONA L. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862



2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

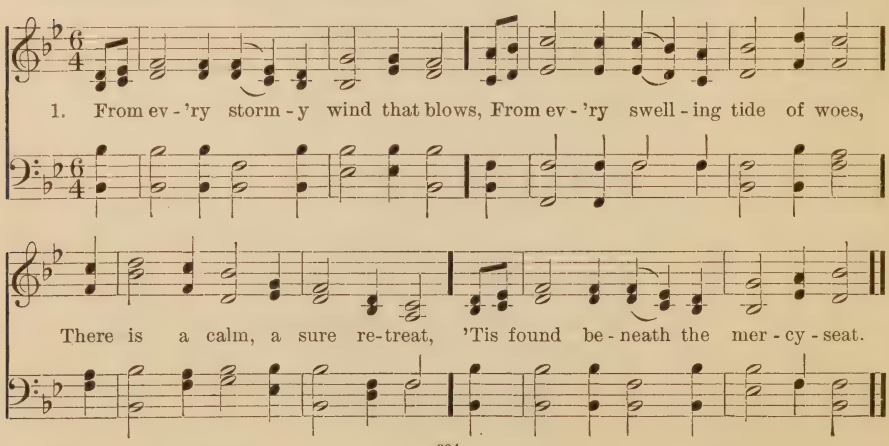
5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

6 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget Thy mercy-seat.

Rev. Hugh Stowell, 1828

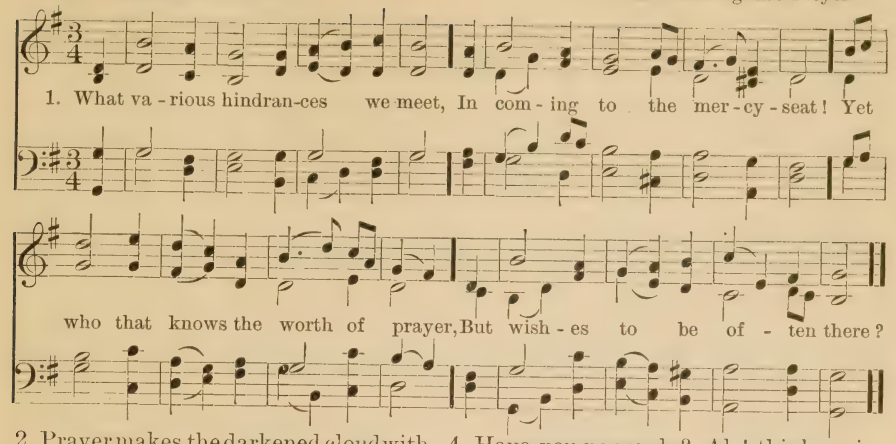
RETREAT L. M. (*Second Tune*)

Thomas Hastings, 1842



459 SEASONS L. M.

Arr. from Ignace Pleyel



2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-draw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

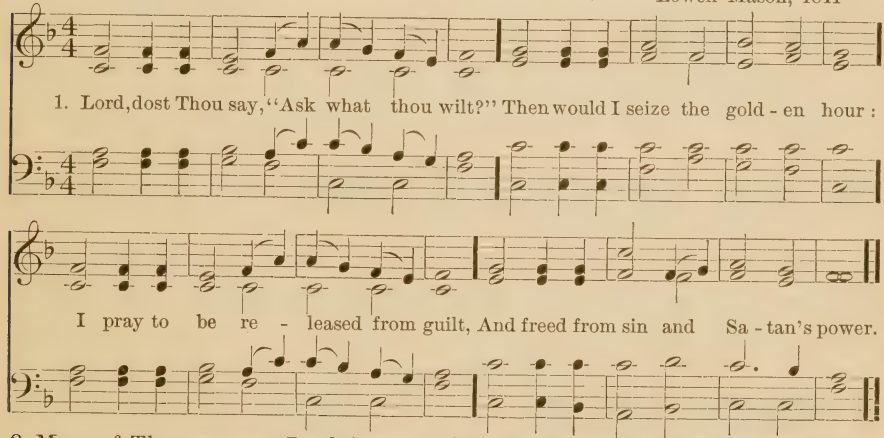
4 Have you no words? Ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

William Cowper, 1779

460 ILLA L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1841



2 More of Thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of Thine image let me bear:
Erect Thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

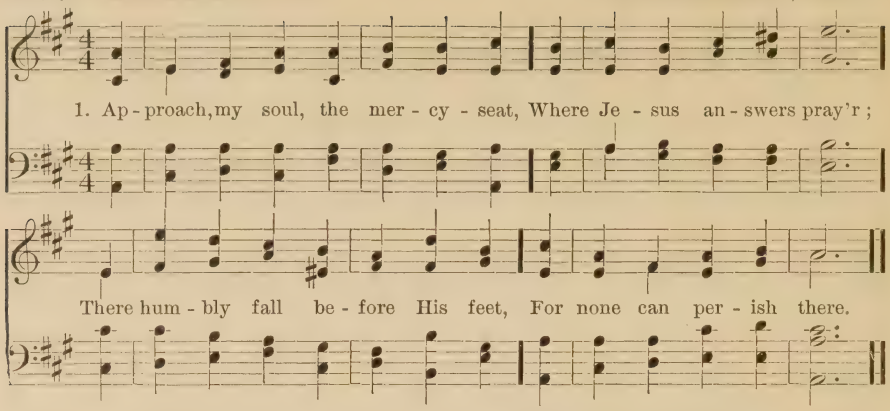
3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from Thy joy to draw my strength:
O be Thy boundless love revealed
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

4 Grant these requests — I ask no more,
But to Thy care the rest resign:
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if Thou art mine.

Rev. John Newton, 1779, alt.

461 NATHANIEL C. M.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1866



2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

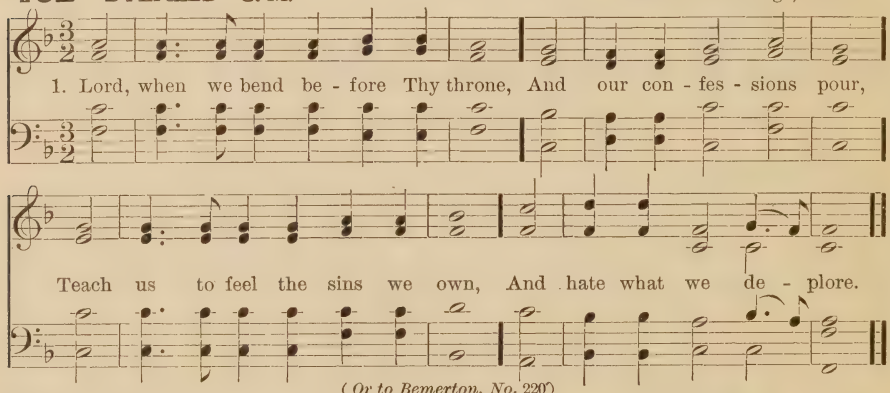
4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died!

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

462 BYEFIELD C. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1844



(Or to Bemerton, No. 220)

2 Our broken spirit pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay
And mount to Thee in praise.

4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
That is not wholly Thine.

5 Let faith each meek petition fill
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

Rev. Joseph D. Carlyle, 1802

463 PRAYER C. M.

Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock, 1889

1. Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Un - ut - tered or ex - pressed;
The mo - tion of a hid - den fire That trem - bles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on High.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry "Behold, he prays!"

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters Heaven with prayer.

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery, 1818; Verse 1, l. 2, alt.

464 RHODES S. M.

C. Warwick Jordan, 1875

1. Je - sus, who knows full well The heart of ev - 'ry saint;
In - vites us all our griefs to tell, To pray and nev - er faint.

2 He bows His gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.

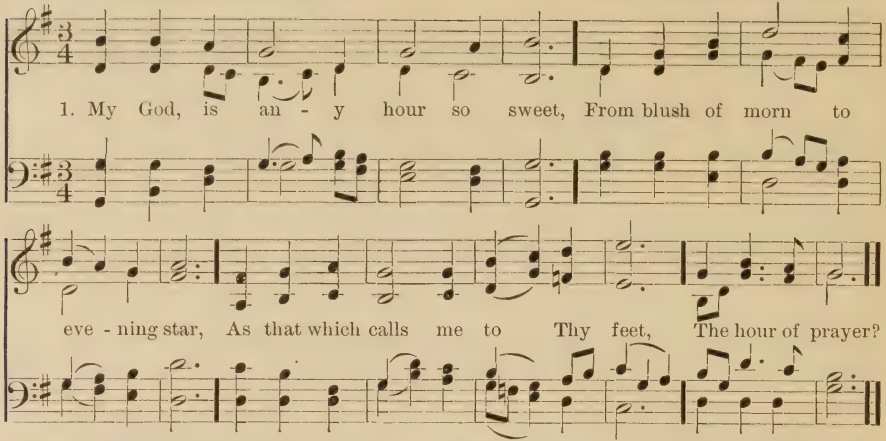
3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give Him rest,
But be importunate.

4 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry,
Yes, though He may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

465 ALMSGIVING 8. 8. 8. 4

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1865



2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for [grief,
What peace of mind.

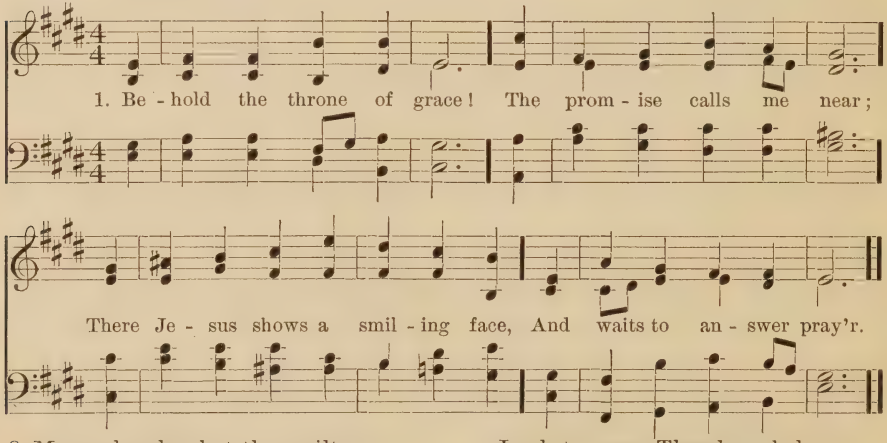
4 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay,
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

5 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott, 1834

466 LEXINGTON S. M.

Henry Smart, 1881



2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?

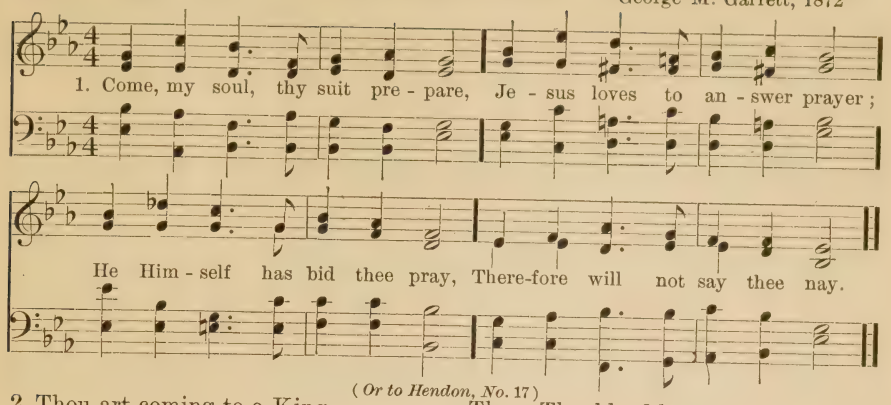
3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

4 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to Thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

467 COME 7.7.7.7

George M. Garrett, 1872



(*Or to Hendon, No.* 17)

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There Thy blood-bought right main-
And without a rival reign. [tain

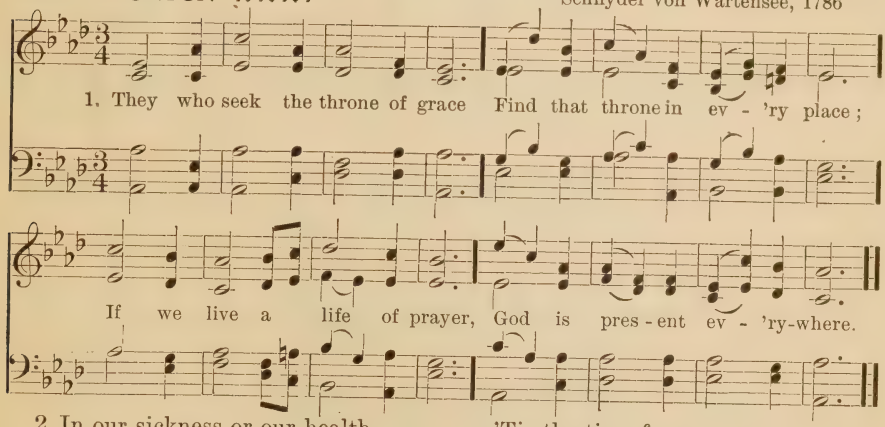
5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

468 HORTON 7.7.7.7

Schnyder von Wartensee, 1786



2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When our foes and fears prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere.

Oliver Holden, 1793

469 WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Charles C. Converse, 1868

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!
O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!

By per. C. C. Converse, owner of copyright.

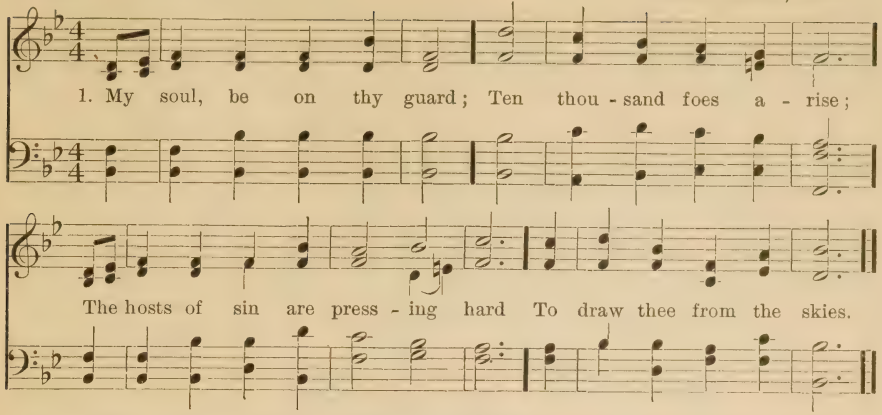
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer!

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care? —
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Rev. Joseph Scriven, 1855

470 LABAN S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830



2 O watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

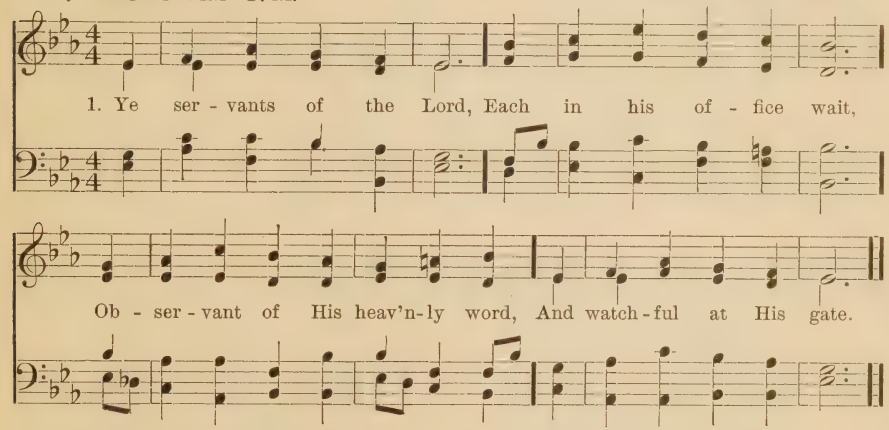
3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

Rev. George Heath, 1781

471 POTSDAM S. M.

John Sebastian Bach



2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

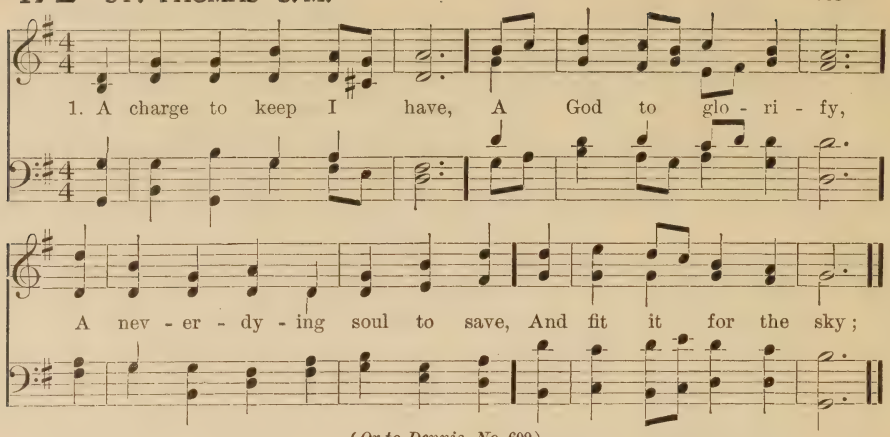
3 Watch: 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that favorite servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, pub. 1755

472 ST. THOMAS S.M. 1763



(*Or to Dennis, No.* 609)

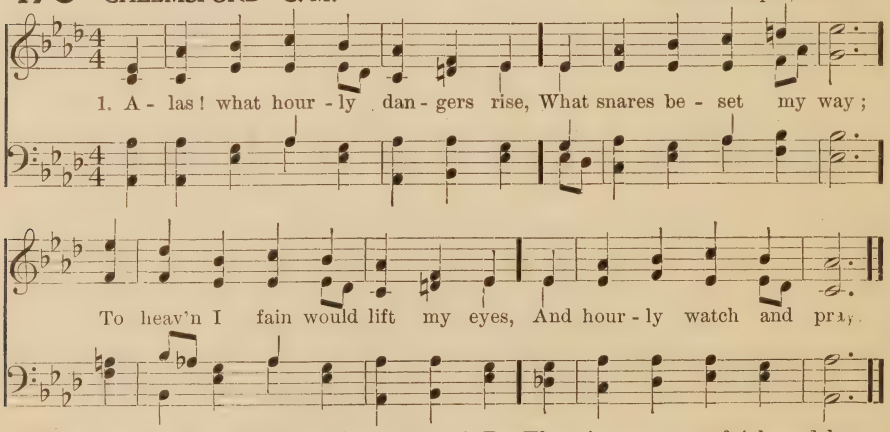
2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1762

473 CHELMSFORD C.M. Aaron Chapin, 1823



2 How oft my mournful thoughts com-
And melt in flowing tears! [plain,
Striving against my foes in vain,
I sink amid my fears.

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and
Nor let me be dismayed. [strive,

4 Do Thou increase my faith and hope,
When fears and foes prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 O keep me to Thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And never, never let me stray
From happiness and Thee.

Anne Steele, 1760

474 CRETE 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1868

p

1. Chris-tian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,

How the hosts of dark - ness Com - pass thee a - round?

cres. *dim.*

f

Chris - tian, up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;

Smite them, Christ is with thee, Sol - dier of the cross.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch, and pray, and fast.

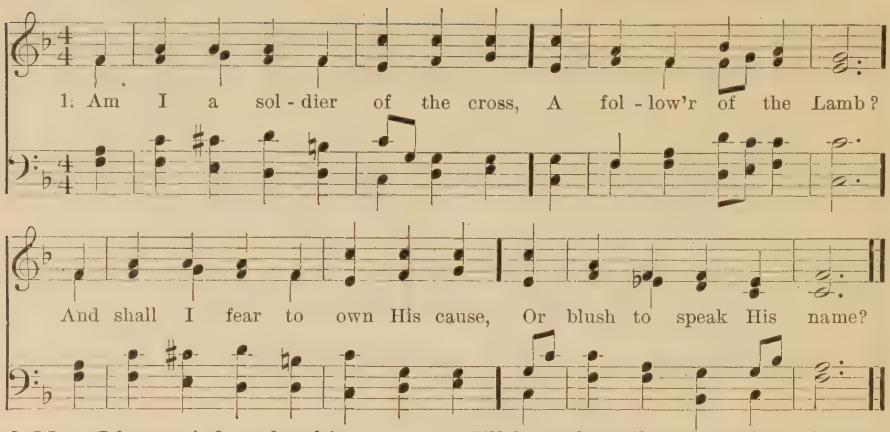
3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

313 Andrew of Crete, 700; Tr. J. M. Neale, 1862

475 MARLOW C. M.

Arr. from J. Chetham, 1718



2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

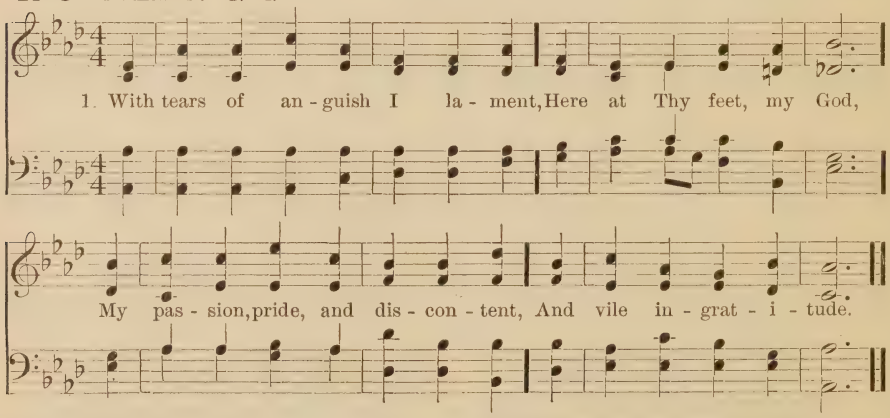
4 Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1724

476 PALMER C. M.



2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

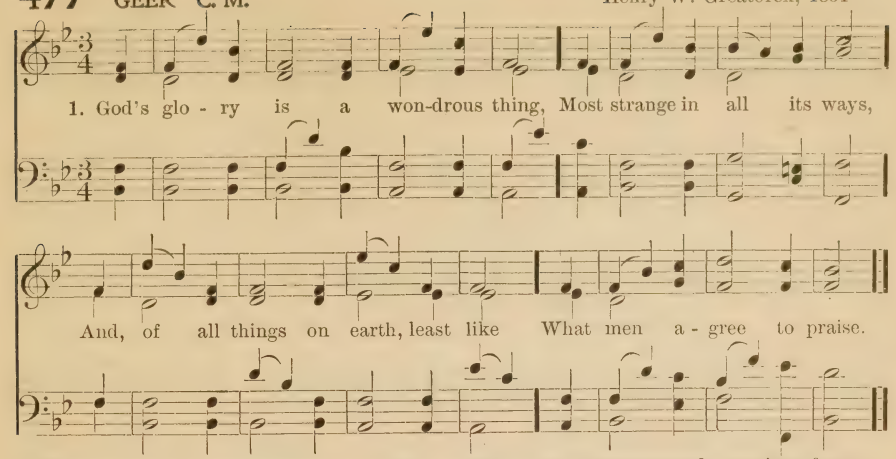
3 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt Thou bow my stubborn will
And give my conscience rest?

4 Break, sovereign grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, almighty God, Thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1787

477 GEER C. M.

Henry W. Greatorex, 1851



2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!

3 Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

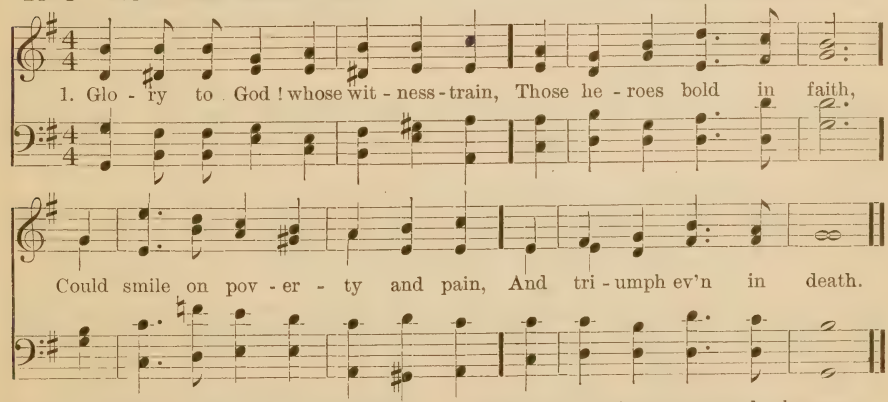
4 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

5 For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1849

478 NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1875



2 O may that faith our hearts sustain,
Wherein they fearless stood,
When, in the power of cruel men,
They poured their willing blood.

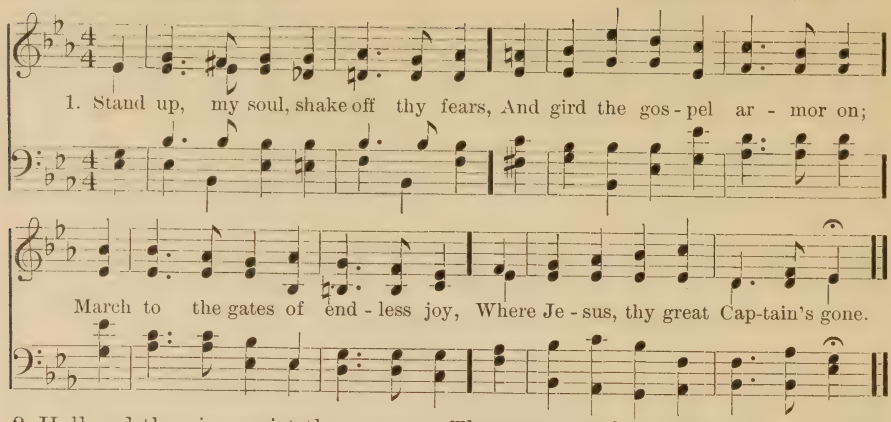
3 God whom we serve, our God, can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, can smooth the wave,
For such as love His name.

4 Lord! if Thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove at length.

Moravian, tr. Count von Zinzendorf, 1727;
Tr. Rev. John Wesley, 1809

479 WALTHAM L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872



2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

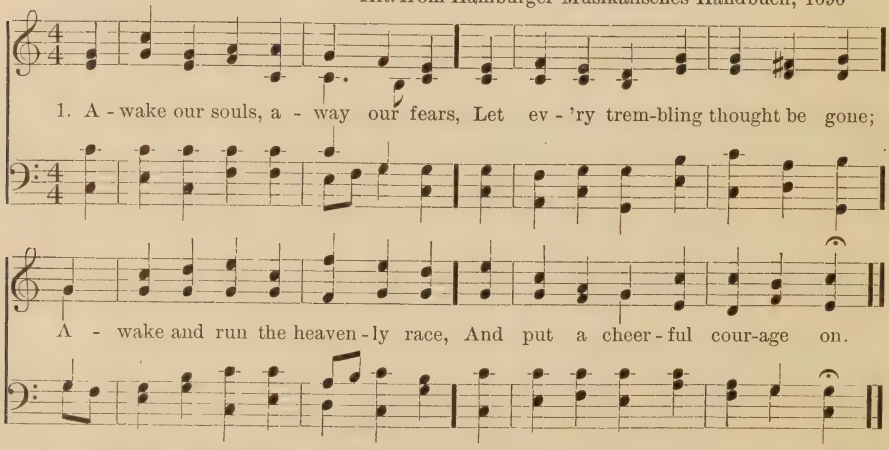
3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign, [wait.
And glittering robes for conquerors

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

480 WINCHESTER, NEW L. M.

Alt. from Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch, 1690



2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

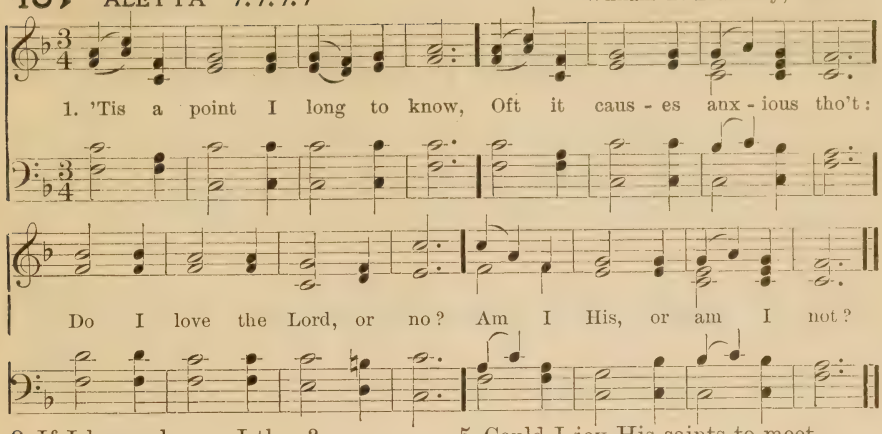
4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road!

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

481 ALETTA 7.7.7.7

William B. Bradbury, 1858



2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard His name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5 Could I joy His saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

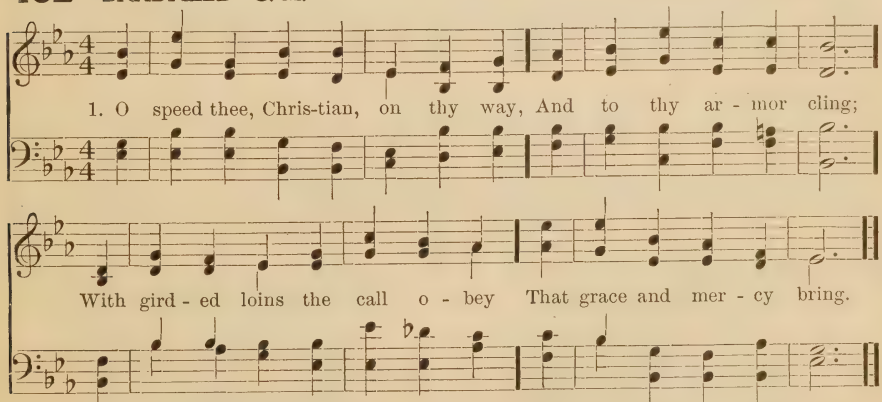
6 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art Thy people's Sun:
Shine upon Thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

7 Let me love Thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

Rev. John Newton, 1779, ab.

482 BRADFIELD C. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872



2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

3 O faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before His throne;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

Anon., in "The Psalmist," 1843

483 SULLIVAN 6. 5. 6. 5. D. with Refrain

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1871

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
Go - ing on be - fore! Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore!

REFRAIN.

war, With the cross of

With the cross of

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!
Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

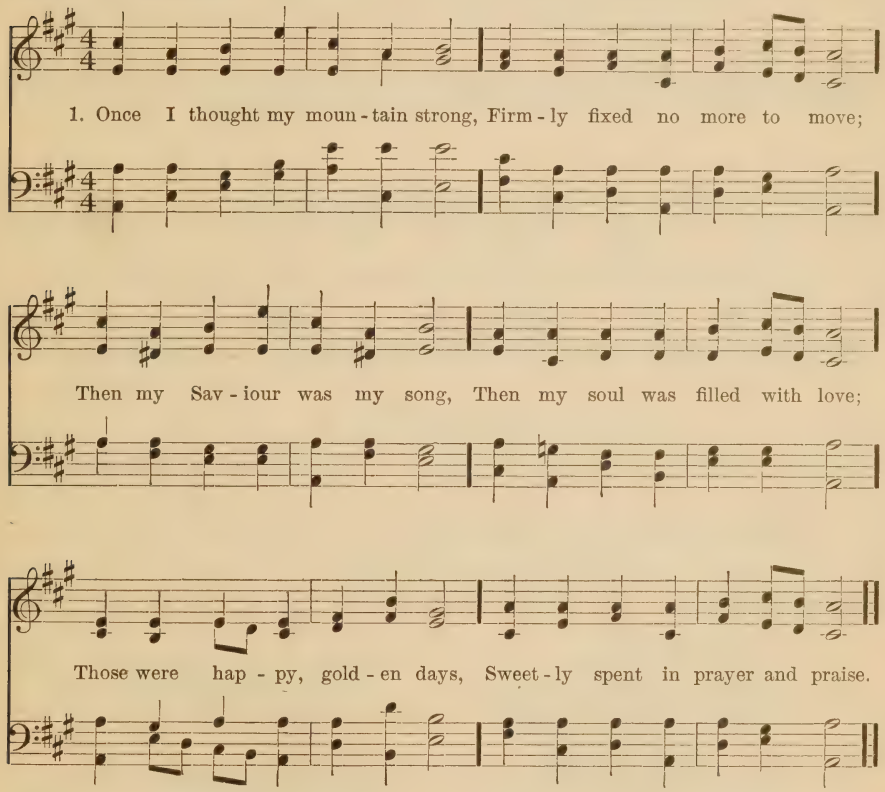
4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

484 NUREMBURG 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7

Alt. from Johann R. Ahle, 1664



2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins anew;
Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight;
Sin has turned my day to night.

3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to Thee.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

485 THERESA 6. 5. 6. 5. D. with Refrain

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1. Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav - ing on Christ's sol - diers To their home on high. March-ing thro' the desert, Glad - ly thus we pray, Still with hearts u - nit-ed Sing-ing on our way, Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav - ing on Christ's sol-diers To their home on high.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet:
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.—Ref.

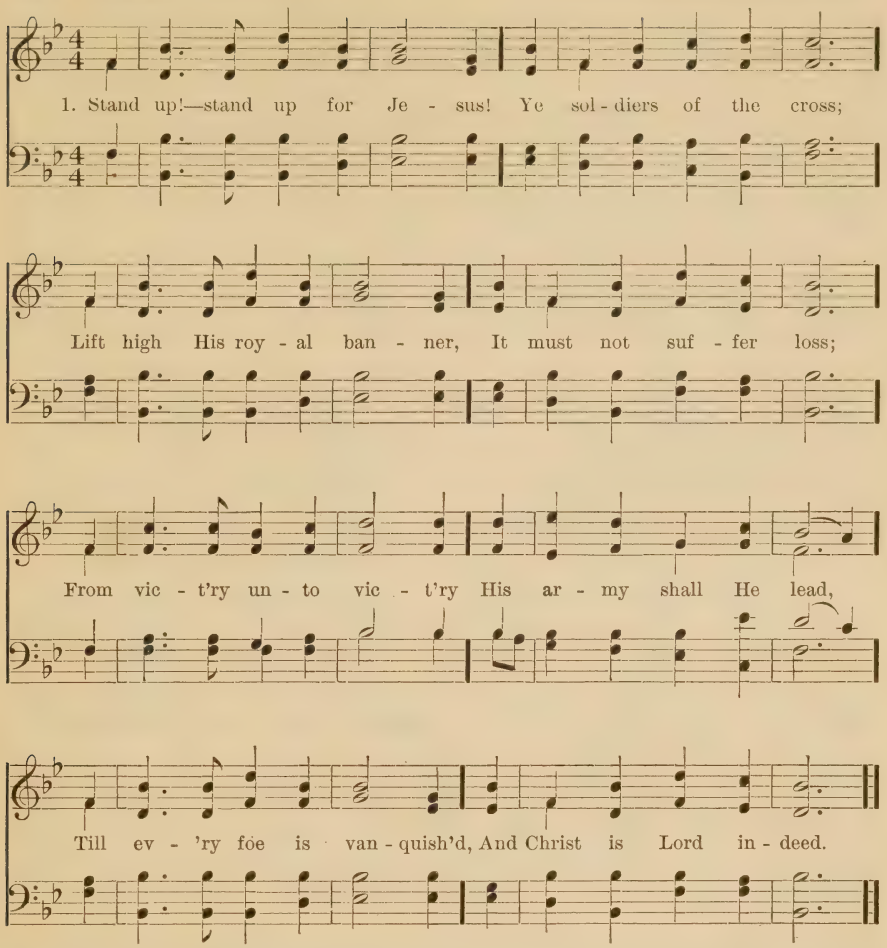
3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.—Ref.

4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.—Ref.

Rev. Thomas J. Potter, 1860, ab.

486 WEBB 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

George J. Webb, 1839



2 Stand up! — stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day.
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

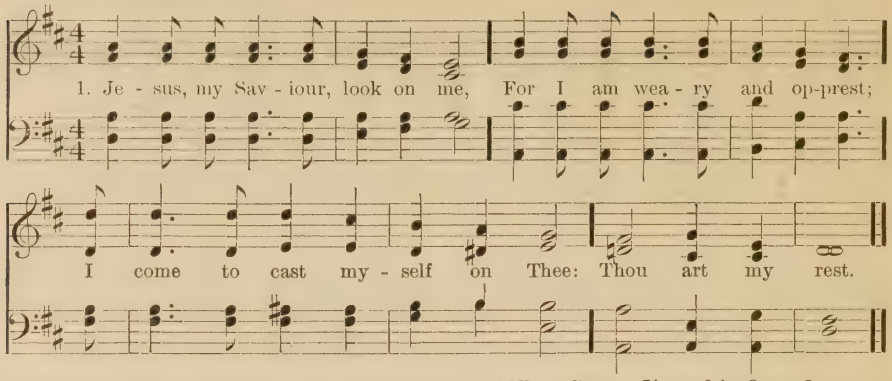
3 Stand up! — stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! — stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

Rev. George Duffield, 1858

487 HANFORD 8. 8. 8. 4

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874



2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O shed Thou forth some cheering ray!
Thou art my light.

4 I hear the storms around me rise;
But when I dread th' impending [shock,
My spirit to the refuge flies:
Thou art my rock.

5 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my peace.

6 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my life.

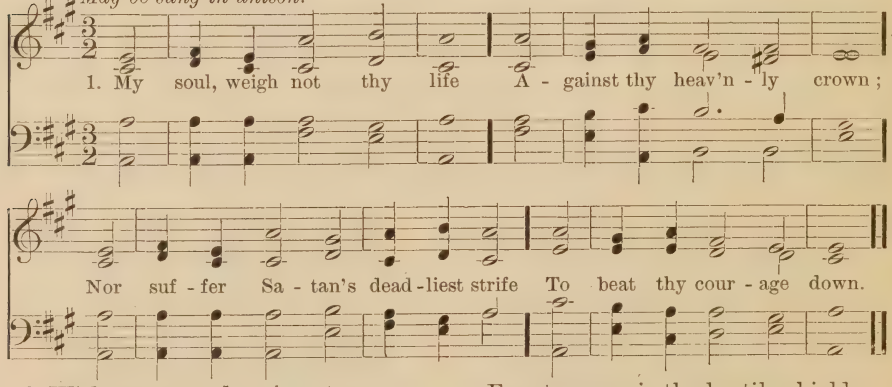
7 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my all.

Charlotte Elliott, 1869

488 OLMUTZ S. M.

Gregorian. Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1824

May be sung in unison.



2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

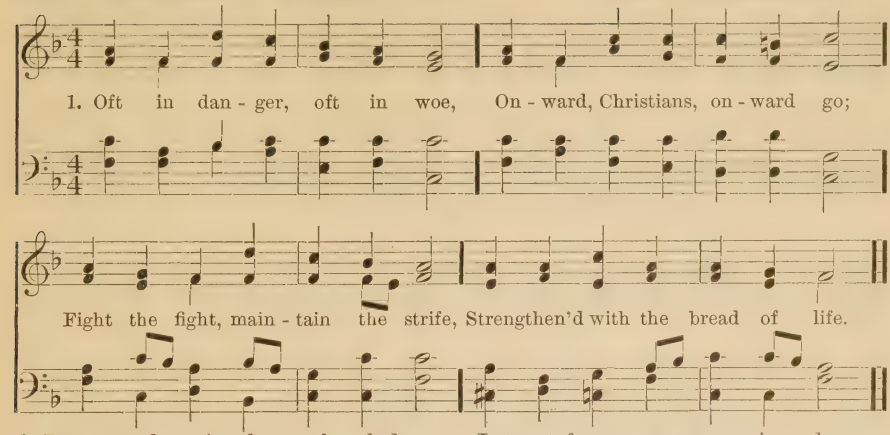
3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfil;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

Rev. Leonard Swain, 1858

489 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7. 7. 7. 7

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852



2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

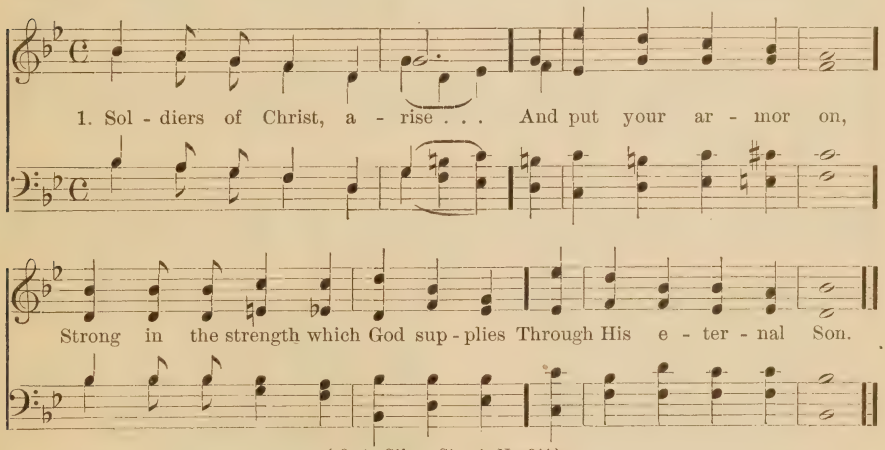
3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

4 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

Henry Kirke White, 1806

490 LENOIR S. M.

Joseph Maclean, 1899



(Or to Silver Street, No. 244)

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God: —

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749

491 ALL SAINTS C. M. D.

Henry S. Cutler, 1872

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain,
Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.

By permission Tucker Hymnal.

2 That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

3 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came, [knew
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mocked the torch of flame;
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the strokes to
Who follows in their train? [feel:

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the throne of God rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827

492 NEED 6. 4. 6. 4. 7. 6. 7. 4

Rev. Robert Lowry, 1872

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;
No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee!

Copyright, 1900, by Mary Runyon Lowry. Renewal. Used by permission.

2 I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.
I need Thee, etc.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.
I need Thee, etc.

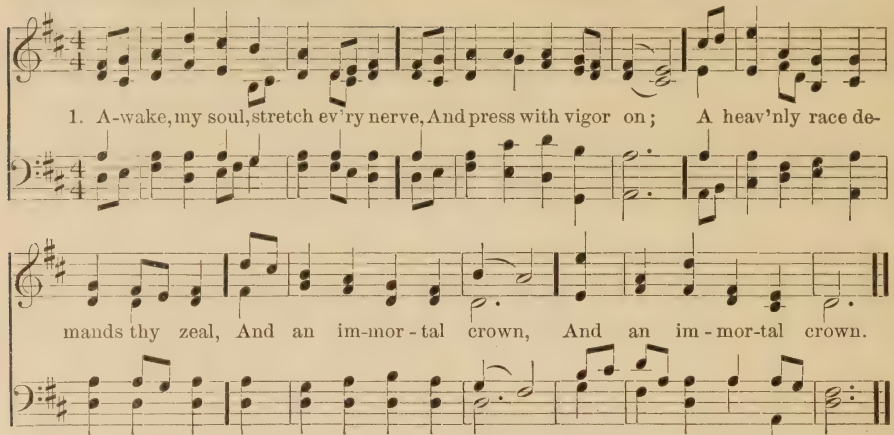
4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.
I need Thee, etc.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son!
I need Thee, etc.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks, 1872

493 CHRISTMAS C. M.

Arr. from George F. Händel, 1728



2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold Thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls Thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye:

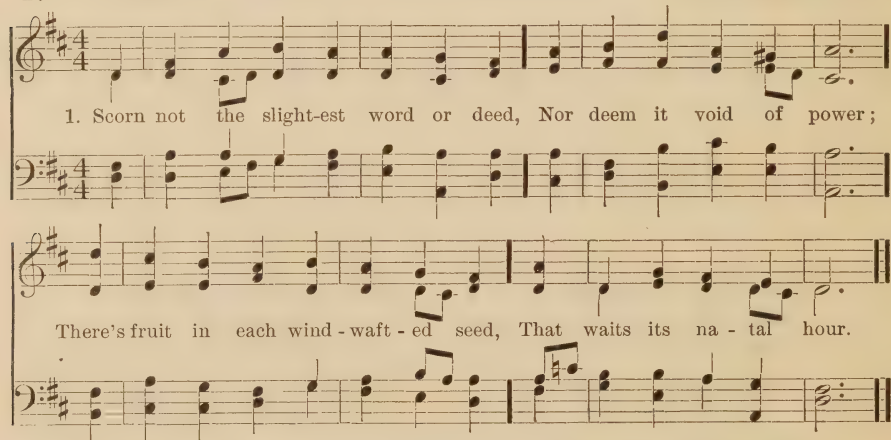
4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755

494 DOWNS C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1833



2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

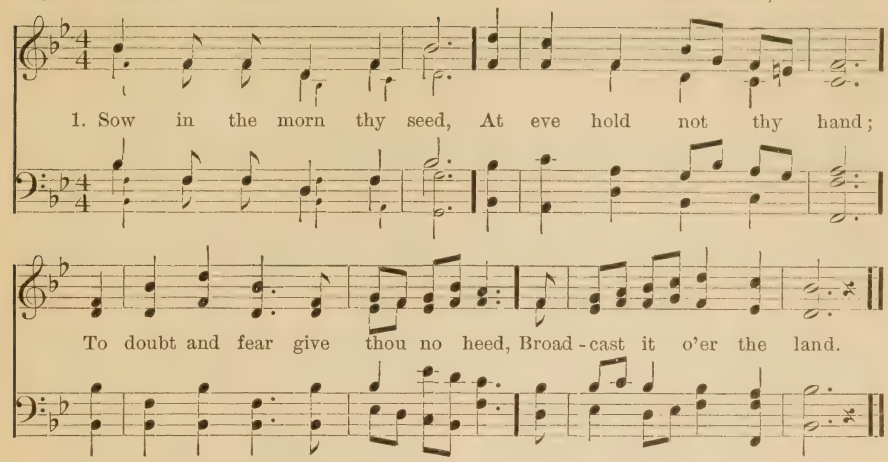
3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

Anon., 1845

495 SILVER STREET S. M.

Isaac Smith, c. 1770



2 Thou knowest not which may thrive,
The late or early sown,
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

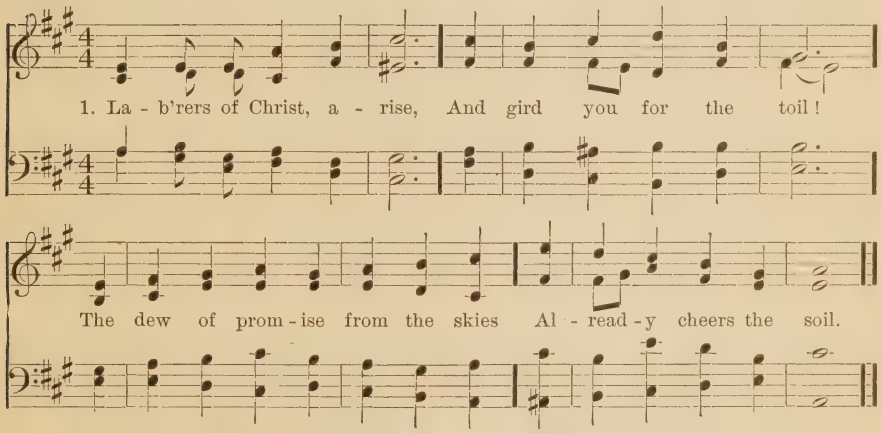
3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And Heaven cry, "Harvest Home."

James Montgomery, 1819

496 DOMENICA S. M.

Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, 1875



2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed store.

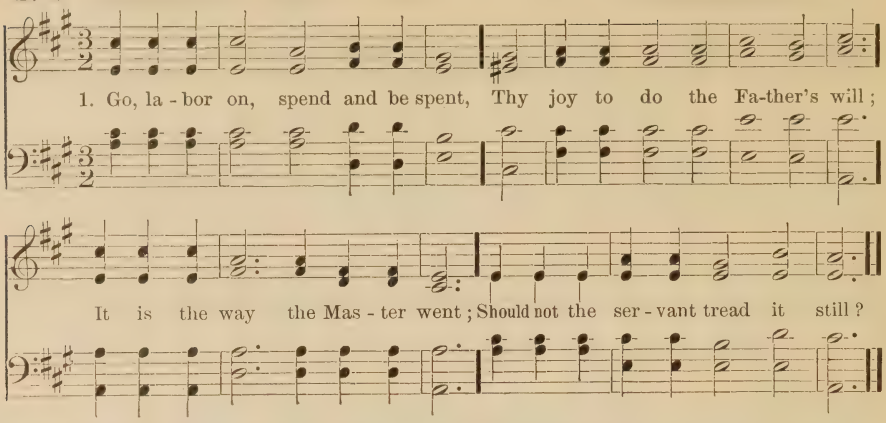
3 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

4 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

Lydia H. Sigourney, 1841

497 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

Charles Zeuner, 1833



2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not:
The Master praises,—what are men?

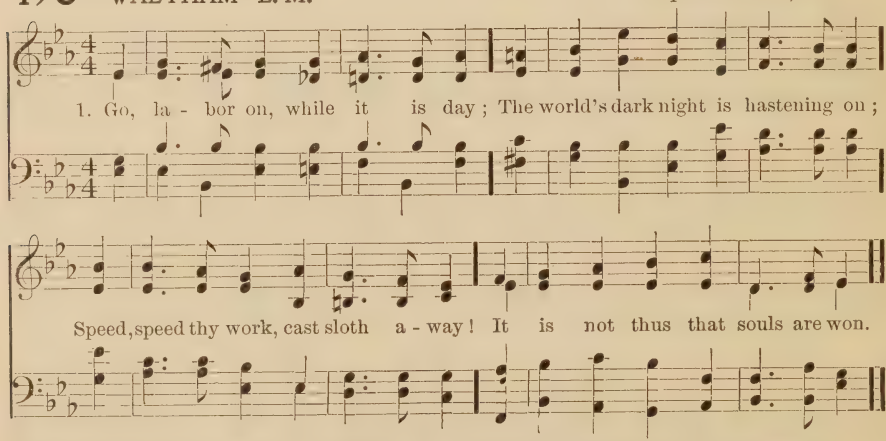
3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
The willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843

498 WALTHAM L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872



2 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb:
Take up the torch and wave it wide—
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

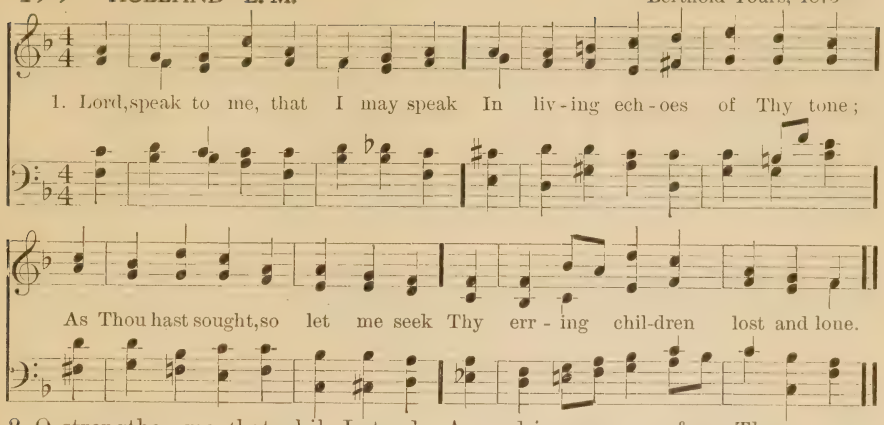
3 Toil on,—faint not; keep watch and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

4 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843

499 HOLLAND L. M.

Berthold Tours, 1875



2 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

3 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

4 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

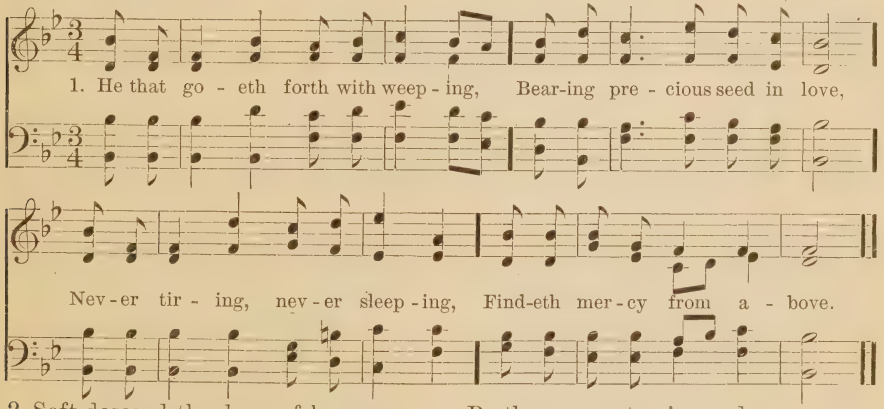
5 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

6 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Frances R. Havergal, 1872

500 STOCKWELL 8. 7. 8. 7

Darius E. Jones, 1851



2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

Thomas Hastings, 1836

501 SANCTUARY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1871

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus cry-ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
Fields are white, and har - vests wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free;
rall.
Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, send me, send me?"

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

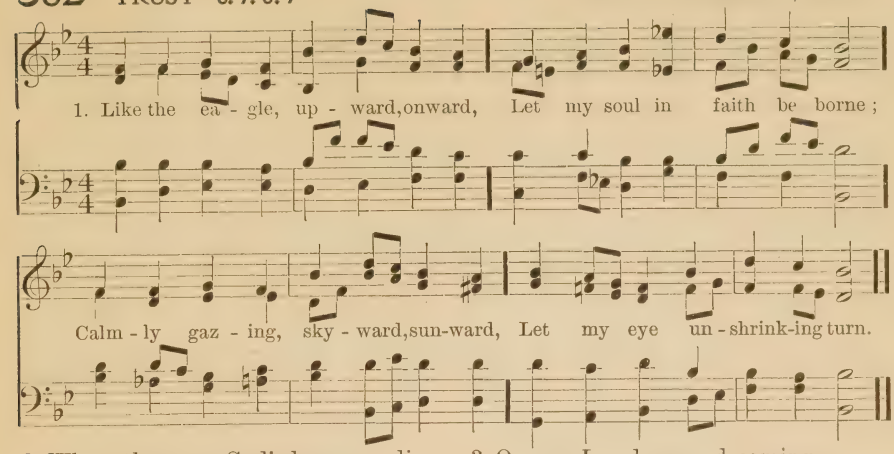
3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth —
"Here am I, send me, send me."

Rev. Daniel March, 1868

502 TRUST 8. 7. 8. 7

Arr. from Mendelssohn, 1840



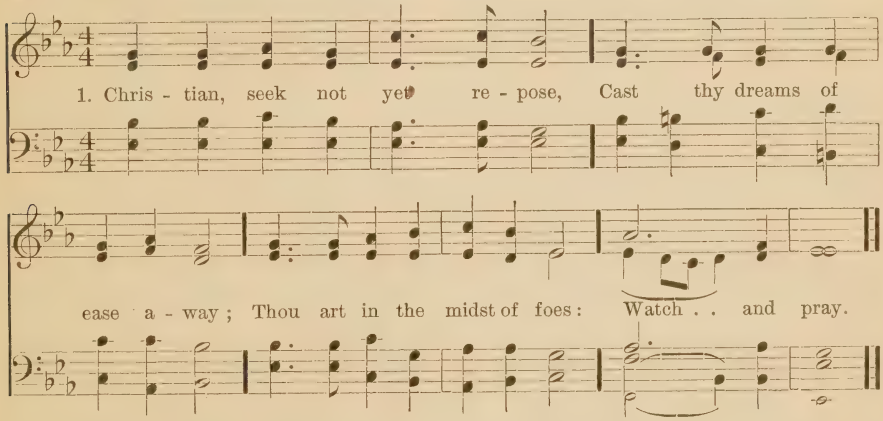
2 Where the cross, God's love revealing,
Sets the fettered spirit free,
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
There, my soul, thy rest shall be.

3 O may I no longer, dreaming,
Idly waste my golden day,
But, each precious hour redeeming,
Upward, onward, press my way.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857

503 VIGILATE 7. 7. 7. 3

William H. Monk, 1868



2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
Watch and pray.

3 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

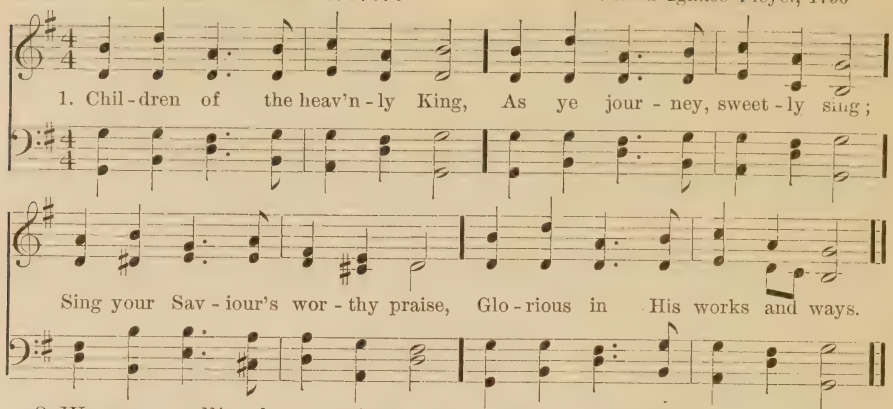
5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart his word:
"Watch and pray."

6 Watch as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray.

Charlotte Elliott, 1839; Verse 1, l. 2, alt.

504 PLEYEL'S HYMN 7. 7. 7. 7

Arr. from Ignace Pleyel, 1790



2 We are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

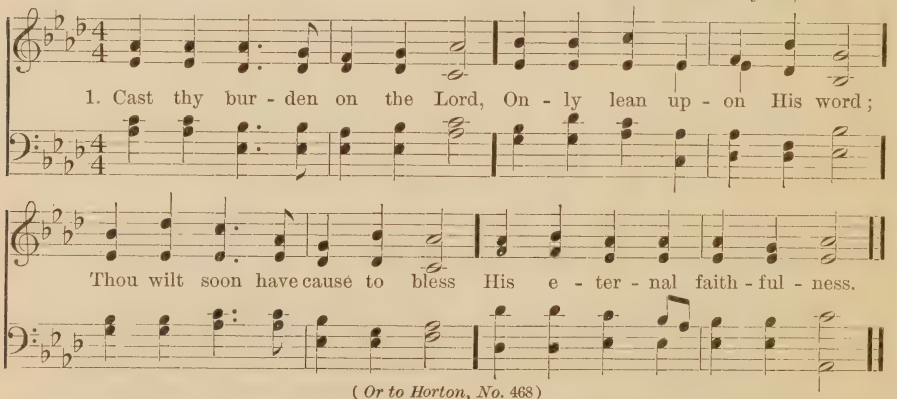
5 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

Rev. John Cennick, 1742

505 CHESTER 7. 7. 7. 7

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862



(*Or to Horton, No.* 468)

2 He sustains thee by His hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those whom Jesus once hath loved,
From His grace are never moved.

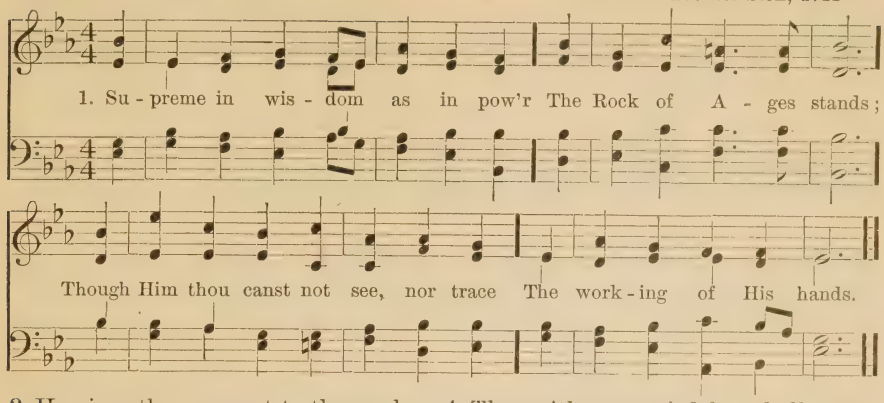
3 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfil
All the pleasure of His will.

4 Jesus! Guardian of Thy flock,
Be Thyself our constant Rock;
Make us, by Thy powerful hand,
Strong as Zion's mountain, stand.

Rev. Rowland Hill, 1783

506 COVERT C. M.

Arr. from Tochter Sion, 1741



2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

3 Mere human power shall fast decay,
And youthful vigor cease;
But they who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

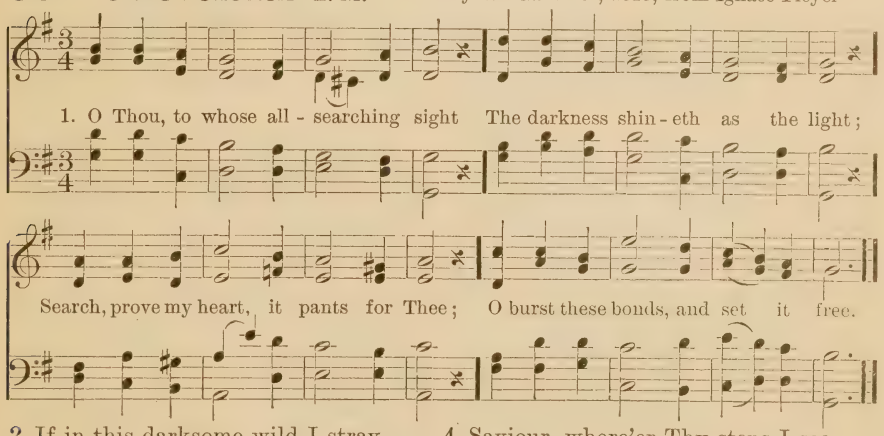
4 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardor onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,
Their wings are faith and love;
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707; Alt. Scottish Trans. and Paraphs., 1745, 1781

507 GRACE CHURCH L. M.

Arr. by W. Gardiner, 1815, from Ignace Pleyel



2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, nor violence I fear,
Nor fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

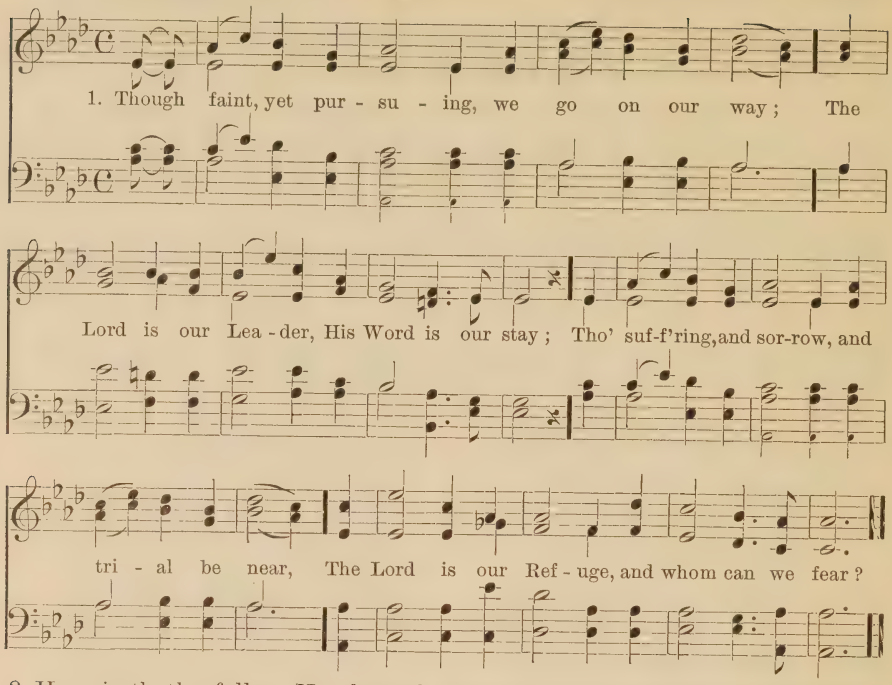
3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe;
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

5 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

Count Nicolaus von Zinzendorf, 1721; Tr. Rev. John Wesley

508 ROBINSON 11. 11. 11. 11



2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint; [their complaint;
The weak and oppressed, He will hear
The way may be weary, and thorny the road, [God.
But how can we falter? Our help is in

3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads; [feeds!
His flock in the desert, how kindly He
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears, [from the snares.
And brings back the wand'rers all safe

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light; [God is our might;
Though storms rage around us, our
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come; [home!
The Lord is our leader, and heaven our

Anon.

509 11. 11. 11. 11

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know; [rest;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow, [when oppressed.
Restores me when wandering, redeems

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray, [fear;
Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay; [near.
No harm can befall, with my Comforter

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread; [runneth o'er;
With blessings unmeasured my cup
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head; [dence more?
O what shall I ask of Thy provi-

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God, [above;
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod [kingdom of love.
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy

James Montgomery, 1822

510 BELSIZE 6. 6. 6. 6. 4. 4. 4. 4

James W. Elliott, 1892

1. Ye tribes of Ad - am, join With heav'n, and earth, and seas, And of - fer notes di - vine To your Cre - a - tor's praise. Ye ho - ly throng Of an - gels bright, In worlds of light, Be - gin the song.

(*Or to Lenox, No.* 234)

2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His power declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By His supreme command.
He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the Lord.

4 He moved their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each His word fulfils,
While time and nature lasts.
In different ways
His works proclaim
His wondrous name,
And speak His praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

511 CASSEL 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

German, 1745

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to
{ Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing Call for songs of

sing Thy grace; } Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net,
loud - est praise. }

Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove; Praise the mount— I'm

fixed up - on it, Mount of God's un - chang - ing love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

Rev. Robert Robinson, 1758

512 INNOCENTS 7. 7. 7. 7

Arr. 1851, from French Melody

1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang
When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When He spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens, new earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery, 1819

NETTLETON 8. 7. 8. 7. D. (*Second Tune*)

Rev. Asahel Nettleton, 1825

FINE.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
{ Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
D.C. *Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of God's un-chang-ing love.*

D.C.

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

513 DULCE CARMEN 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7 1782

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To His feet Thy trib - ute bring;
Ransomed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, Ev - er-more His prais - es sing:
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor,
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like He tends and spare us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him!
Gathered in from every race.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

514 FABEN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

1 Praise to Thee, Thou great Creator,
Praise to Thee from every tongue:
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine:
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise Him for His love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy, [heaven,
Sound His praise through earth and
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1767

515 FABEN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

John H. Willcox, 1849

1. Praise the Lord: ye heavens, a - dore Him; Praise Him, an - gels in the height;
Sun and moon, re-joice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
Praise the Lord, for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His might - y voice o - beyed;
Laws which nev - er shall be bro - ken For their guid-ance hath He made.

2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail:
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name.

3 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer unto Thee;
Young and old, Thy praise expressing,
In glad homage bend the knee.
All the saints in heaven adore Thee;
We would bow before Thy throne:
As Thine angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done.

Verses 1, 2, Anon., c. 1801; Verse 3, Edward Osler, 1836

516 NASHVILLE 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8

Gregorian. Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1832

1. I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and tho't, and being last, Or im - mor-tal - i - ty en-dures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs; their pomp and power
And thoughts all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train,
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

517 WAREHAM (All Saints) L. M.

Wm. Knapp, 1738

1. Lord God of hosts, by all a-dored! Thy name we praise with one ac - cord;
The earth and heav'ns are full of Thee, Thy light, Thy love, Thy ma - jes - ty.

2 Loud alleluias to Thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
Eternal praise to Thee is given
By all the powers and thrones in heaven.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng,
The prophets aid to swell the song,
The noble and triumphant host
Of martyrs make of Thee their boast.

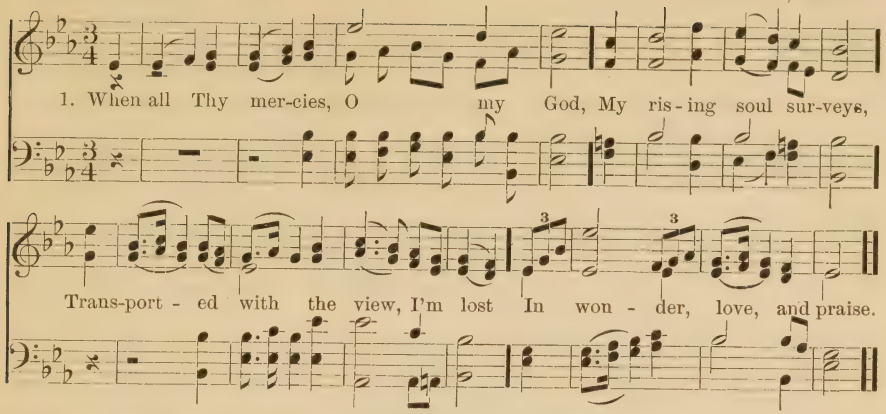
4 The holy church in every place
Throughout the world exalts Thy praise;
Both heaven and earth do worship Thee,
Thou Father of eternity!

5 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor Thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end for evermore.

Anon., 1865

518 GENEVA C. M.

John Cole, 1800



2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

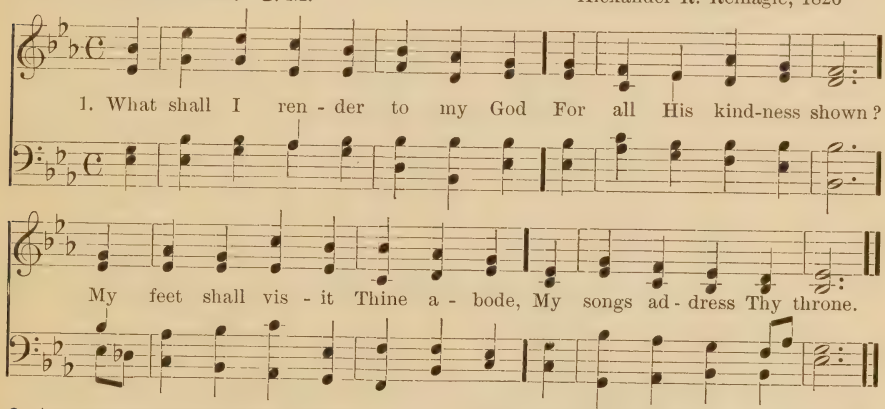
5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For O eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

Joseph Addison, 1712

519 ST. PETER C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1826



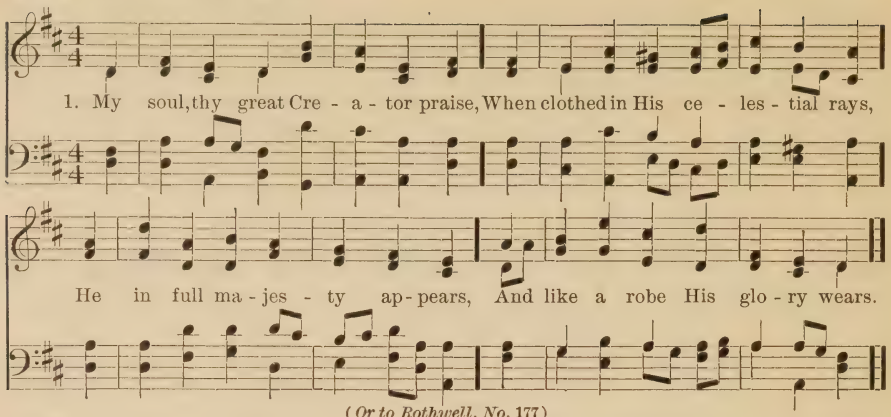
2 Among the saints that fill Thy house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy Thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 Now I am Thine, forever Thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain
And bound me with Thy love.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

520 ST. PAUL'S L. M.



(*Or to Rothwell, No.* 177)

2 The heavens are for His curtains spread;
Th' unfathomed deep He makes His bed;
Clouds are His chariot, when He flies
On winged storms across the skies.

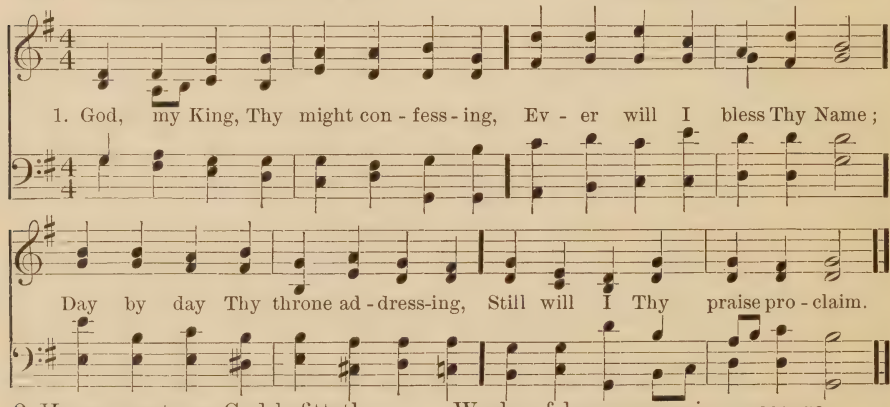
3 Angels, whom His own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move,
To bear His vengeance or His love.

4 How strange Thy works! how great Thy skill!
While every land Thy riches fill;
Thy wisdom round the world we see:
This spacious world is full of Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

521 STUTTGARDT 8. 7. 8. 7

Johann G. C. Störl, 1715



2 Honor great our God befitteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought—
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

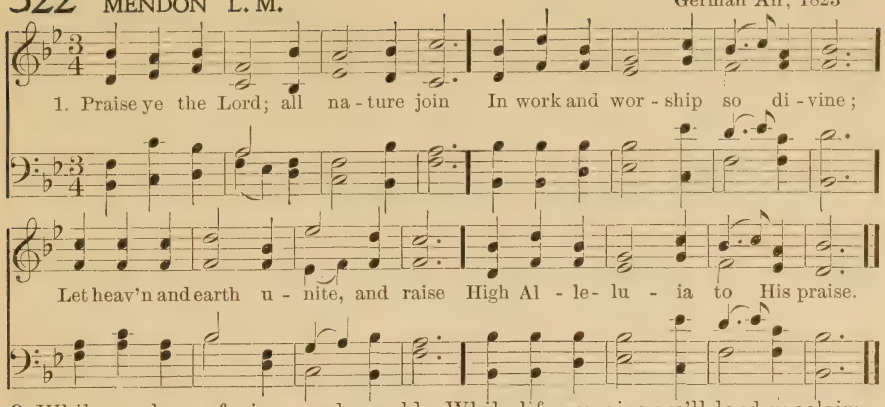
5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee
Thee shall all Thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

Bishop Richard Mant, 1824

522 MENDON L. M.

German Air, 1823



2 While realms of joy, and worlds [around,
Their alleluias high resound;
Let saints below and saints above,
Exulting sing redeeming love.

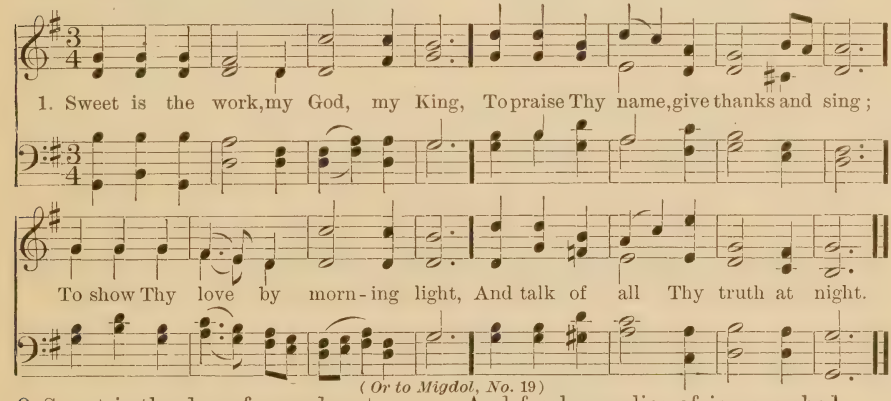
3 As instruments well tuned and strung,
We'll praise the Lord with heart and tongue;
While life remains we'll loud proclaim
High alleluias to His name.

4 Beyond the grave, in nobler strains,
When freed from sorrow, sin, and pains,
Eternally the church will raise
High alleluias to His praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

523 MOZART L. M.

Arr. from Mozart



(*Or to Migdol, No.* 19)

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works and bless His word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels! how divine!

4 Then I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

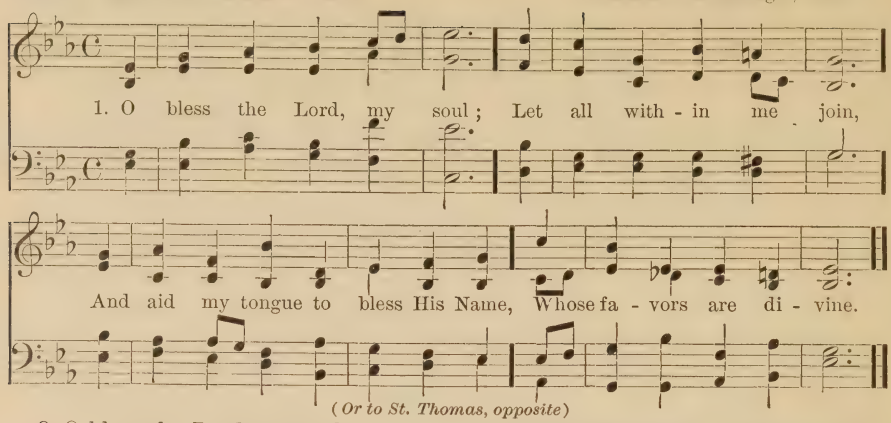
5 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex mine eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

524 BEN RHYDDING S. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1867



(*Or to St. Thomas, opposite*)

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins,
'Tis He relieves thy pain,
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

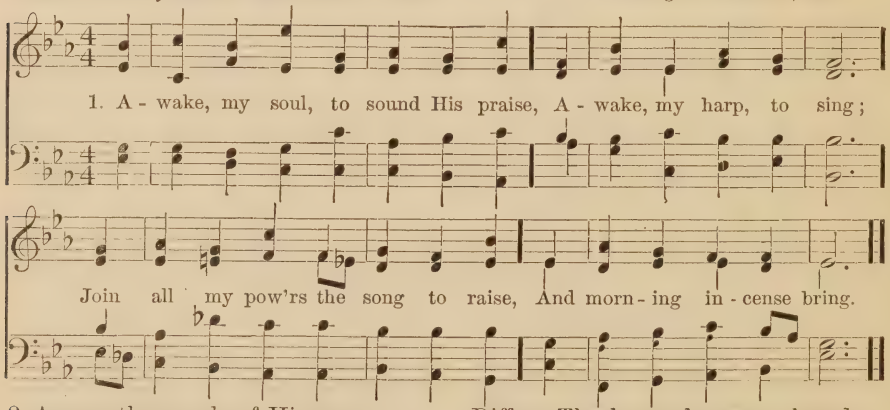
5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest: [proud,
The Lord hath judgments for the
And justice for the oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His belovèd Son.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

525 ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE C. M.

George M. Garrett, 1872



2 Among the people of His care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there His name resound.

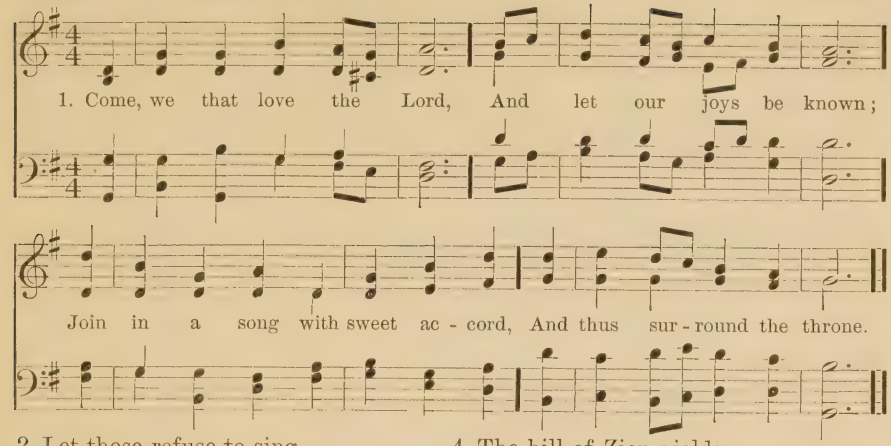
3 Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry train;
Diffuse Thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world Thy reign.

4 So shall Thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng Thy courts above;
While sinners hear Thy pardoning [voice,
And taste redeeming love.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

526 ST. THOMAS S. M.

1763



2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

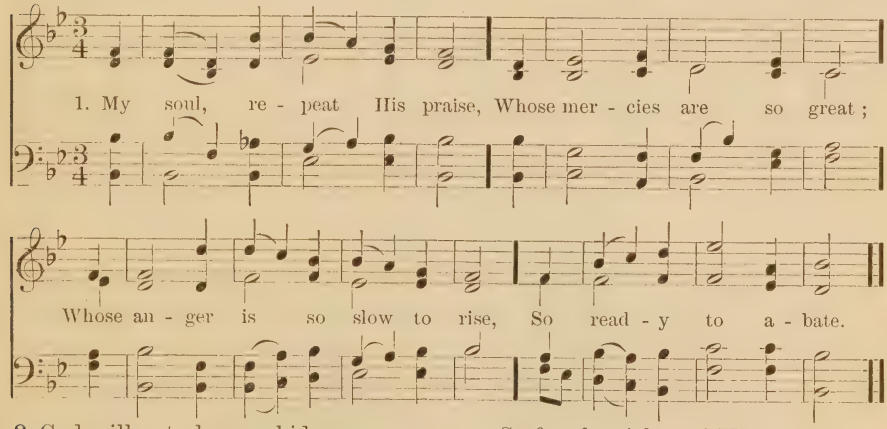
4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound
And every tear be dry; [ground
We're marching through Emmanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

527 FERGUSON S. M.

George Kingsley, 1843



2 God will not always chide;
And when His strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

528 ELVEY 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Sir George J. Elvey, 1859

1. Thank and praise Je - ho - vah's name; For His mer - cies, firm and sure,
From e - ter - ni - ty the same, To e - ter - ni - ty en - dure.

2. Let the ran - somed thus re - joice, Gath - ered out of ev - 'ry land,
As the peo - ple of His choice, Pluck'd from the de - stroy - er's hand.

3 In the wilderness astray,
Hither, thither, while they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home,—

4 Then unto the Lord they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

5 To a pleasant land He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where from flowery hills the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

6 O that men would praise the Lord
For His goodness to their race;
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace.

James Montgomery, 1822

Glory and Safety

529 AUSTRIA 8. 7. 8. 7. D. Francis Joseph Haydn, 1797

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
He whose word can - not be bro - ken, Form'd thee for His own a - bode;
On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

(*Or to Harwell, No.* 164)

2 See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage,
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name;
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

530 EIN' FESTE BURG 8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6. 7

Martin Luther, 1529

VOICES IN UNISON. *Slow and sustained.*

1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul-wark nev - er fail - ing;
Our help - er He, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.
For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great,
And, armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth is His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure:
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still,
His Kingdom is forever.

Martin Luther, 1527; Tr. F. H. Hedge, 1852

531 AURELIA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Samuel S. Wesley, 1864

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;
From Heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

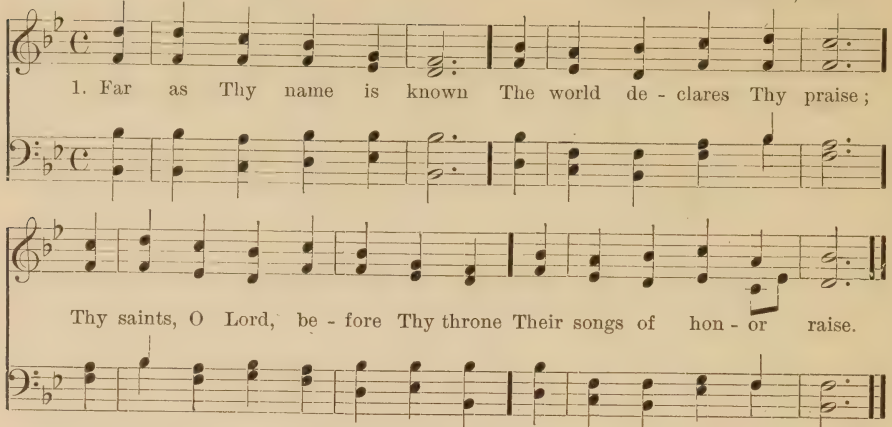
4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace, that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

Rev. Samuel J. Stone, 1866

532 STATE STREET S. M.

Jonathan C. Woodman, 1844



2 With joy Thy people stand
On Sion's chosen hill;
Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand,
And counsels of Thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view Thy holy ground,
And mark the building well:

4 The orders of Thy house,
The worship of Thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;
And make a fair report.

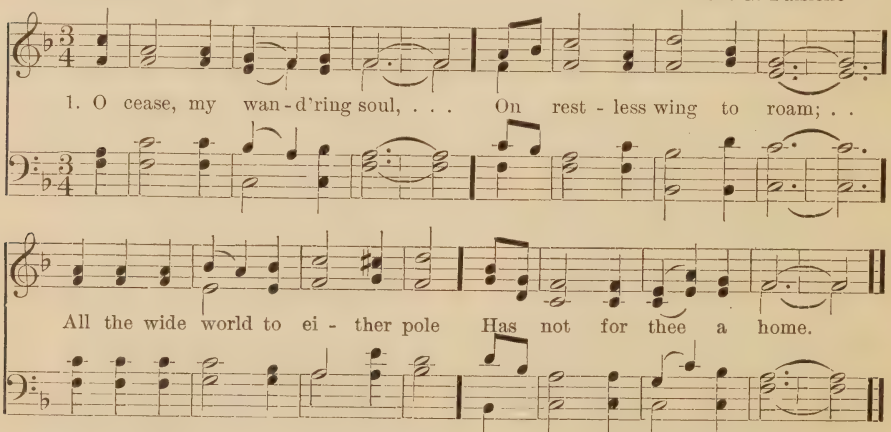
5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

533 VIGIL S. M.

Arr. from G. Paisiello



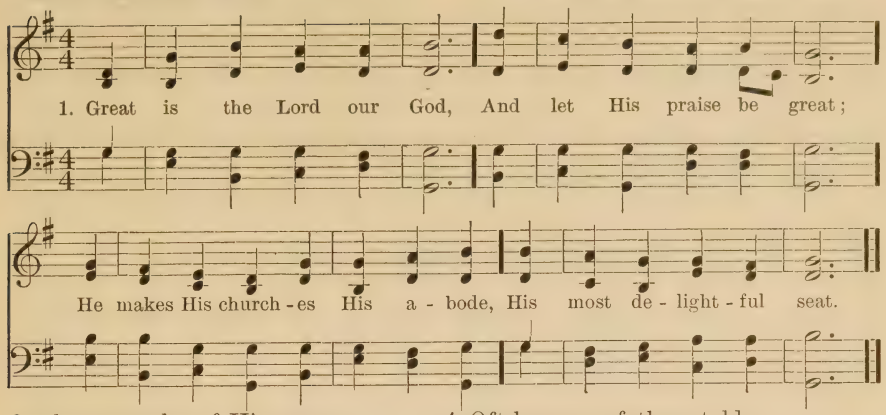
2 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

Rev. William A. Muhlenberg, 1826

534 CALVIN S. M.

Arr. from Genevan Psalter, 1543



2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand,
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has His salvation shone!
How fair His heavenly grace!

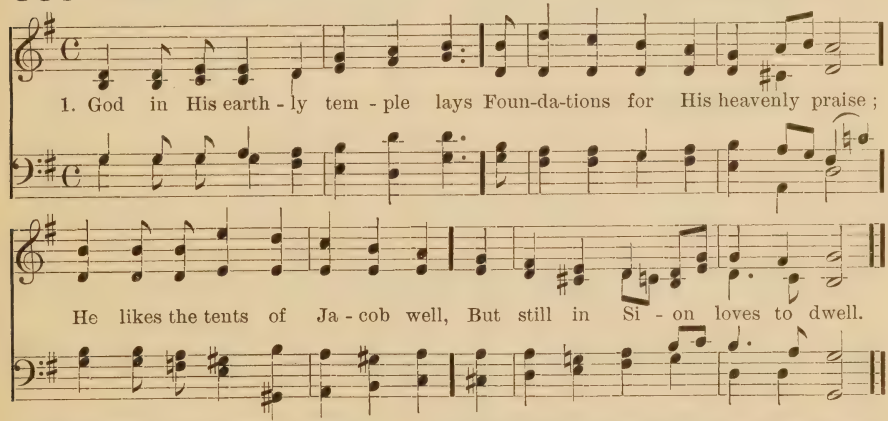
4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen
How well our God secures the fold,
Where His own flocks have been.

5 In every new distress
We'll to His House repair;
Recall to mind His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

535 KEBLE L. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875



2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Sion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

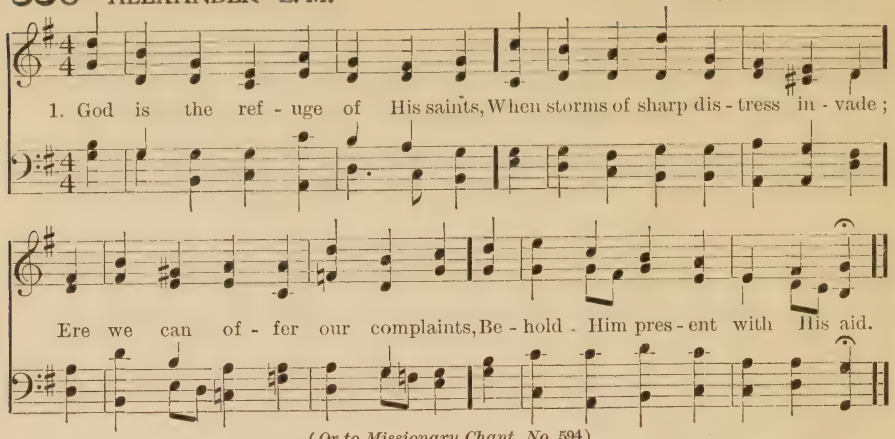
4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up His last account
Of natives in His holy mount,
'Twill be an honor to appear
As one new-born and nourished there.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719

536 ALEXANDER L. M.

Henry Smart, 1872



(*Or to Missionary Chant, No.* 594)

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world —
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

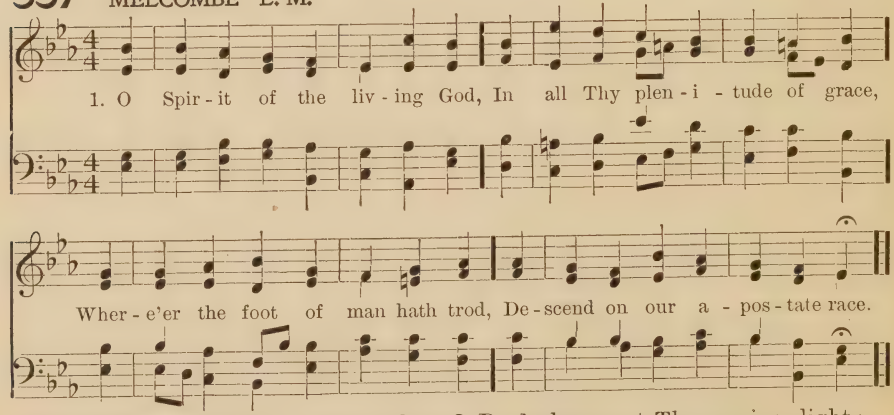
5 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

537 MELCOMBE L. M.

1782



2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

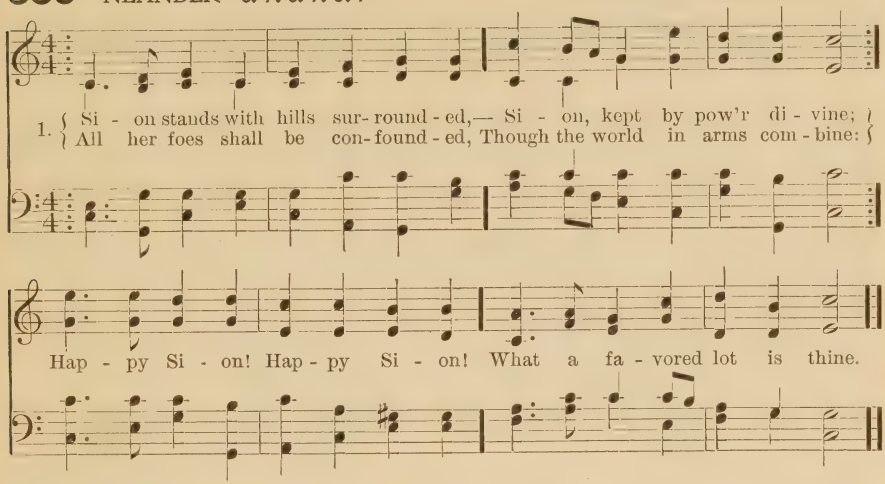
4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

5 God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall His salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfilled
The Saviour's sufferings crowned thro' [Thee.

James Montgomery, 1823

538 NEANDER 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7

Rev. Joachim Neander, 1680



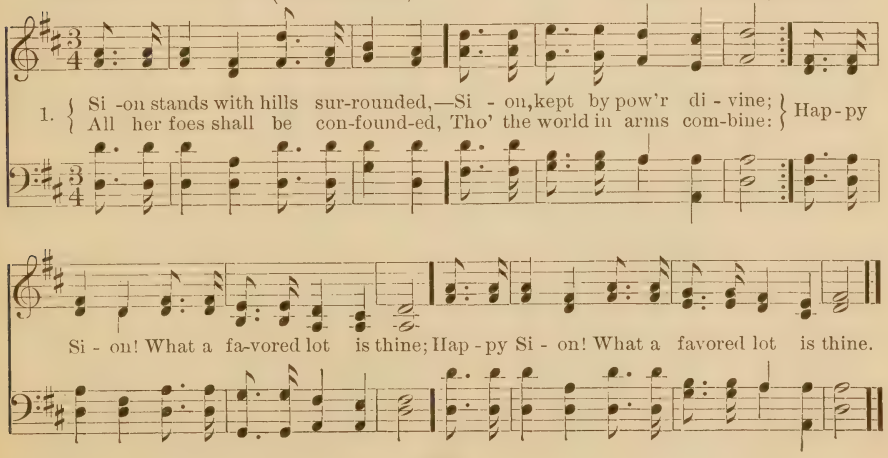
2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight;
God is with thee:—
God, thine everlasting light.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1806

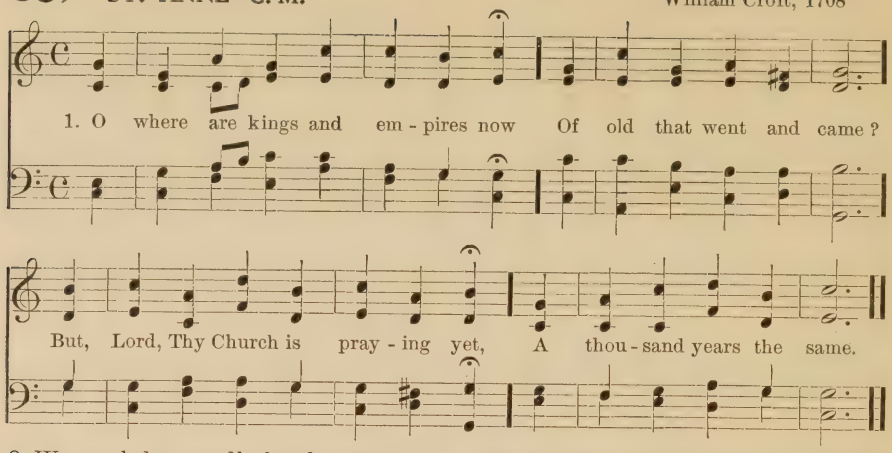
ZION 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7 (*Second Tune*)

Thomas Hastings, 1831



539 ST. ANNE C. M.

William Croft, 1708



2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

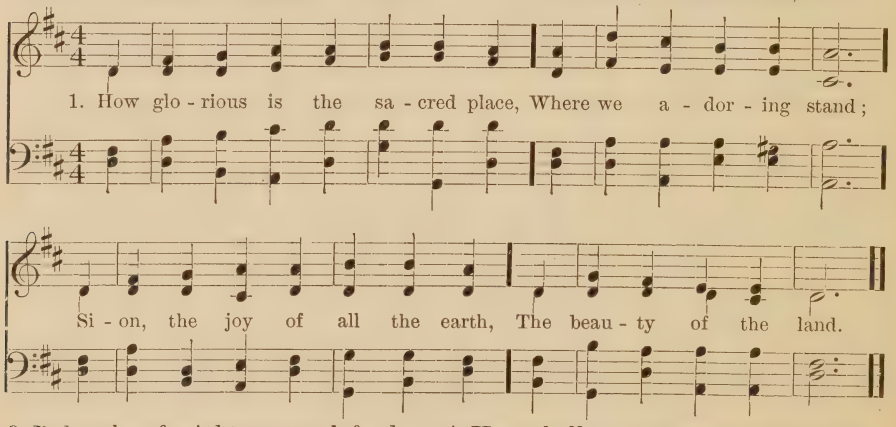
3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threaten-
And tempests are abroad; [ing her,

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made with hands.

Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1839

540 TALLIS'S ORDINAL C. M.

Arr. from Thomas Tallis, 1560



2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls of strong salvation made
Defy the assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.

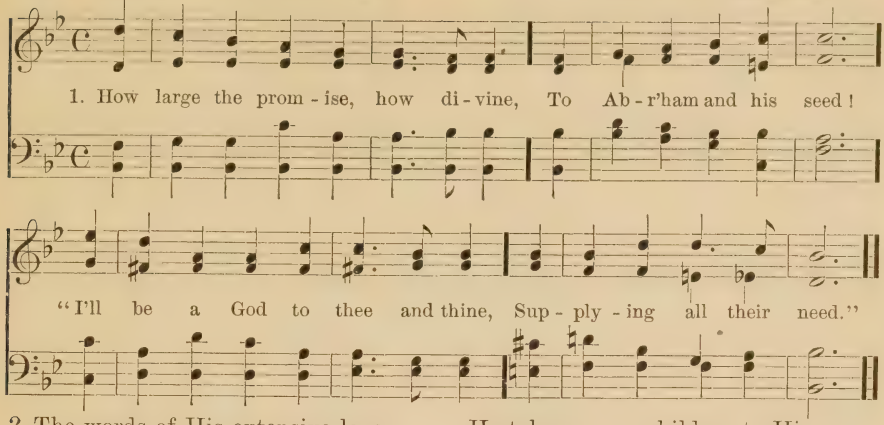
4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on His grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, forever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as His years.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709; Verse 1, alt.

541 MOUNT CALVARY C. M.

Sir Robert P. Stewart, 1874



2 The words of His extensive love,
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the covenant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great Father given;
He takes young children to His arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God! how faithful are His ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of His grace,
Blots out the children's name.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

542 C. M.

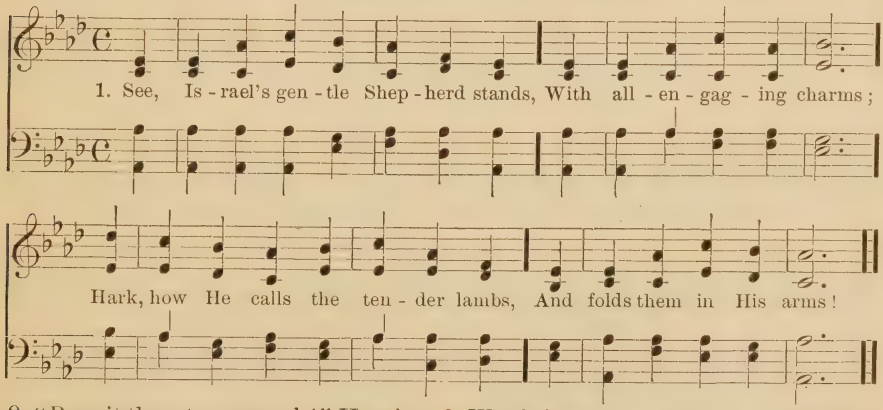
1 Now let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out Thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in Thy blood.

2 Thus to their parents and their seed
Shall Thy salvation come;
And numerous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

543 EVAN C. M.

Rev. William H. Havergal, 1846



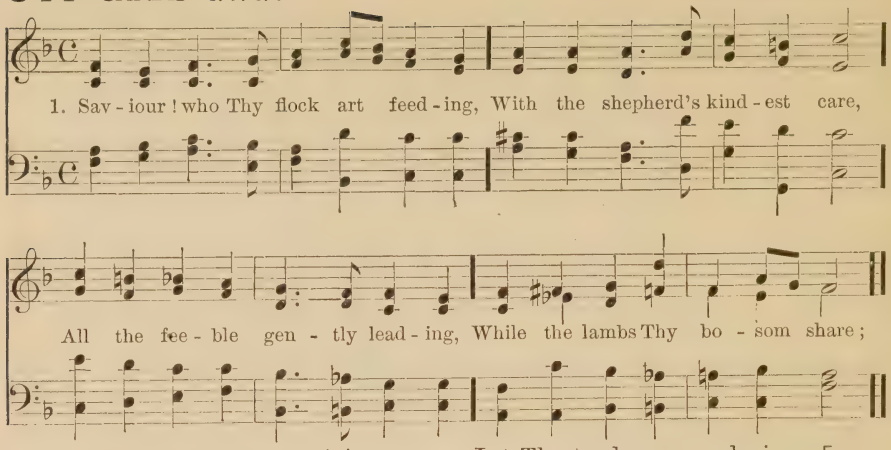
2 "Permit them to approach!" He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1740

544 SARDIS 8. 7. 8. 7

Arr. from Beethoven



2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm ;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

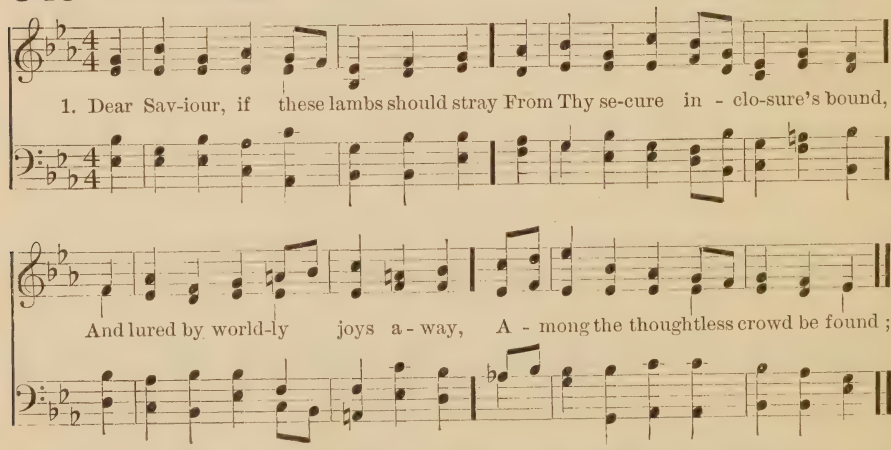
3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey ;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving, [way :
Keep them through life's dangerous

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place ;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

Rev. William A. Muhlenberg, 1826

545 IN MEMORIAM L. M.

John P. Campbell, 1899



2 Remember still that they are Thine,
That Thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace, they wear.

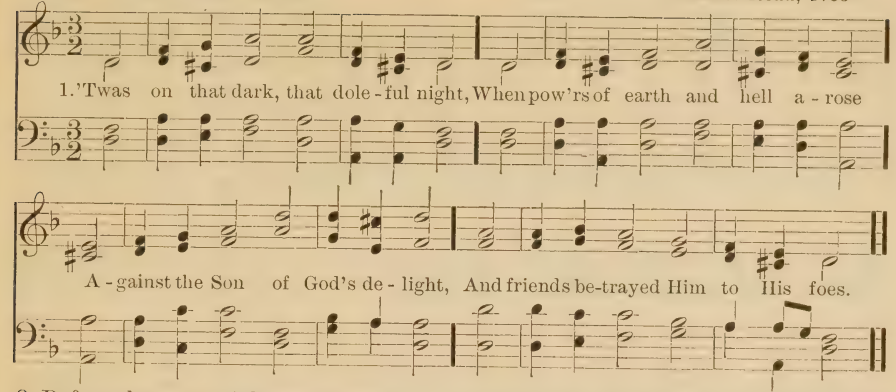
3 In all their erring, sinful years,
O let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears,
Which made them consecrate to Thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn Thou their feet from folly's way,
The wanderers to Thy fold restore.

Mrs. Abby B. Hyde, 1824

546 WINDHAM L. M.

Daniel Read, 1785



2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed and brake;
What love through all His actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace He spake!

3 "This is my body broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup and blest the wine;
"'Tis the new covenant in My blood."

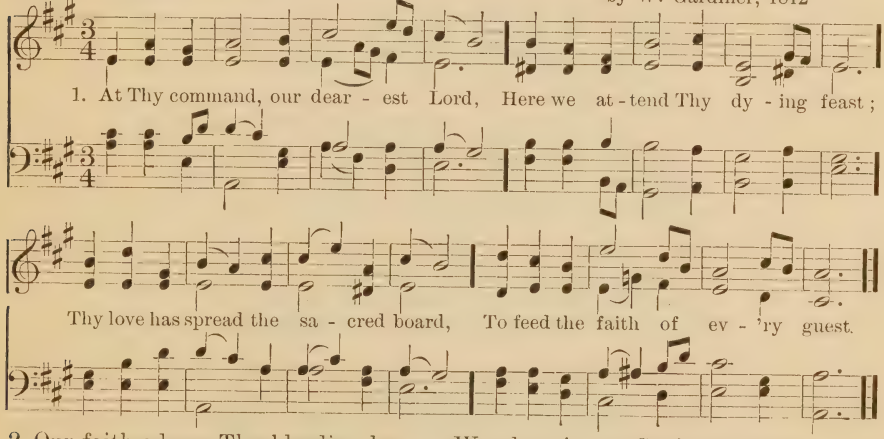
4 "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at My table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, Thy feast we celebrate,
We show Thy death, we sing Thy Name,
Till Thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

547 EASTON L. M.

Arr. from J. W. A. Mozart
by W. Gardiner, 1812



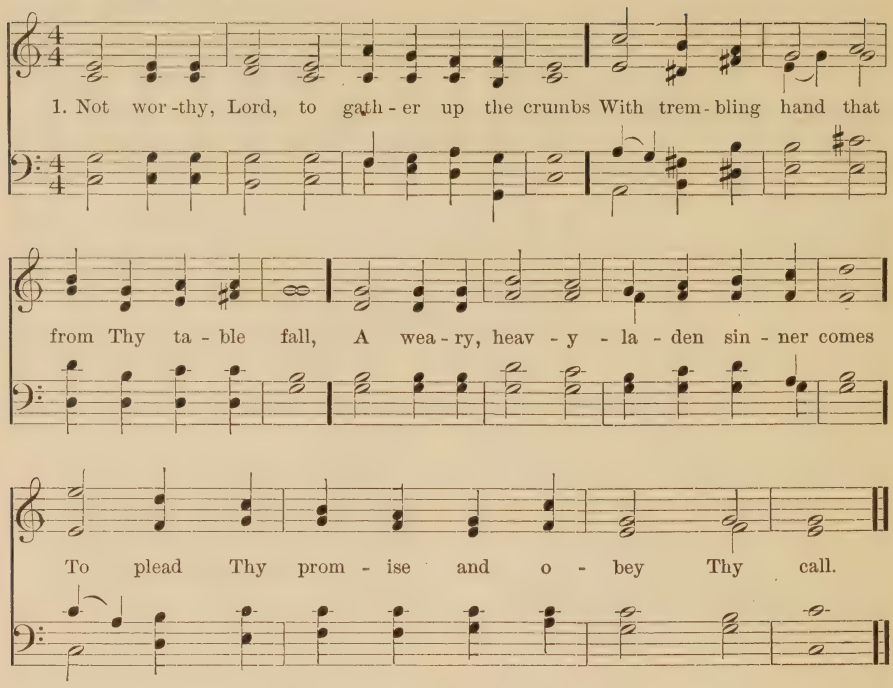
2 Our faith adores Thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame;
And cast contempt upon Thy cause;
We glory in our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in His cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left His tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till He come.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

548 MORECAMBE 10. 10. 10. 10



2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board;
Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.

3 One word from Thee, my Lord, one smile, one look,
And I could face the cold, rough world again;
And with that treasure in my heart could brook
The wrath of devils and the scorn of men.

4 And is not mercy Thy prerogative —
Free mercy, boundless, fathomless, divine?
Me, Lord, the chief of sinners, me forgive,
And Thine the greater glory, only Thine.

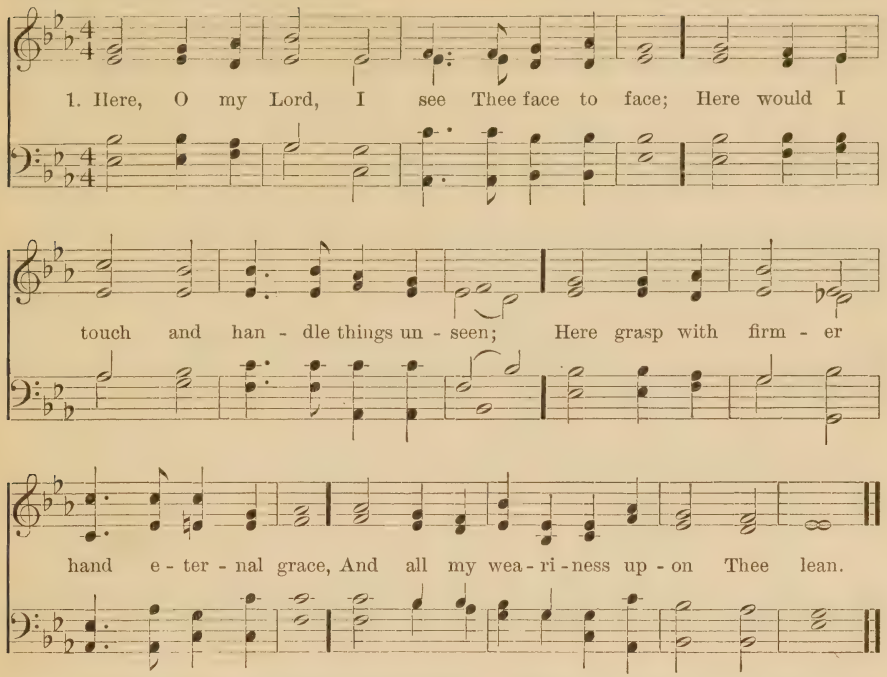
5 I hear Thy voice; Thou bid'st me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy piercèd feet;
Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome guest
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat.

6 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer;
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee;
Dwell Thou forever in my heart, and there,
Lord, let me sup with Thee; sup Thou with me.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1872

549 PENITENTIA 10. 10. 10. 10

Edward Dearle, 1874



(*Or to Raynolds, No.* 15)

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
  Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
  Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
  This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
  The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

4 I have no help but Thine, nor do I need
  Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
  My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

5 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
  Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,
  Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

6 Feast after feast thus comes, and passes by;
  Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
  The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1855

550 SEBASTIAN 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7

Samuel S. Wesley, 1872

1. "Till He come," O let the words Lin - ger on the trembling chords;
Let the "lit - tle while" be-tween In their gold - en light be seen;
Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be - yond that "Till He come."

(*Or to Eltham, No.* 714)

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only, "Till He come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread,—
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only, "Till He come."

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1862

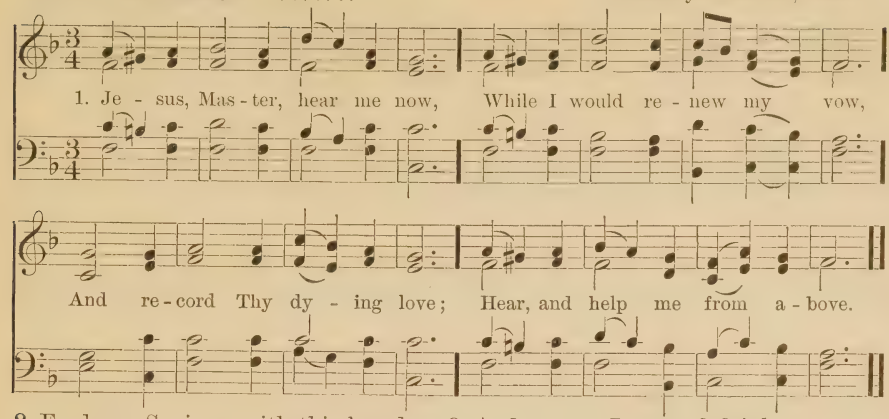
BREAD OF LIFE 6. 4. 6. 4. D.

William F. Sherwin, 1877

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea;
Beyond the sacred page I seek thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for Thee, O liv-ing Word!

551 ESHTEMOA 7. 7. 7. 7.

Timothy B. Mason, 1836



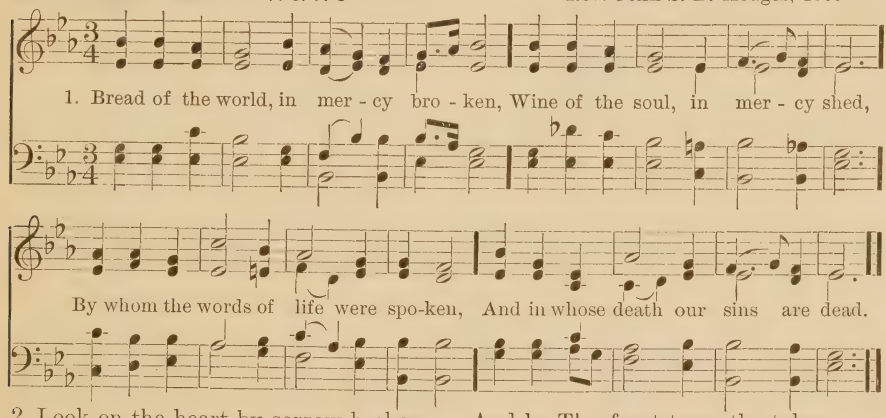
2 Feed me, Saviour, with this bread,
Broken in Thy body's stead;
Cheer my spirit with this wine,
Streaming like that blood of Thine.

3 And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding, there — for me.

Rev. William Maxwell, 1842

552 EUCHARIST 9. 8. 9. 8

Rev. John S. B. Hodges, 1869



2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1826

553 BREAD OF LIFE 6. 4. 6. 4. D.

1 Break Thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea;
Beyond the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for Thee,
O living Word!

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me — to me —
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All-in-All!

Mary A. Lathbury, 1880

554 BREAD OF HEAVEN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1871

1. O Bread to pil - grims giv - en, O Food that an - gels eat,
O Man - na sent from heav - en, For heaven-born na - tures meet,
Give us, for Thee long pin - ing, To eat till rich - ly filled;
Till, earth's de - lights re - sign - ing, Our ev - 'ry wish is stilled.

2 O Water, life-bestowing,
Forth from the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love Thou art:
O let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more:
Give us, Thou True and Loving,
On earth to live in Thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

Anon. (Latin, c. 17th cent.); Tr. Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858

555 CROSS OF JESUS 8. 7. 8. 7

Sir John Stainer, 1887

1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which be - fore the cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace pos-sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.

2 Here I rest, forever viewing
Mercy's stream in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessèd is this station,
Low before His Cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

Rev. Walter Shirley, 1770

556 DORRNANCE 8. 7. 8. 7

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1848

1. From the ta - ble now re - tir - ing Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, re - freshment find - ing, Grow in all things like our head.

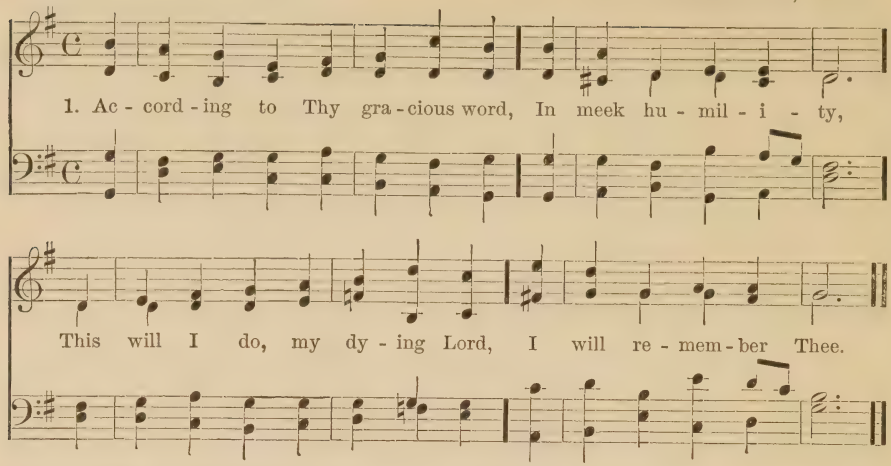
2 His example while beholding,
May our lives His image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in His way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day.

John Rowe, 1812

557 BERTHA C. M.

Berthold Tours, 1872



2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee;

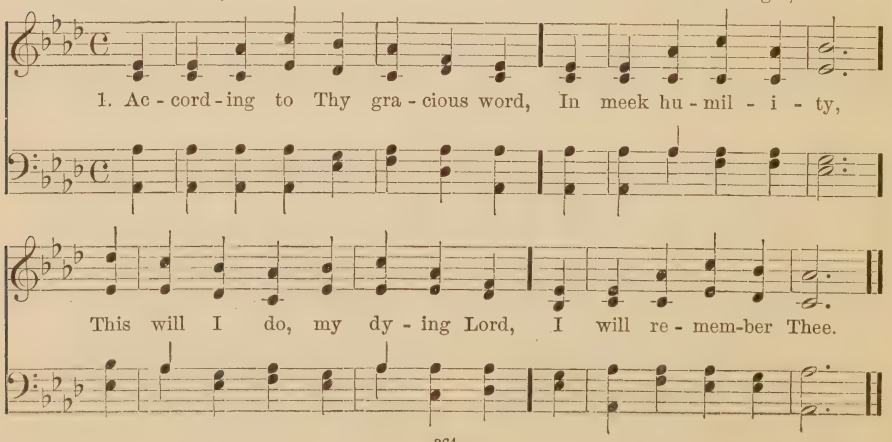
5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me:
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

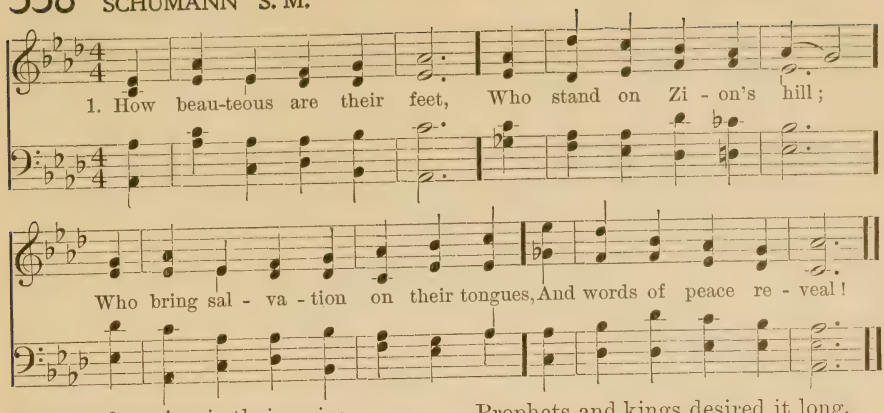
James Montgomery, 1825

EVAN C. M. (*Second Tune*)

Rev. William H. Havergal, 1846



558 SCHUMANN S. M.



2 How charming is their voice;
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

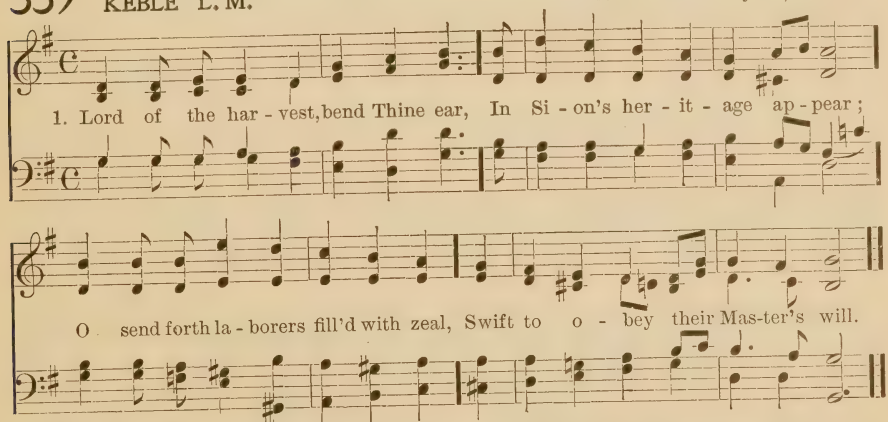
5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

559 KEBLE L. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875



2 Our lifted eyes, O Lord, behold
The ripening harvest tinged with gold;
Wide fields are opening to our view,
The work is great, the laborers few.

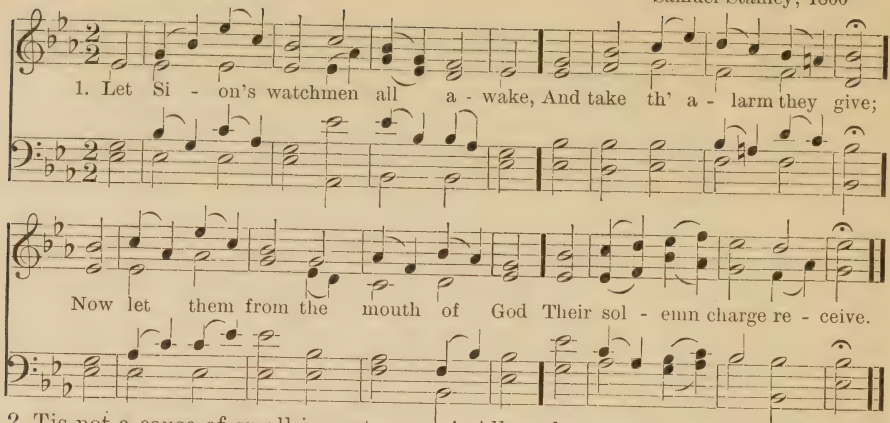
3 Led by Thine own Almighty hand,
Let Sion's sons, in many a band,
Arise to bless the dying race,
As heralds of redeeming grace.

4 Lord of the harvest, bid them rise,
Trained by the influence of the skies,
In wisdom, knowledge, grace to shine
Till every kingdom shall be Thine.

Thomas Hastings, 1836

560 WARWICK C. M.

Samuel Stanley, 1800



2 Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must forever live
In rapture, or in woe.

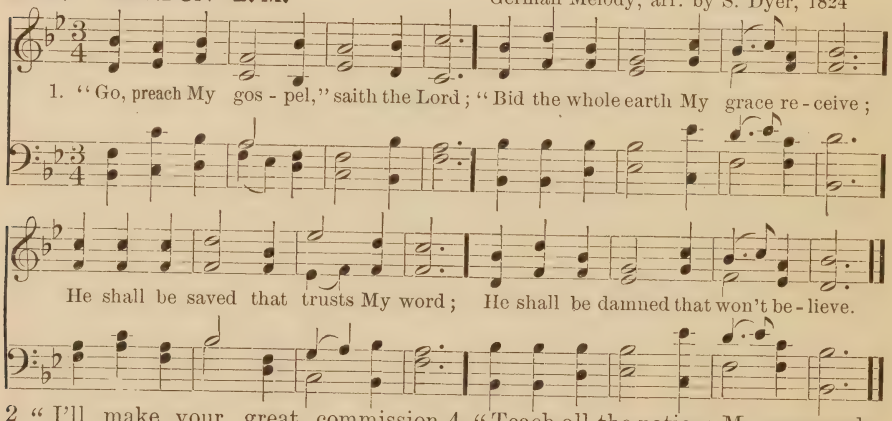
4 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there;
And shouldst Thou strictly mark our faults
Lord, how should we appear?

5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1736

561 MENDON L. M.

German Melody, arr. by S. Dyer, 1824



2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove My gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Go, heal the sick, go, raise the dead,
Go, cast out devils in My name:
Nor let My prophets be afraid,
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blasphème.

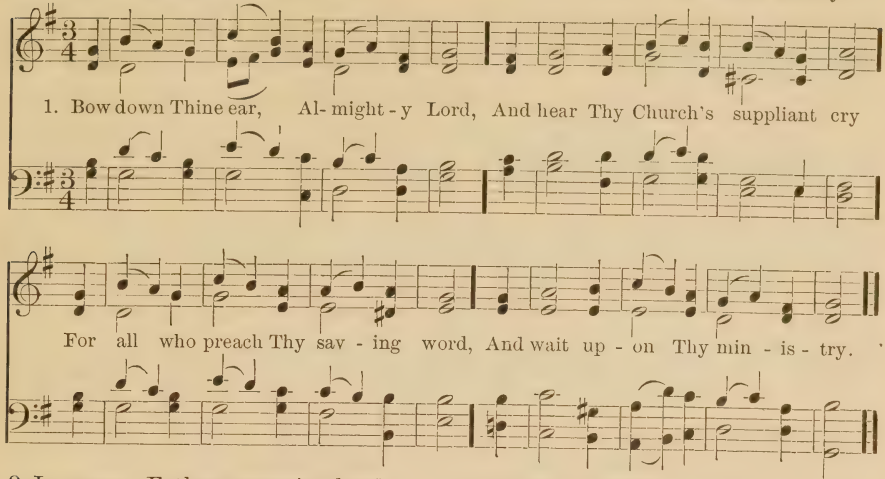
4 "Teach all the nations My commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in My hands,
I can destroy, and can defend."

5 He spake, and light shone round His head;
On a bright cloud to heaven He rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

562 INTERCESSION L. M.

Old Latin Melody



2 In mercy, Father, now give heed,
And pour Thy quickening Spirit's breath
On those whom Thou hast called to [feed
Thy flock redeemed by Jesus' death.

3 O Saviour, from Thy piercèd hand
Shed o'er them all Thy gifts Divine;
That those who in Thy presence stand
May do Thy will with love like Thine.

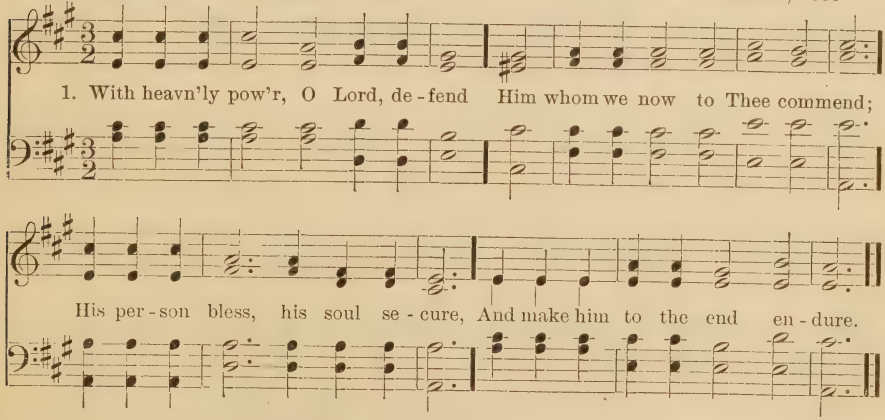
4 Blest Spirit, in their hearts abide,
And give them grace to watch and pray;
That, as they seek Thy flock to guide,
Themselves may keep the narrow way.

5 O God, Thy strength and mercy send
To shield them in their strife with sin;
Grant them, enduring to the end,
The crown of life at last to win.

Rev. Thomas E. Powell, 1864

563 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

H. C. Zeuner, 1833



2 Gird him with all sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace:
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey Thy will.

Rev. Rowland Hill, 1783

564 AUDLEY 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1851

1. O ho - ly Lord, our God, By heav'nly hosts a-dored, Hear us, we pray ; To Thee the cher - u-bim, An-gels and ser - a-phim, Un-ceas-ing prais-es hymn, Their homage pay.

2 Here give Thy word success,
And this Thy servant bless,
His labors own;
And while the sinner's Friend
His life and words commend,
Thy Holy Spirit send,
And make him known.

3 May every passing year
More happy still appear
Than this glad day;
With numbers fill the place,
Adorn Thy saints with grace,
Thy truth may all embrace,
O Lord, we pray.

J. Young, 1843

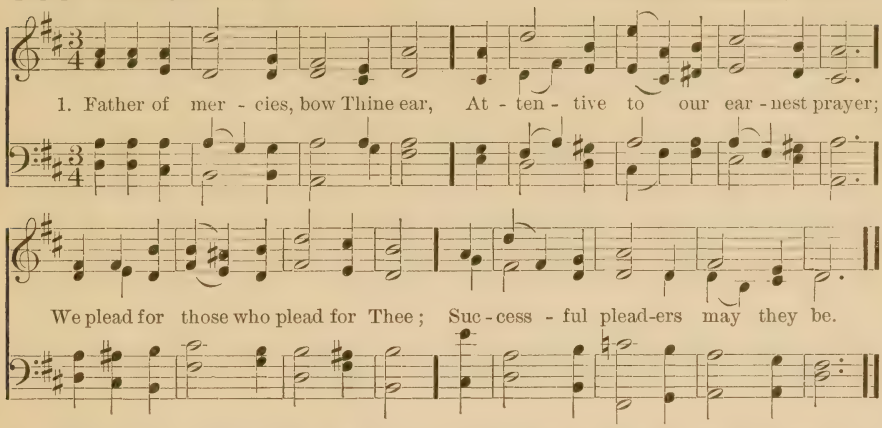
ITALIAN HYMN 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4 (*Second Tune*)

Felice de Giardini, 1769

1. O ho - ly Lord, our God, By heav'n-ly hosts a - dored, Hear us, we pray; To Thee the cher - u - bim, An - gels and ser - a - phim, Un - ceas - ing prais - es hymn, Their hom - age pay.

565 BEDDOME L. M.

Francis R. Statham, 1872



2 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

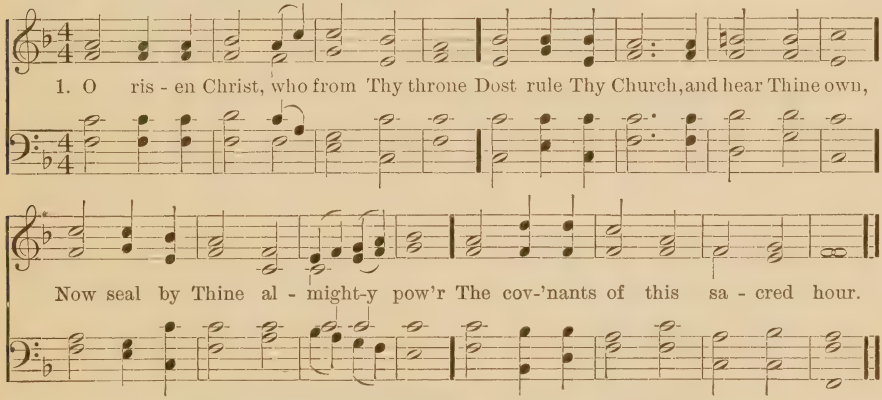
3 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain —
Souls that will well reward their pain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
And feel Thy new creating power.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome, 1787

566 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1848



(*Or to Melcombe, No.* 537)

2 Weave Thou Thy life through these new ties:
The light of love that round Thee lies
Circle the shepherd and the sheep,
And all our lives in safety keep.

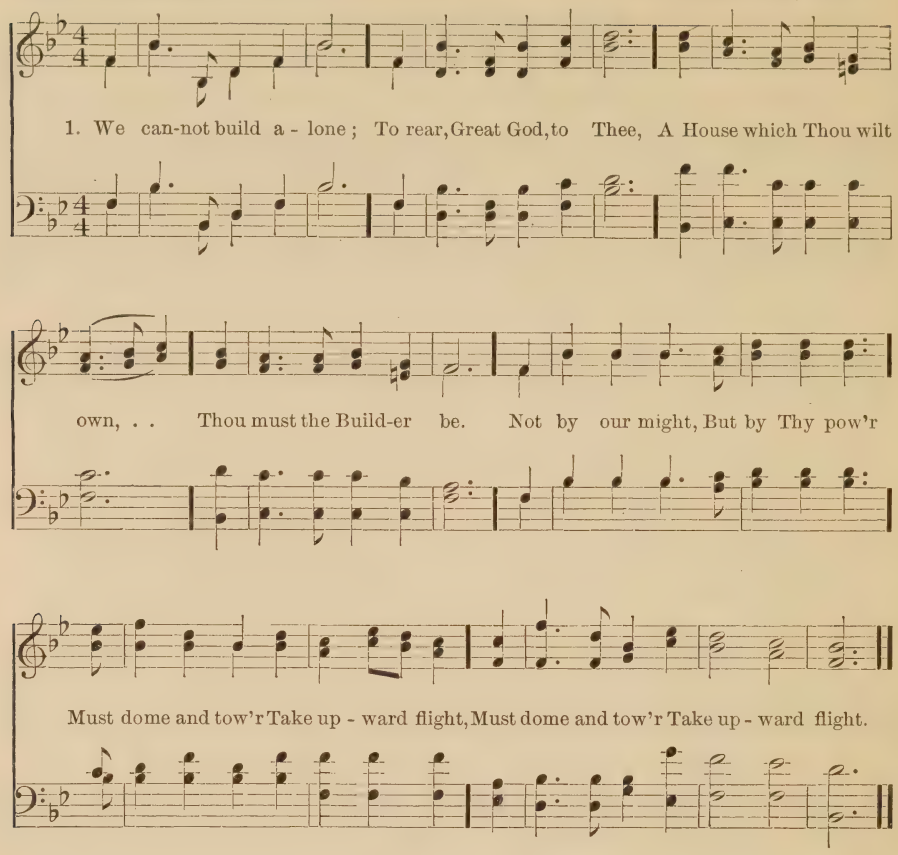
3 The shepherd's Shepherd only Thou
Canst be: O Christ, walk with him now;
While our weak hands reach up to Thine,
To strengthen his with might Divine.

4 Thou in whose love Thy Church is blest,
Thy Name alone be here confessed,
By holy lives be glorified,
While here Thy peace shall still abide.

Rev. Louis F. Benson, 1894

567 BROOKLYN 6. 6. 6. 6. 4. 4. 4. 4

John Zundel, 1852



2 Were all the stones that lie
Unquarried 'neath the sod
Piled up against the sky,
It were not worthy God.
To make this dear,
Lord, condescend
Thy head to bend,
And enter here.

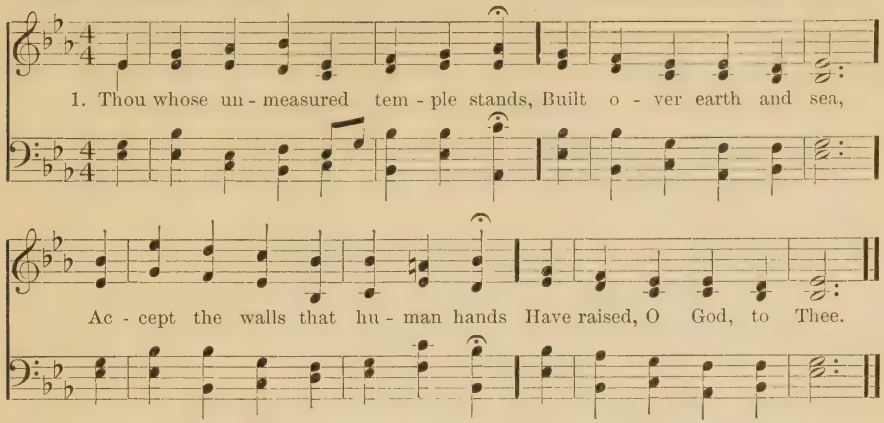
3 Let Faith here rear to God!
Here Love erect her thrones!
A House for Thine abode
Be built of lively stones!
We do not err,
O Holy Ghost!
Pure hearts Thou dost
To fanes prefer.

4 The heavenly only stands:
Earth briefly typifies
The House not made with hands,
Eternal in the skies —
We see its towers:
How sweet to know,
When hence we go,
That House is ours!

Abraham Coles, M. D. (1813–1891)

568 DUNDEE C. M.

Arr. from Christopher Tye, 1553



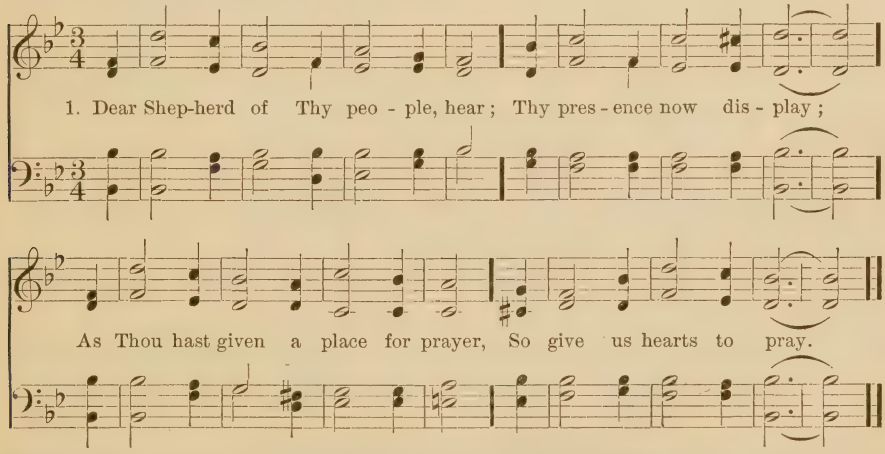
2 And let the Comforter and Friend,
Thy Holy Spirit, meet
With those who here in worship bend
Before Thy mercy-seat.

3 May those who err be guided here
To find the better way,
And they who mourn, and they who fear
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And hallowed wishes rise,
While, round these peaceful walls, the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

William Cullen Bryant, 1835

569 HOLY CROSS C. M.



2 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour Thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

Rev. John Newton, 1769

570 HEBRON L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830

1. Je - sus, wher-e'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold Thy mer - cy-seat;
Wher - e'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev - 'ry place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.

3 Yet everywhere Thou guid'st Thine own
To raise for Thee an earthly throne;
And where Thy Name Thou dost record,
There Thou wilt come and bless them, Lord.

4 Dear shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

5 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

6 Behold, at Thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come, with Thy glory fill the place,
And bless us with a large increase.

William Cowper, 1769, ab.

571 GRACE CHURCH L. M.

Arr. by W. Gardiner, 1815, from Ignace Pleyel

1. Come, Je - sus, from the sap - phire throne, Where Thy re-deem'd be - hold Thy face,
En - ter this tem - ple, now Thine own, And let Thy glo - ry fill the place.

2 We praise Thee that to-day we see
Its sacred walls before Thee stand;
'T is Thine for us, 't is ours for Thee,
Reared by Thy kind assisting hand.

3 Oft as returns the day of rest,
Let heartfelt worship here ascend;
With Thine own joy fill every breast,
With Thine own power Thy word attend.

4 Here, in the dark and sorrowing day,
Bid Thou the throbbing heart be still;
O wipe the mourner's tears away,
And give new strength to meet Thy will.

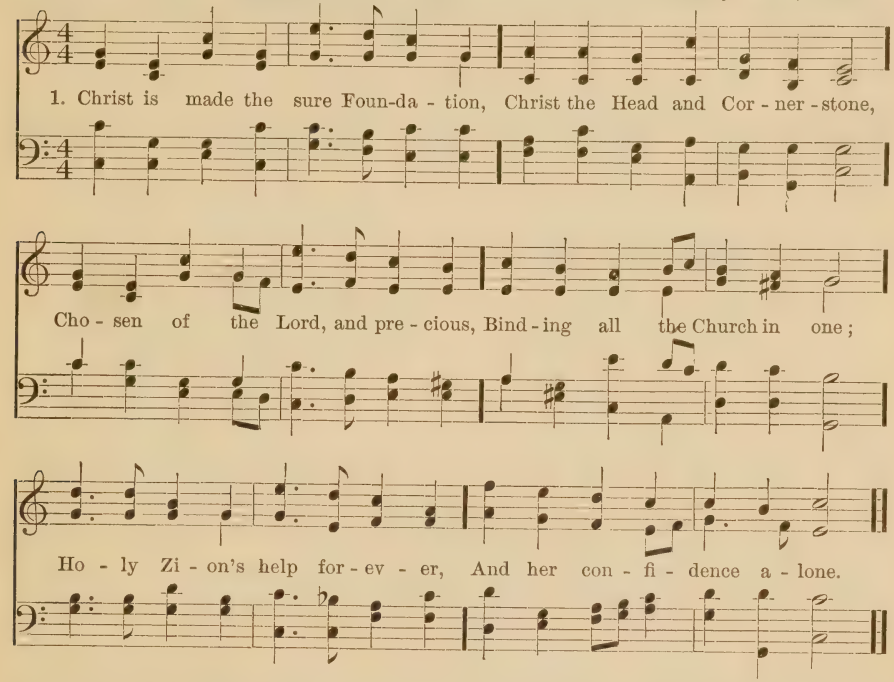
5 When round this board Thine own shall meet,
And keep the feast of dying love,
Be our communion ever sweet, [above.
With Thee, and with Thy Church

6 Come, faithful Shepherd, feed Thy sheep;
In Thine own arms the lambs enfold;
Give help to climb the heavenward steep,
Till Thy full glory we behold.

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1875, ab.

572 REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7

Henry Smart, 1866



2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Thee adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

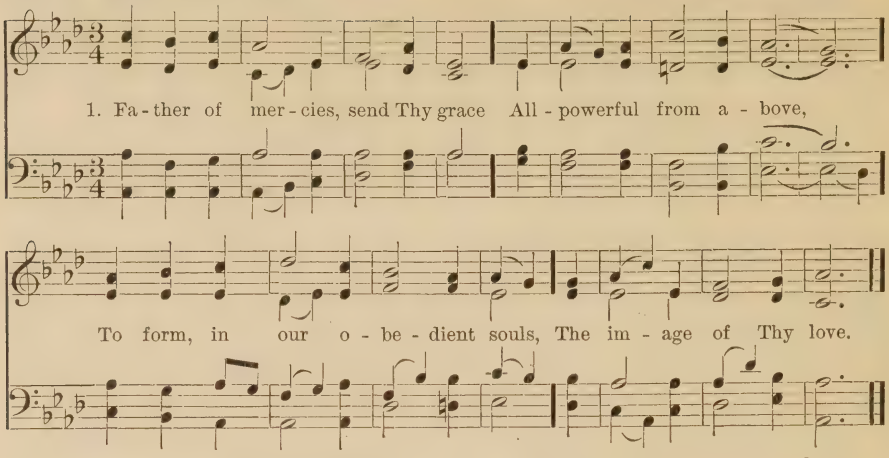
3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy people as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

Anon. (Latin 6th or 7th Cent.); Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1851

573 WHITNER C. M.

John P. Campbell, 1899



2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

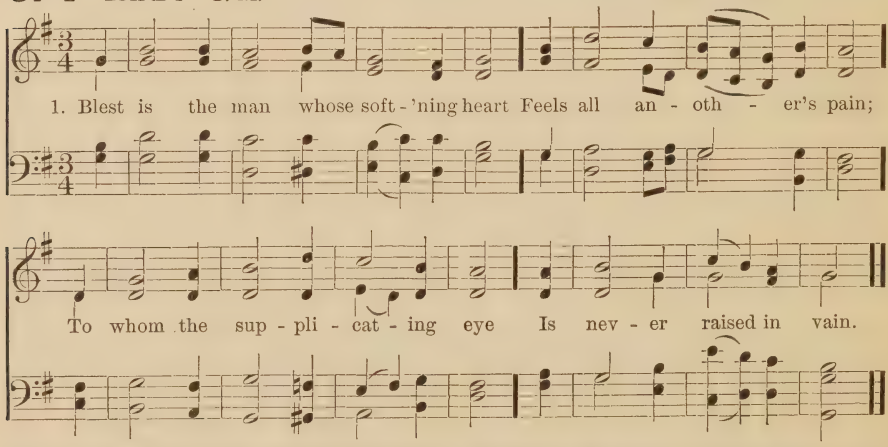
3 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies:
And mid th' embraces of Thy love,
He felt compassion rise.

4 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground;
And gave His own most precious blood,
A balm for every wound.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755

574 BARBY C. M.

William Tansur, 1755



2 He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief:
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

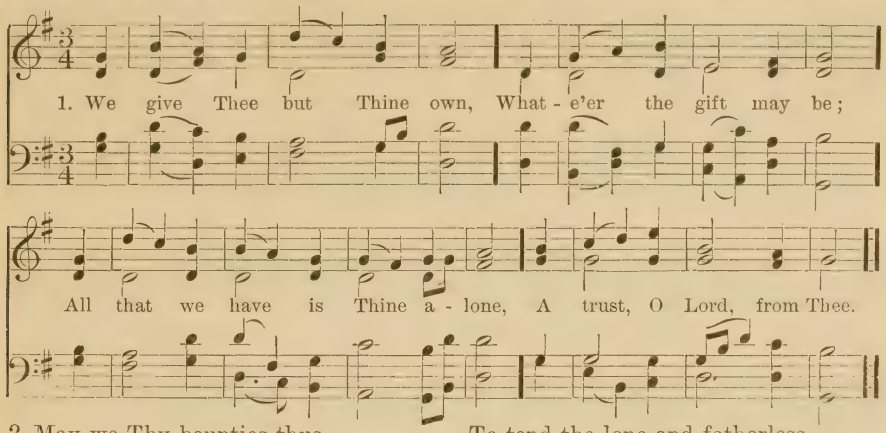
3 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

4 His breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1792

575 THATCHER S. M.

Arr. from George F. Handel, 1732



2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 O hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold, [bled
And lambs for whom the Shepherd
Are straying from the fold.

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

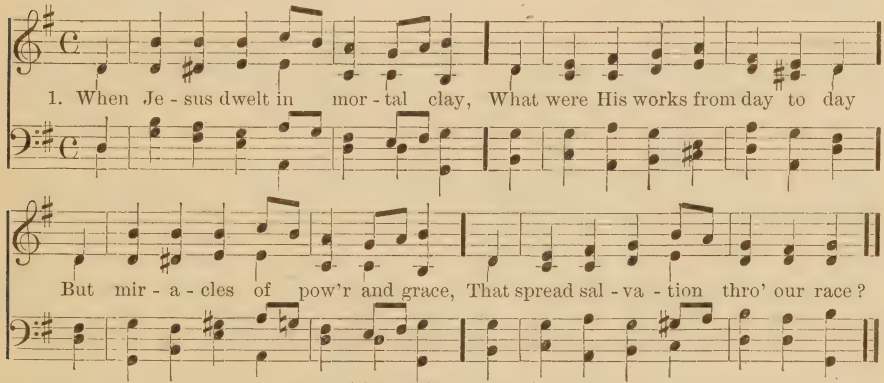
5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

Bishop William W. How, 1864

576 CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. from Robert Schumann



(*Or to Hebron, No.* 570)

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and Thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3 That man may breathe, but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can
Creation's blot, creation's blank. [thank,

4 But he who marks from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

Rev Thomas Gibbons, 1784

577 SICILY 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7

Tattersall's Psalmody, 1794

1. { Sav - iour, vis - it Thy plan - ta - tion, Grant us, Lord, a gra - cious rain;
All will come to des - o - la - tion, Un - less Thou re - turn a - gain:

Lord, re - vive us, Lord, re - vive us; All our help must come from Thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of Thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die;
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from Thee

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed Thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from Thee.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive Thy work afresh:
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from Thee.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

578 STEPHENS C. M.

Rev. William Jones, 1789

1. Come, Lord, and warm each lan-guid heart, In - spire each life - less tongue;

And let the joys of heav'n im - part Their in - fluence to our song.

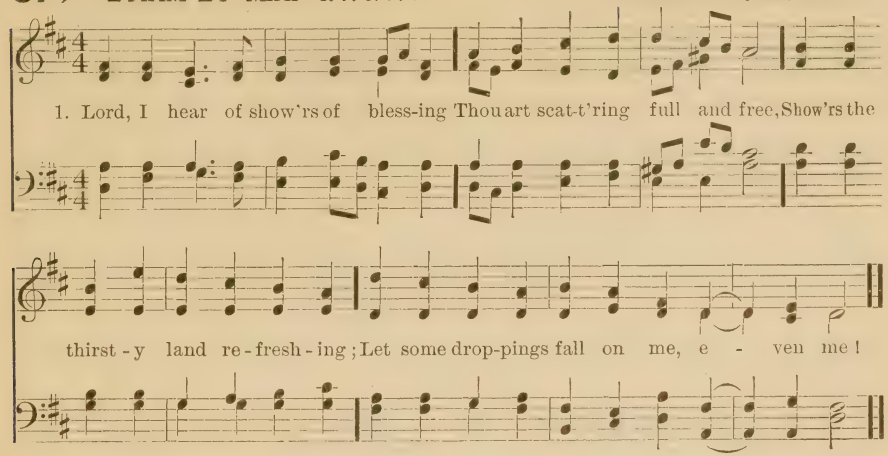
2 Come, Lord, Thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,
Our hearts adore Thy name.

3 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine,
And fill Thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

Anne Steele, 1760

579 ETIAM ET MIHI 8. 7. 8. 7. 3

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1870



2 Pass me not, O God our Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me, even me!

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee;
O I'm longing for Thy favor; [me!
While Thou'rt calling, O call me, even

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit, [me!
Speak some word of power to me, even

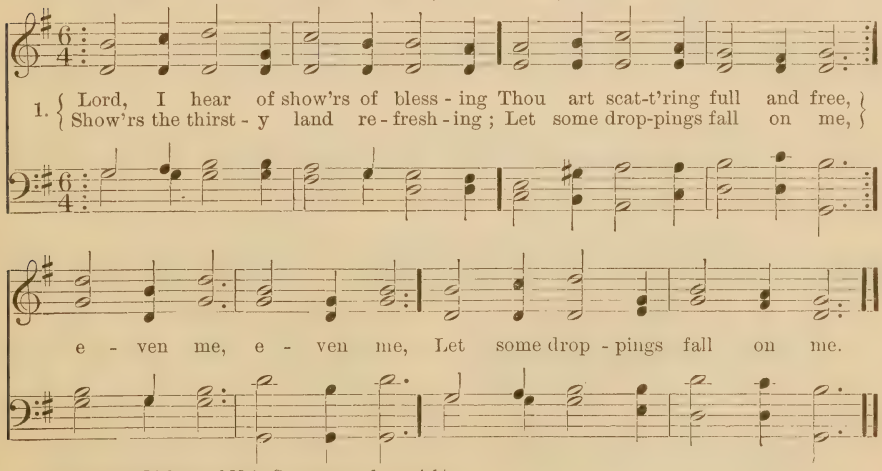
5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of God, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me, even me!

6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind, O bind, my heart to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing;
Blessing others, O bless me, even me!

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner, 1860

EVEN ME 8. 7. 8. 7. 3 with Refrain (*Second Tune*)

William B. Bradbury, 1862



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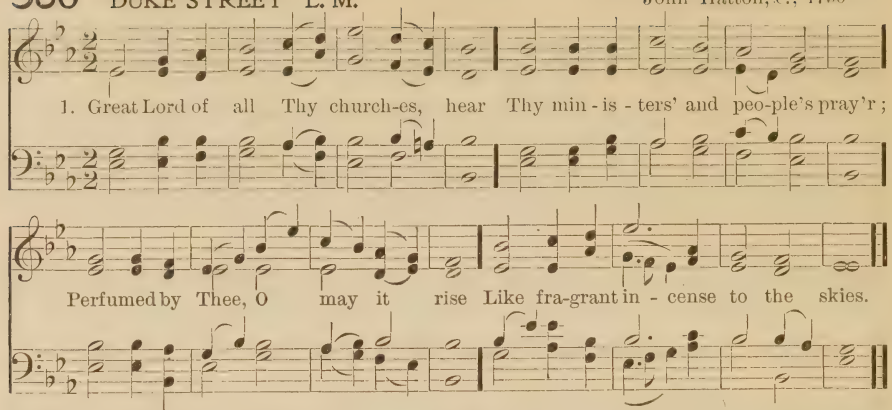
580 DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton, c., 1790



2 May every pastor, from above
Be new inspired with zeal and love
To watch Thy flock, Thy flock to feed,
And sow with care the precious seed.

3 Revive the churches with Thy grace,
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

4 May young and old Thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear Thy voice and live,
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

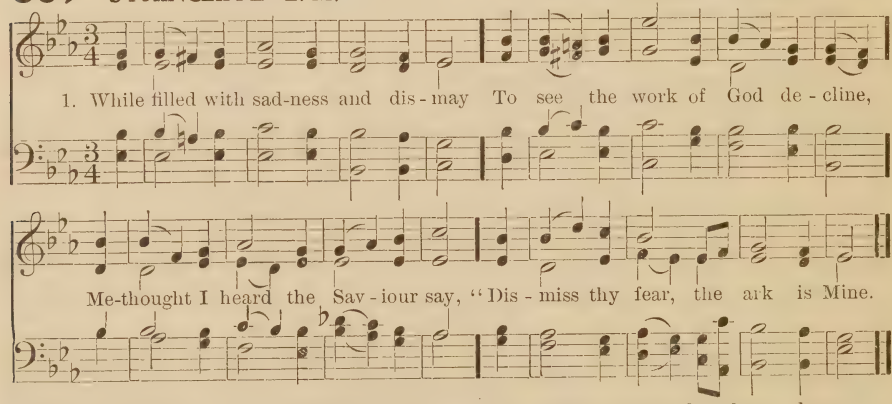
5 May aged saints, matured with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness;
And when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.

6 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And weeping sow the seed of praise,
In humble hope that Thou wilt hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

William Kingsbury, 1806

581 STAINCLIFFE L. M.

Robert W. Dixon, 1876



2 "Though for a time I hid My face,
Rely upon My love and power;
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.

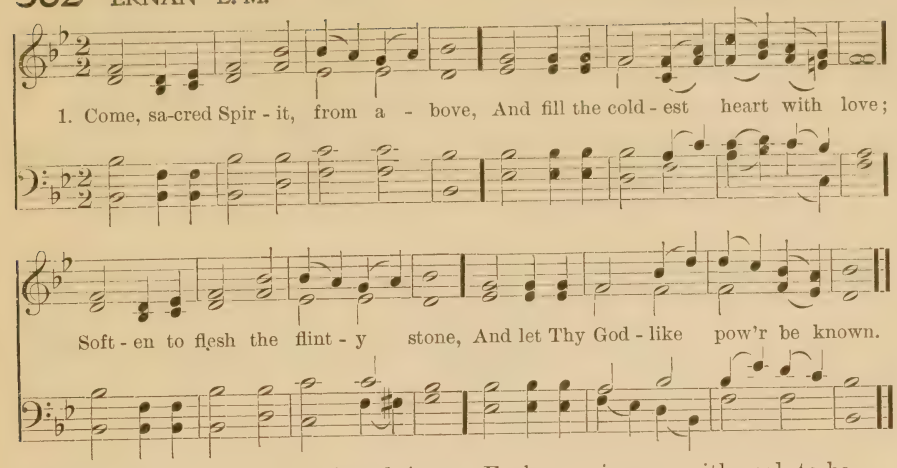
3 "Take down thy long-neglected harp,
I've seen thy tears, and heard thy prayer;
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair."

4 Lord, I obey, my hopes revive; [sing;
Come, join with me, ye saints, and
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

Anon.

582 ERNAN L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1850



2 Speak Thou, and from the haughtiest
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise; [eyes
While all their glowing souls are borne,
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

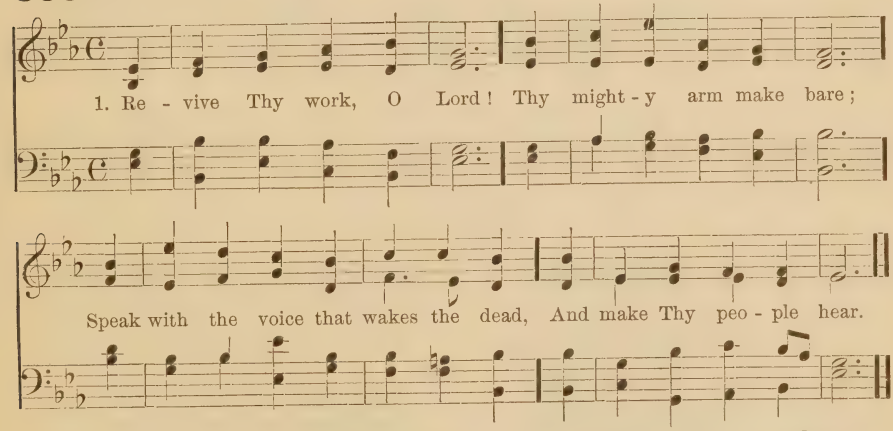
3 O let a holy flock await,
Numerous, around Thy temple gate;
Each pressing on, with zeal, to be
A living sacrifice to Thee.

4 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see Thy church arise;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1760

583 FRANCONIA S. M.

König's Choral Buch, 1738



2 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now,
By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Exalt Thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord! be ours.

Albert Midlane, 1860

584 ZOAN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Rev. William H. Havergal, 1859

1. Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!
Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!
He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free;
To take a - way trans-gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty.

(*Or to Webb, No.* 587)

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers,
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

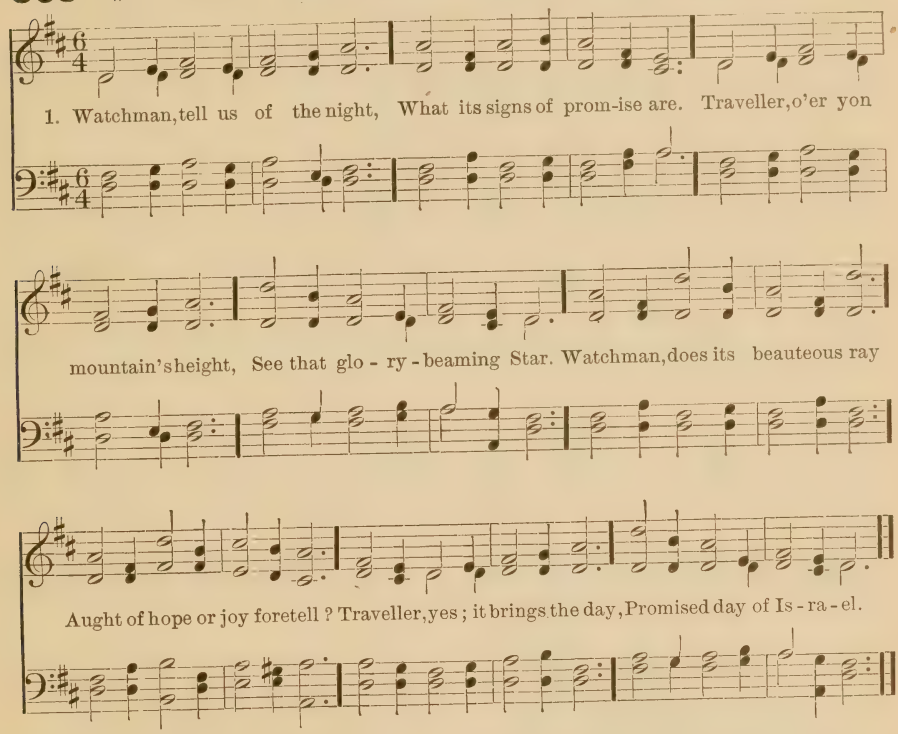
5 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove,
His Name shall stand for ever, —
That Name to us is Love.

James Montgomery, 1821

585 WATCHMAN 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Lowell Mason, 1831



2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that Star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let Thy wanderings cease;
Hie Thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

Sir John Bowring, 1825

586 MISSIONARY HYMN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Lowell Mason, 1829

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's co - ral strand,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
From ma - ny an an - cient riv - er, From ma - ny a palm-y plain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vane with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

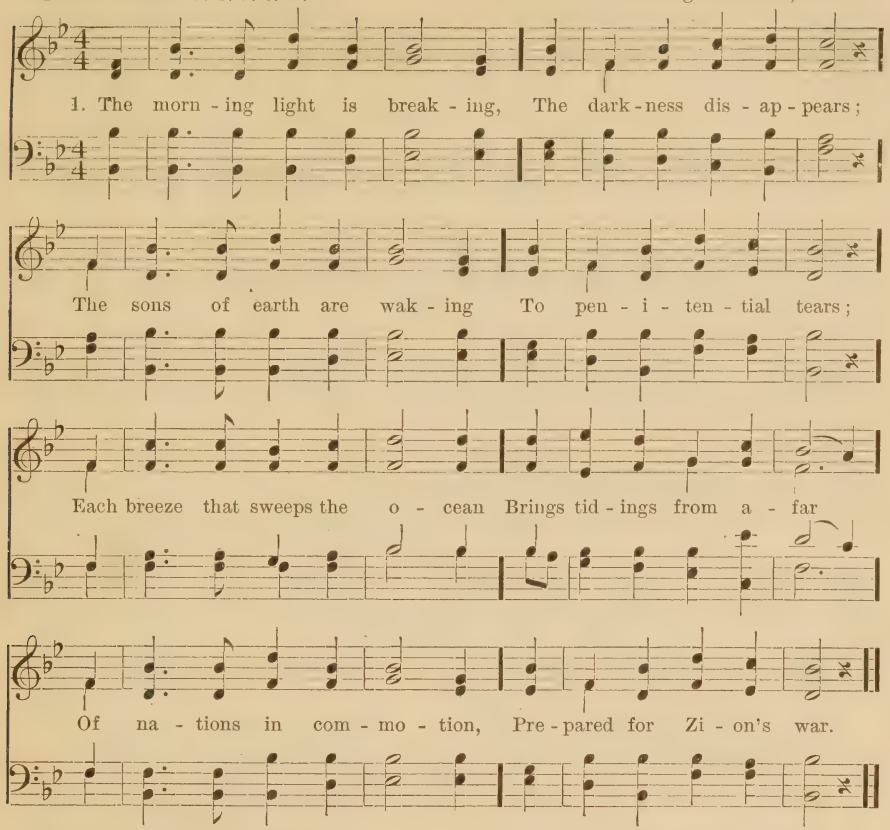
3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1819

587 WEBB 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

George J. Webb, 1839



2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1832

588 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled,
And be the shout, hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings.
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and valleys, greeting,
The song responsive raise.

Thomas Hastings, 1828

589 WILDERSMOUTH 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7

Edward J. Hopkins, 1879

1. O'er the gloom - y hills of dark - ness, Look, my soul, be still and gaze; All the prom - is - es do tra - vail With a glo - rious day of grace; Blessed ju - bilee, Let Thy glo - rious morn - ing dawn.

(Or to Zion, opposite)

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,—
Grant them, Lord! the glorious light:
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour! all the world around.

Rev. William Williams, 1759

TRURO L. M.

1789

1. Arm of the Lord! a - wake, a - wake; Put on Thy strength, the na-tions shake; And let the world, a - dor - ing, see Triumphs of mer - cy, wrought by Thee.

590 ZION 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7

Thomas Hastings, 1831

1. On the moun - tain's top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands,
Welcome news to Zi - on bear - ing, Zi - on long in hos - tile lands: Mourn-ing
captive, God Himself will loose thy bands, Mourning captive, God Himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blessed;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest!

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1806

591 TRURO L. M.

1 Arm of the Lord! awake, awake;
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy, wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah — God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God! Thy grace proclaim,
In every land, declare Thy name,
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour — Lord of all.

Wm. Shrubsole, 1796

592 MESSIAH 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Arr. from Louis J. F. Herold, by George Kingsley, 1838

1. Has - ten, Lord! the glo - rious time When, be-neath Mes - si - ah's sway,
Ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry clime, Shall the gos - pel call o - bey.

2. Might - iest kings His pow'r shall own, Hea - then tribes His name a - dore;
Sa - tan and his host o'er-thrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise His glorious name;
All His mighty acts record;
All His wondrous love proclaim.

Harriet Auber, 1829

593 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

1 Ascend Thy throne, almighty King,
And spread Thy glories all abroad:
Let Thine own arm salvation bring,
And be Thou known the gracious God.

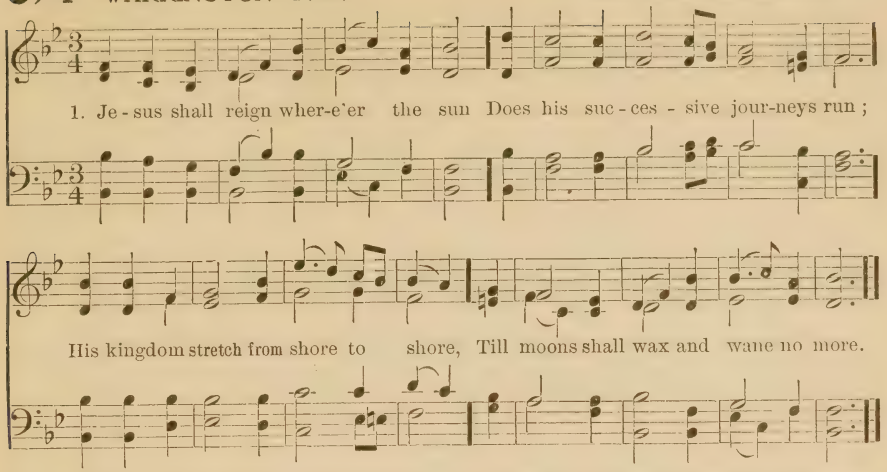
2 Let millions bow before Thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek Thy face;
Bring daring rebels to Thy feet,
Subdued by Thy victorious grace.

3 O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise Thy name,
Be Thou through heaven and earth adored.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome, 1787

594 WARRINGTON L. M.

Rev. Ralph Harrison, 1784



2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

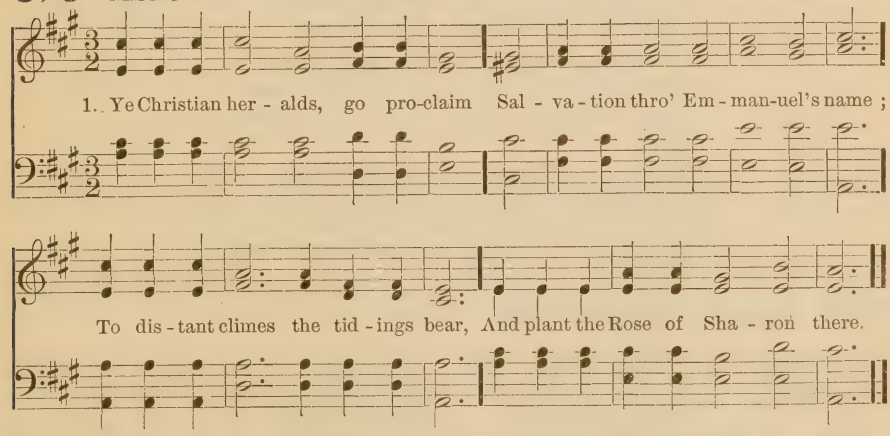
4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

595 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

H. C. Zeuner, 1833



2 God shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when your labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

Rev. Bourne Hall Draper, 1803

596 MOSCOW 10. 10. 10. 10

Arr. from Alexis F. Lwoff, 1833

1. Rise, crown'd with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise; Ex - alt thy
tow -'ring head and lift thine eyes; See heav'n its spark-ling por-tals wide dis -
play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious court adorn:
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at the gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

Alexander Pope, 1720

597 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

1 Sovereign of worlds, display Thy power;
Be this Thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

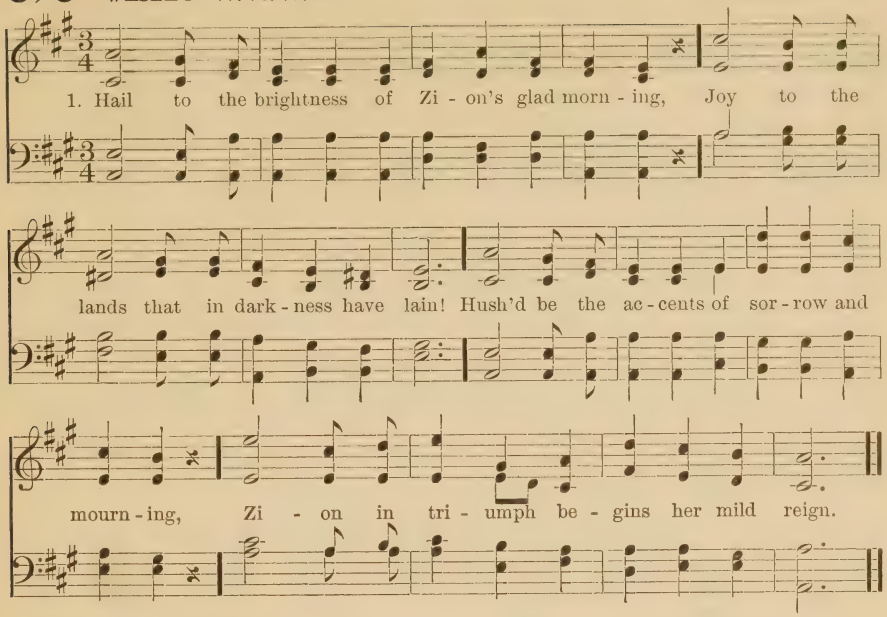
2 Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,
On western wilds and heathen plains,
Far let the gospel sound be known,
And be the universe Thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear Thy voice;
Speak, and the nations shall rejoice;
Scatter the shades of moral night,
With the blest beams of heavenly light.

Rev. Bourne Hall Draper, 1803

598 WESLEY 11. 10. 11. 10

Lowell Mason, 1830



2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

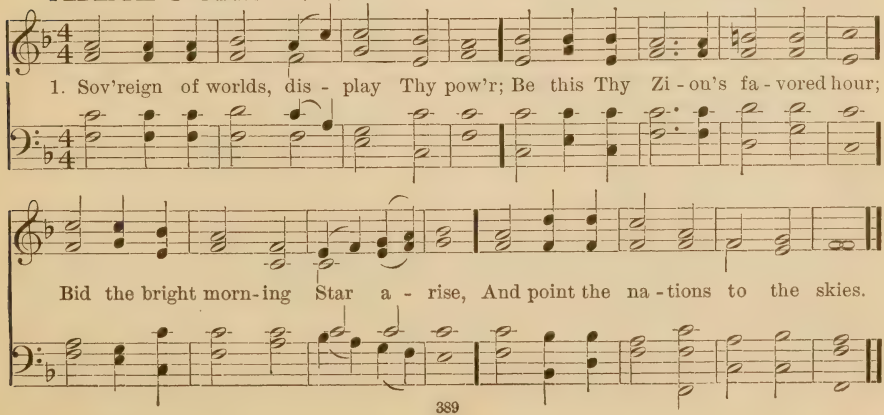
3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Thomas Hastings, 1832

FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1848



599 JUBILEE 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Arr. from Mozart

1. Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as might - y thun - ders roar,
Or the full - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore.
Al - le - lu - ia for the Lord God om - nip - o - tent shall reign,
Al - le - lu - ia let the word Ech - o round the earth and main.

2 Alleluia! hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banners furled, [done,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks; 'tis
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end; beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Alleluia! Christ is God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

James Montgomery, 1819

600 FLAVIAN C. M.

1 Great God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation Thine;
And in Thy works, be all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, Thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in Thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings
The spacious earth around, [spread
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each sincere attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temple of Thy praise.

Rev. Thos. Gibbons, 1769

601 BEAUTEOUS DAY 8. 7. 8. 7. with Refrain

George F. Root

1 2 CHORUS.

1. { We are watching, we are waiting, For the bright prophetic day: When the shadows, weary shadows From the world shall roll (*Omit.*) } away. We are waiting

for the morning, When the beauteous day is dawning; We are wait-ing for the morning,

For the golden spires of day. Lo! He comes! see the King draw near; Zion, shout! the Lord is here.

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2 We are watching, we are waiting,
For the star that brings the day:
When the night of sin shall vanish,
And the shadows melt away. —CHO.

3 We are watching, we are waiting,
For the beauteous King of day:
For the Chiefest of ten-thousand, [CHO.
For the Light, the Truth, the Way.—
ANON.

FLAVIAN C. M.

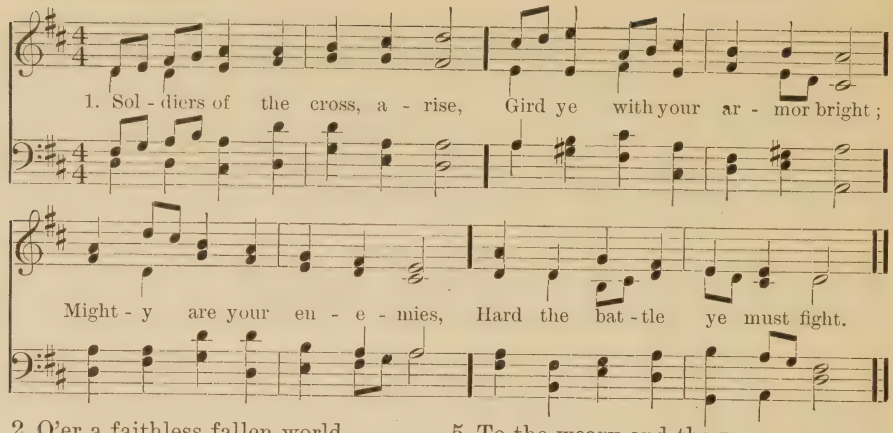
Arr. from Day's Psalter, 1562

1. Great God, the na - tions of the earth Are by cre - a - tion Thine;

And in Thy works, by all be - held, Thy ra - diant glo - ries shine.

602 SILCHER 7. 7. 7. 7

Friedrich Silcher



2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward; lift it high.

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

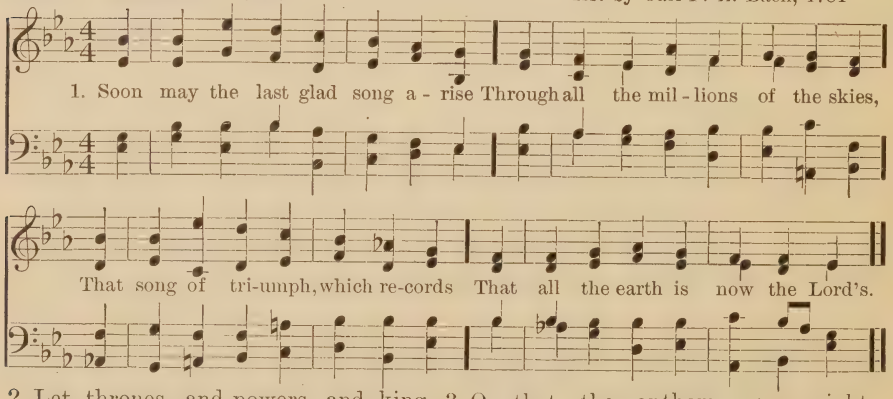
6 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

Bishop William W. How, 1854

603 WEIMAR L. M.

Arr. by Carl P. E. Bach, 1784



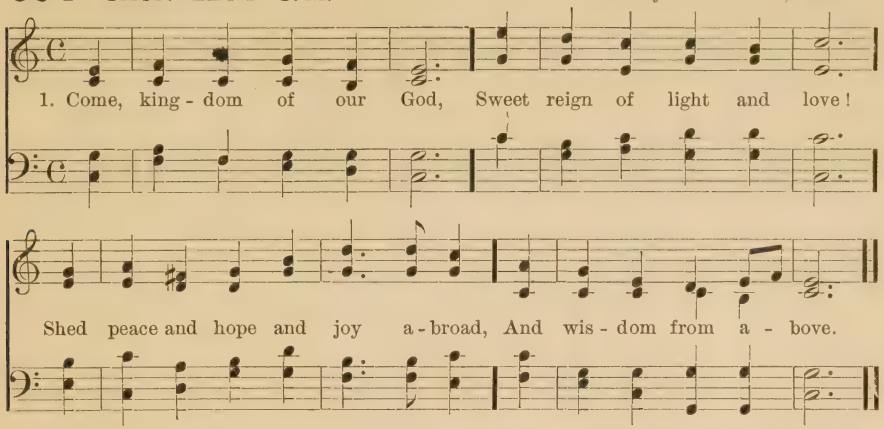
2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign.

3 O that the anthem now might swell,
And host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

Mrs. Vokes, 1816

604 GAUNTLETT S. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1848



2 Over our spirits first
Extend Thy healing reign; [thirst,
There raise and quench the sacred
That never pains again.

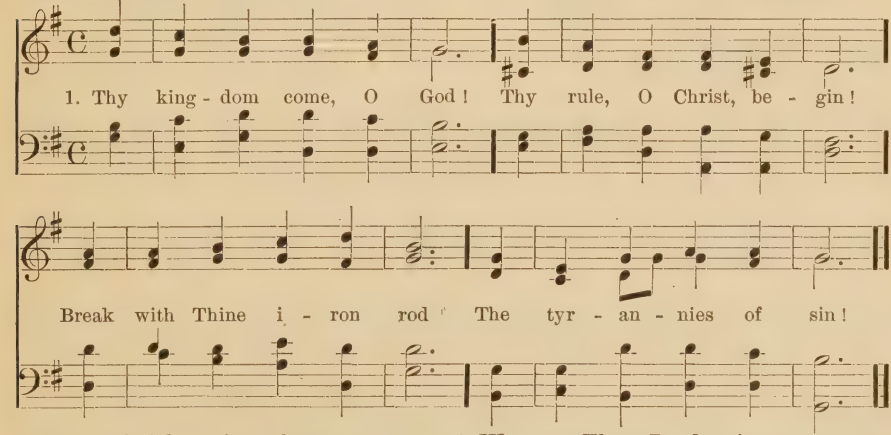
3 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth Thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

Rev. John Johns, 1837

605 CECILIA 6. 6. 6. 6

Rev. Leighton G. Hayne, 1863



2 Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
And lust, oppression, crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

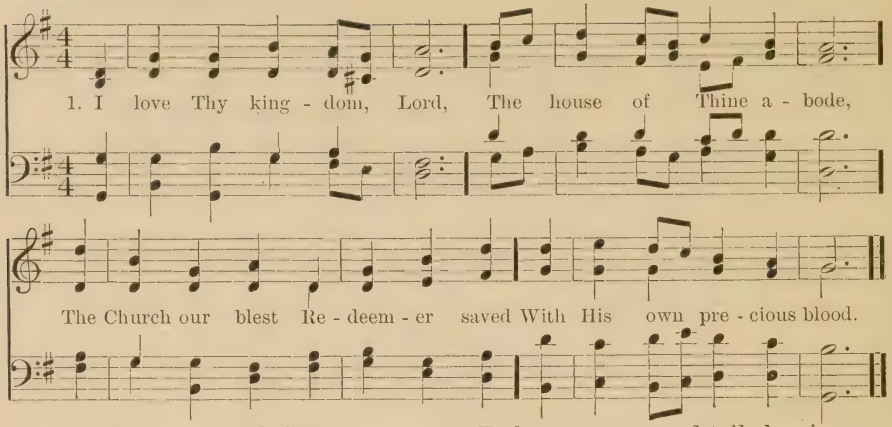
4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

5 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

Rev. Lewis Hensley, 1867

606 ST. THOMAS S. M.

Aaron Williams, c. 1760



2 I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless Thy sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

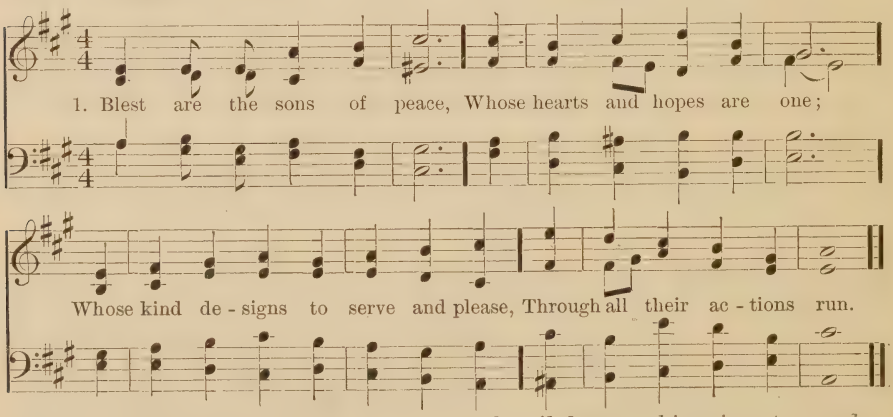
5 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Rev. Timothy Dwight, 1800

607 DOMENICA S. M.

Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, 1874



2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

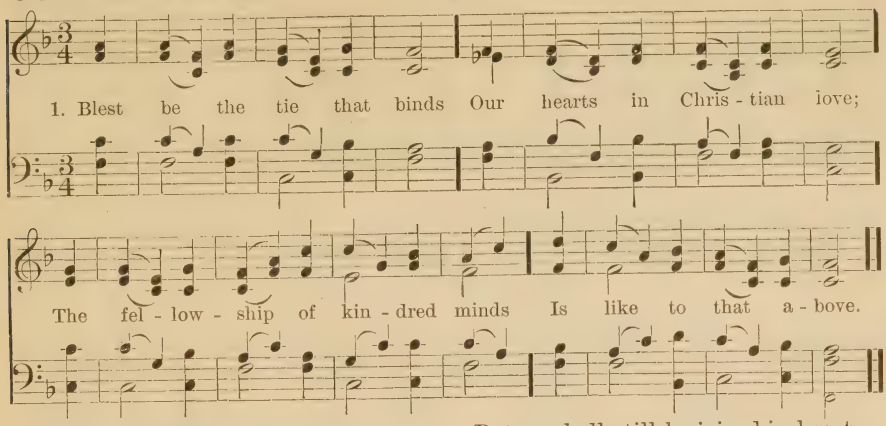
3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil down to his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.

4 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils:
And all the air is love.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

608 DENNIS S. M.

Arr. from Hans G. Nägeli, by Lowell Mason, 1845



2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

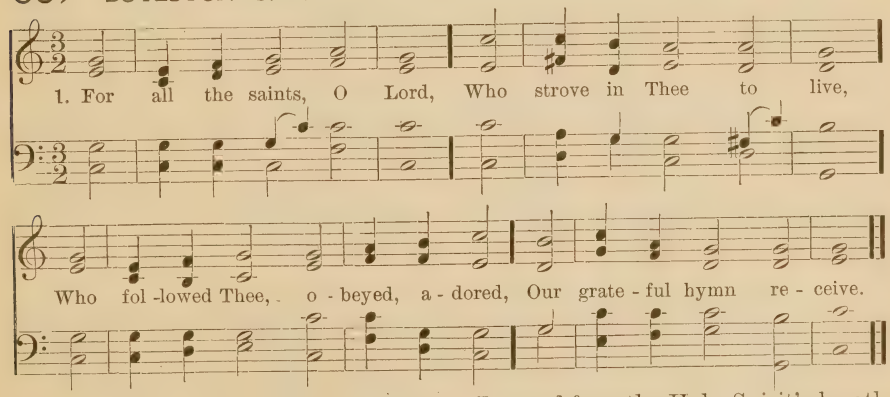
5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign,
Through all eternity.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1772

609 BOYLSTON S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1832



2 For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

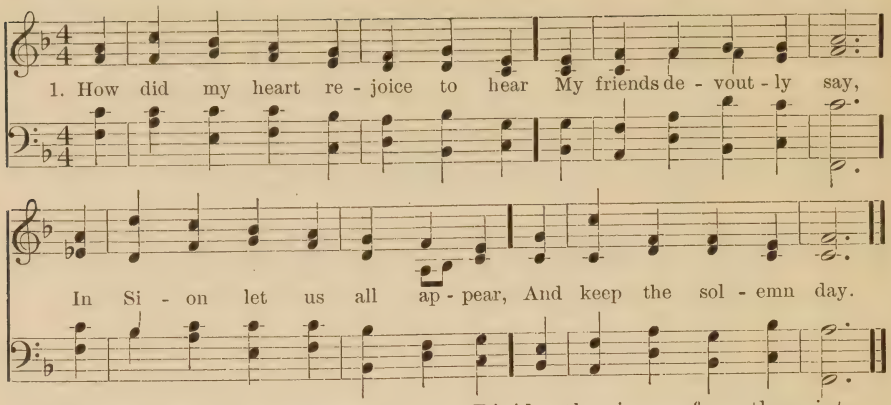
3 They all, in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

Bishop Richard Mant, 1837, alt.

610 ALBANO C. M.

Vincent Novello, 1868



2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show His milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds His throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while His awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

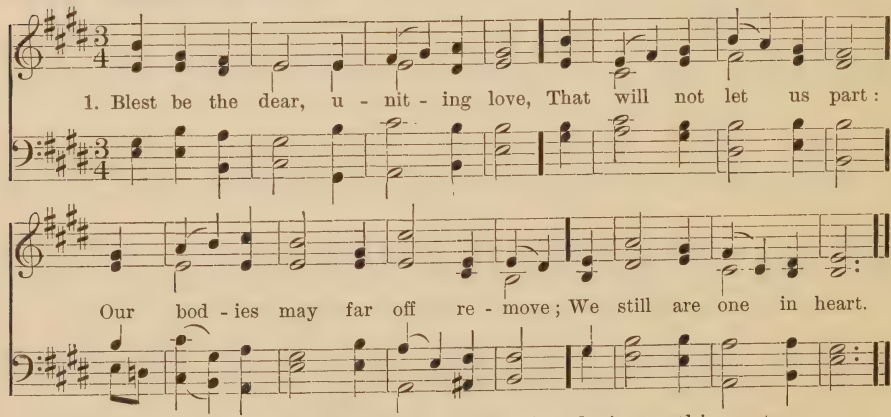
5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.

6 My soul shall pray for Sion still,
While life or breath remains; [dwell;
There my best friends, my kindred
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

611 LEICESTER C. M.

W. Hurst, 1875



2 Joined in one spirit to one Head,
Where He appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show His praise below.

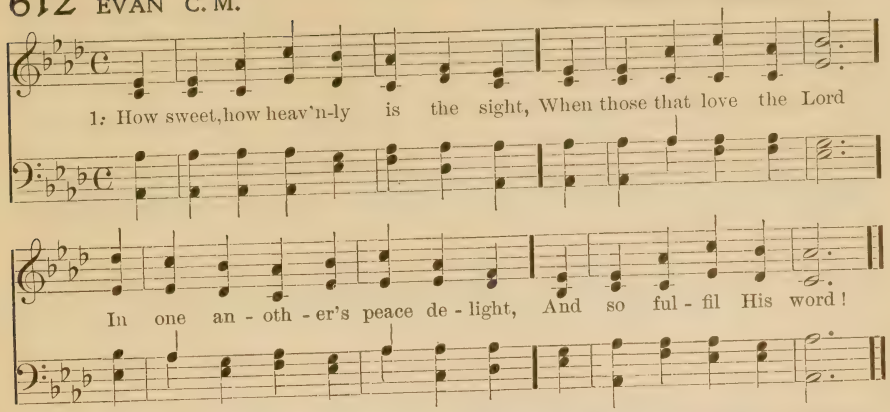
3 O may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside!
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Not joy nor grief nor time nor place
Nor life nor death can part.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742

612 EVAN C. M.

Rev. William H. Havergal, 1846



2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

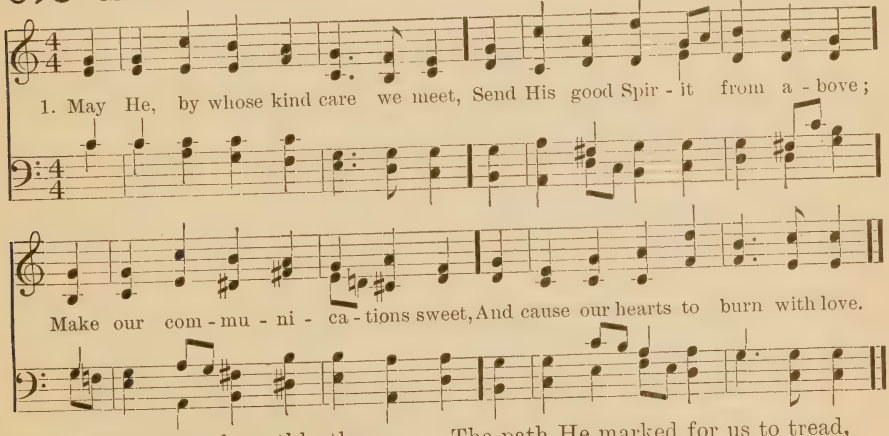
4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Rev. Joseph Swain, 1792

613 MARKEN L. M.

Berthold Tours, 1872



2 Forgotten be each earthly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of Him
Who lived—and died—and reigns—for us.

3 We'll talk of all He did and said,
And suffered for us here below;
The path He marked for us to tread,
And what He's doing for us now.

4 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We 'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet—to part no more.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

614 SARUM 10. 10. 10. 4

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869

1. For all the saints who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy name, O Je - sus, be for - ev - er blest, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light. Alleluia!

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold. Alleluia!

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!

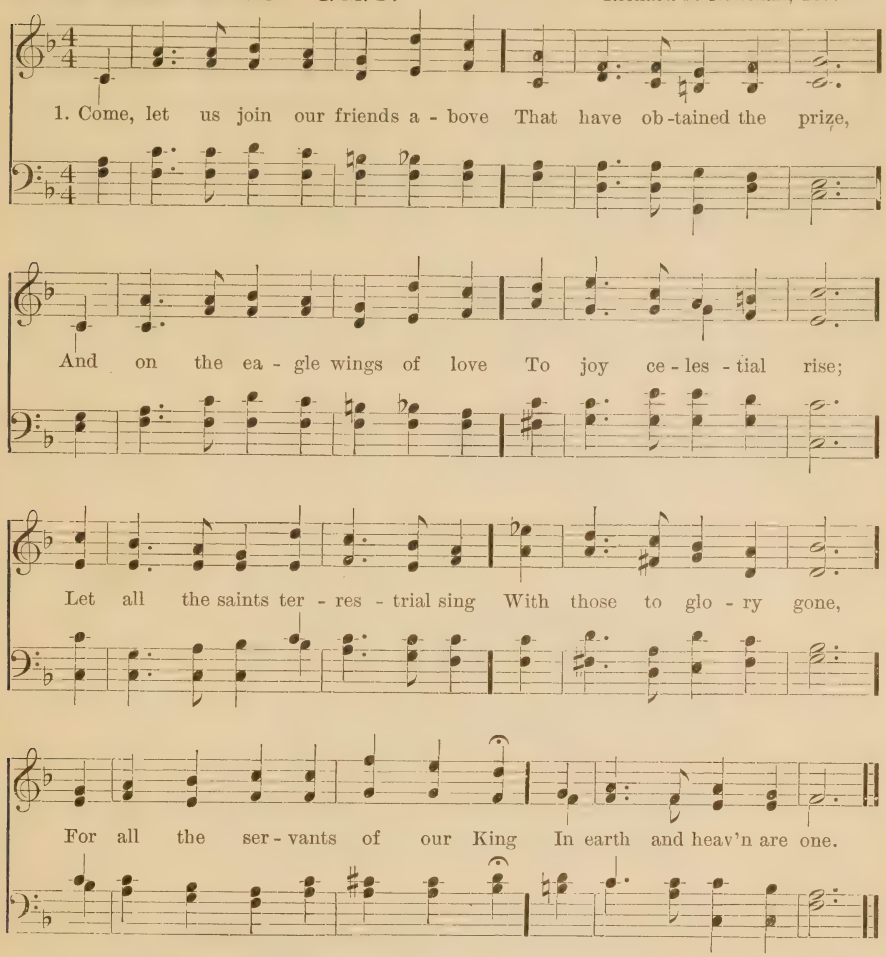
7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on his way. Alleluia!

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Alleluia!

Bishop William W. How, 1864

615 LAND OF REST C. M. D.

Richard S. Newman, 1877



2 One family we dwell in Him,
The Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death;
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

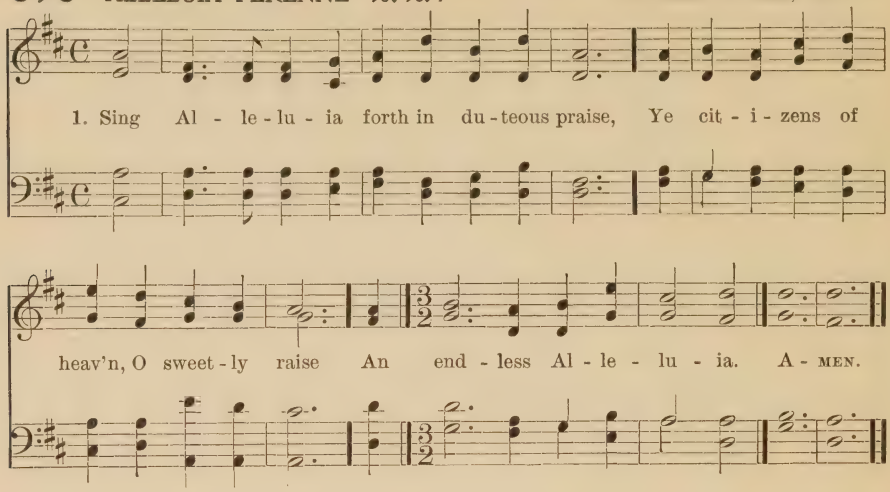
3 His militant, embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach that heavenly land.
E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

4 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound:
O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1759

616 ALLELUIA PERENNE 10. 10. 7

William H. Monk, 1868



2 Ye Powers, who stand before the Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3 The holy city shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.

6 There, in one grand acclaim, forever ring
The strains which tell the honor of your King,
An endless Alleluia.

7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack,
An endless Alleluia.

8 While Thee, by whom were all things made, we praise
Forever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia.

Anon. (Latin c. 5th Cent.); Tr. Rev. John Ellerton, 1865 (Text of 1868)

SPECIAL

Thanksgiving

617 ELVEY 7. 7. 7. 7. D. Sir George J. Elvey, 1859

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-Home;
All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin.
God, our Ma-ker, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;
Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-Home.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His Garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
To Thy final Harvest-Home!
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There forever purified,
In Thy Presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home!

Rev. Henry Alford, 1844

618 DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton, c., 1790

1. Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zi - on waits; Pray'r shall besiege Thy tem - ple gates;
All flesh shall to Thy throne re - pair, And find, thro' Christ, sal - va - tion there.

2 Our spirits faint; our sins prevail;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail:
O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend.

3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills!
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

4 The year is with Thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles and owns her king.

5 Lord, on our souls Thine influence pour;
The moral waste within restore;
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

619 NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1875

1. Shine, might - y God, on Si - on shine, With beams of heav'n - ly grace;
Re - veal Thy pow'r thro' all our coasts, And show Thy smil - ing face.

2 When shall Thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let every tongue exalt His praise,
And every heart rejoice.

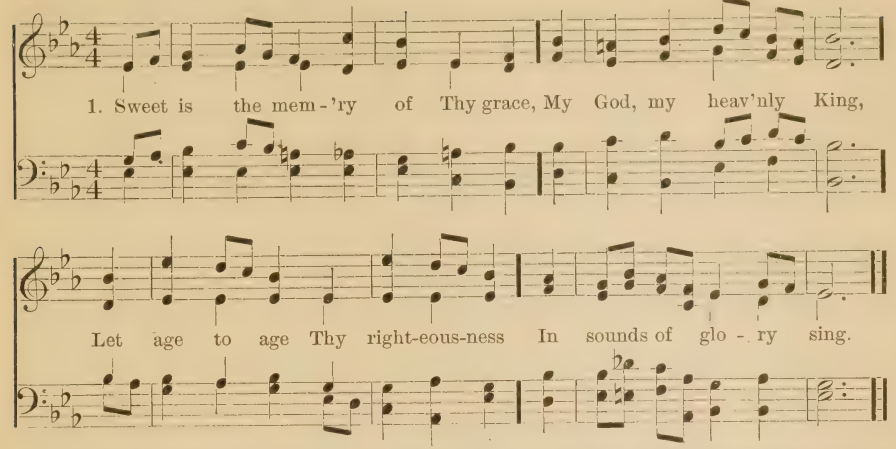
4 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthroned above,
In wisdom rules the worlds He made,
And bids them taste His love.

5 Each shall obey His high command,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown His chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

620 BURLINGTON C. M.

John F. Burrowes, c. 1830



2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies ; [shines,
Through the whole earth, His bounty
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food ;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

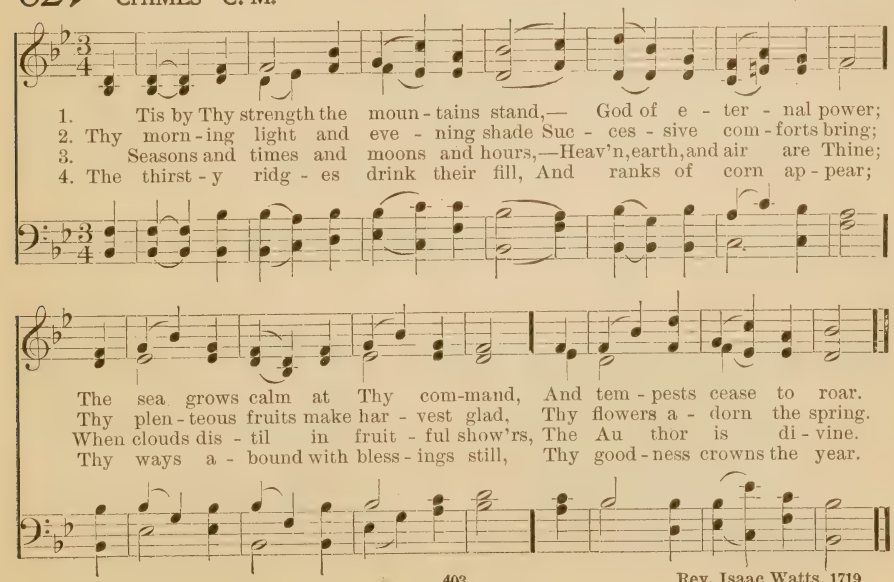
4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord!
How slow Thine anger moves !
But soon He sends His pardoning word,
To cheer the souls He loves.

5 Creatures with all their endless race
Thy power and praise proclaim ;
But saints, that taste Thy richer grace,
Delight to bless Thy name.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

621 CHIMES C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1840



Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

622 MUNUS 7. 7. 7. 7

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872

1. Swell the an - them, raise the song; Prais - es to our God be - long;
Saints and an - gels join to sing Praise to heaven's al - might - y King.

(*Or to University College, No.* 489)

2 Blessings from His liberal hand
Pour around this happy land;
Let our hearts, beneath His sway,
Hail the bright triumphant day.

3 Now to Thee our joys ascend,
Thou hast been our heavenly Friend:
Guarded by Thy mighty power,
Peace and freedom bless our shore.

4 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel a tyrant's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

5 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises, to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the heavenly notes prolong.

Rev. Nathan Strong, 1799

623 SABBATA C. M.

Henri F. Hemy, 1865

1. O Thou, my light, my life, my joy, My glo - ry, and my all;
Un - sent by Thee, no good can come, Nor e - vil can be - fall.

2 Such are Thy schemes of providence,
And methods of Thy grace,
That I may safely trust in Thee,
Through all the wilderness.

3 'Tis Thine outstretched and pow'rful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And Thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4 For such compassions, O my God!
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassions, I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

James Montgomery, 1825

624 TICHFIELD 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

John Richardson, 1853

1. Christ, by heav'n - ly hosts a - dor'd, Gra-cious, might - y, sov - 'reign Lord,
God of na - tions, King of kings, Head of all cre - a - ted things,
By the Church with joy con-fess'd, God o'er all for - ev - er blest;
Plead - ing at Thy throne we stand, Save Thy peo - ple, bless our land.

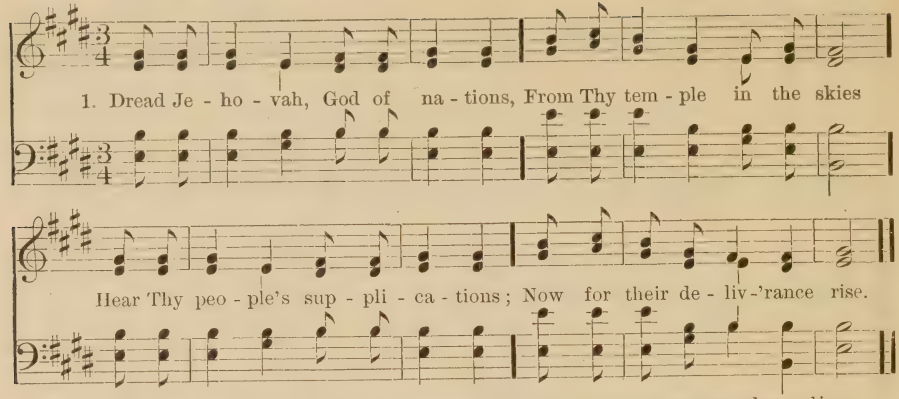
2 On our fields of grass and grain
Send, O Lord, the kindly rain;
O'er our wide and goodly land
Crown the labors of each hand.
Let Thy kind protection be
O'er our commerce on the sea;
Open, Lord, Thy bounteous hand,
Bless Thy people, bless our land.

3 Let our rulers ever be
Men that love and honor Thee;
Let the powers by Thee ordained
Be in righteousness maintained;
In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace;
Thus united we shall stand
One wide, free, and happy land.

Rev. Henry Harbaugh, 1860

625 DORRNANCE 8. 7. 8. 7

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1848



2 Lo, with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

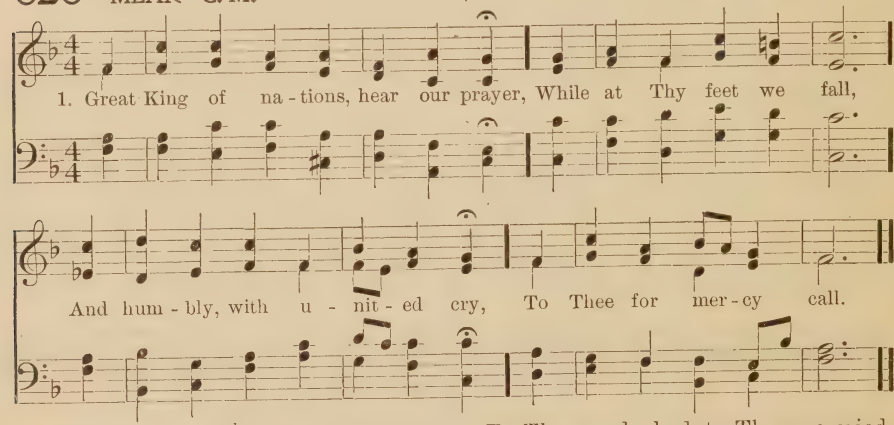
3 Tho' our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save Thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil Thy holy place.

"C. F." in Christian Observer, 1804; Alt. Rev. Edward Bickersteth, 1833

626 MEAR C. M.

William Knapp, 1738



2 The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,
O turn us not away;
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.

3 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown.

4 When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.

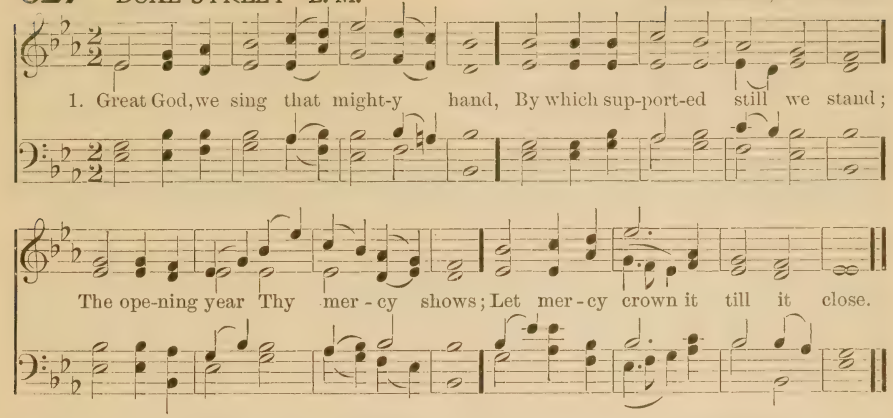
5 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.

6 With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Then let Thy mercy spare.

Rev. John H. Gurney, 1838

627 DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton, c. 1790



2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

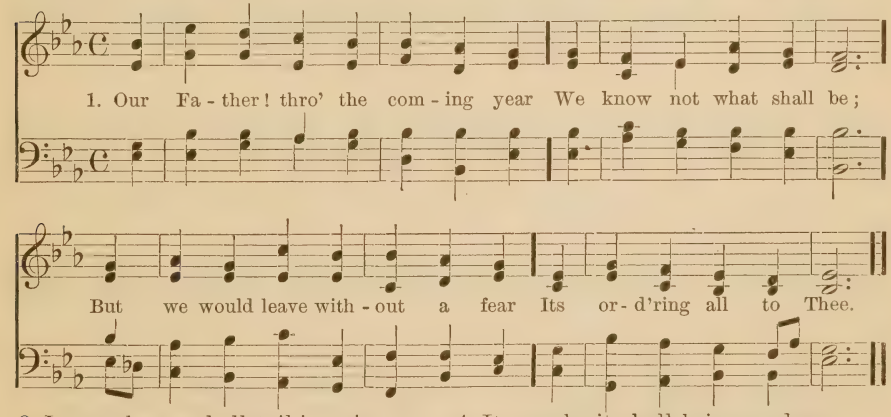
4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy and Thou our rest:
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755

628 ST. PETER C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1826



2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all the good we thought to gain,
Deceive and prove but care.

3 It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,
The tried of many years.

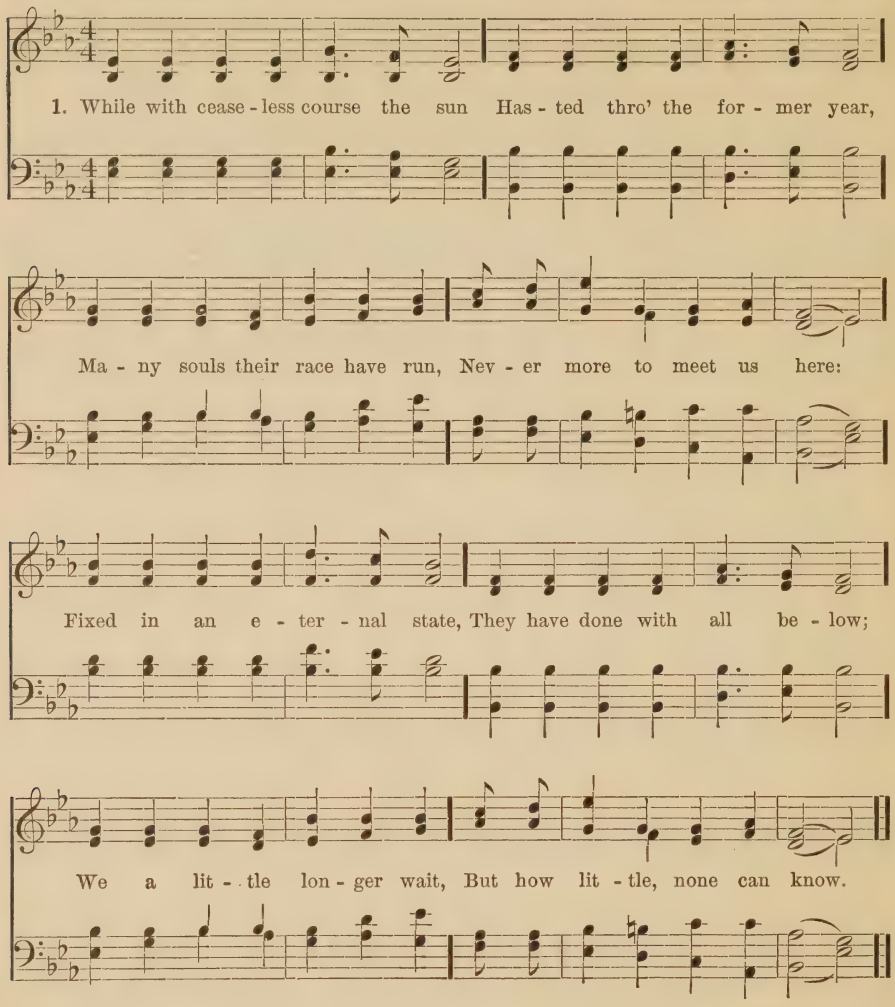
4 It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain;
And bid us take a farewell gaze
Of these loved haunts of men.

5 But calmly, Lord, on Thee we rest:
No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And Thou art Perfect Love.

Rev. William Gaskell, 1837

629 BENEVENTO 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Samuel Webbe, 1792



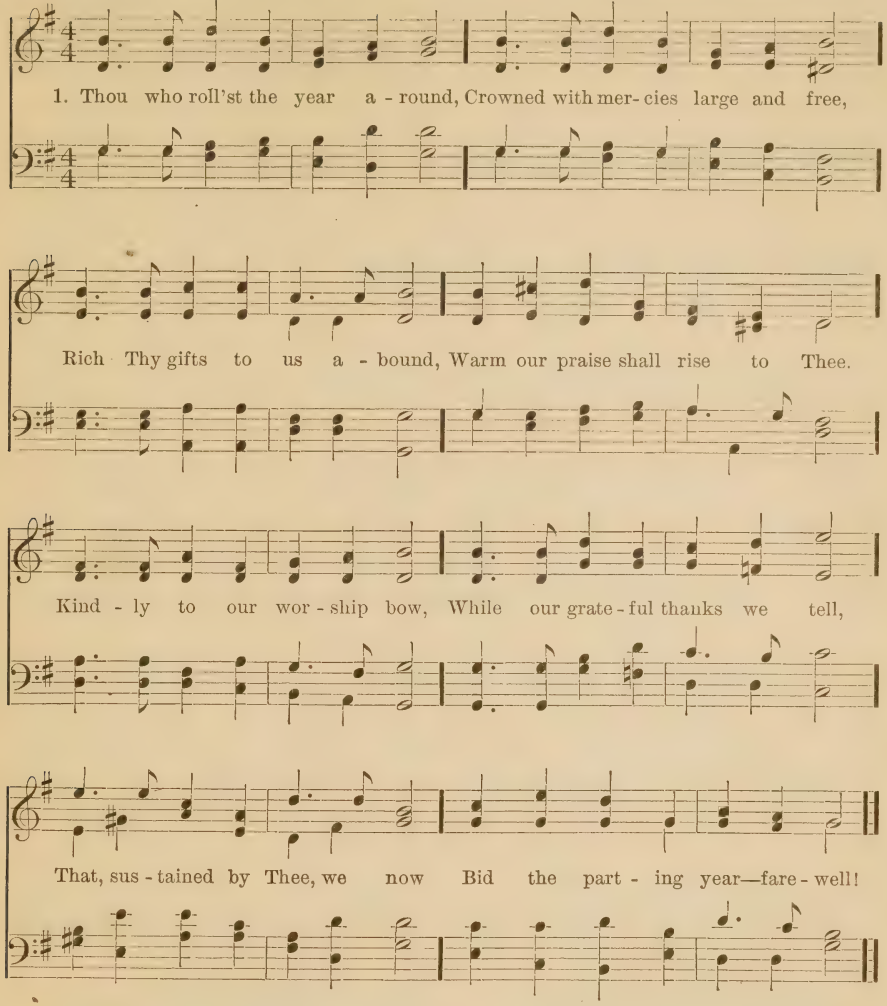
2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise:
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

Rev. John Newton, 1774

The Closing Year

630 ELVEY 7. 7. 7. 7. D. Sir George J. Elvey, 1859



2 All its numbered days are sped,
All its busy scenes are o'er,
All its joys forever fled,
All its sorrows felt no more.
Mingled with the eternal past,
Its remembrance shall decay;
Yet to be revived at last
At the solemn judgment-day.

3 All our follies, Lord, forgive!
Cleanse us from each guilty stain;
Let Thy grace within us live,
That we spend not years in vain.
Then, when life's last eve shall come,
Happy spirits, may we fly
To our everlasting home,
To our Father's house on high!

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1832

631 CHALVEY S. M. D.

Rev. Leighton G. Hayne, 1868

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,
And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb;
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way.

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1844

632 SYLVESTER 8. 7. 8. 7. (8. 8. 8. 9)

Rev. John B. Dykes. 1862

Slowly.

1. Days and mo-ments quick-ly fly - ing Speed us on-ward to the dead:

O how soon shall we be ly - ing Each with-in his nar-row bed!

mf After 3d and 6th verses. *dim.* *p*

Life pass-eth soon; death draw-eth near: Keep us, good Lord, till Thou ap-pear;

cres. *dim.*

With Thee to live, with Thee to die, With Thee to reign thro' e - ter - - ni-ty.

2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Wake, O wake each idle dreamer
Now to make th' eternal choice!

3 Mark we whither we are wending;
Ponder how we soon must go
To inherit bliss unending
Or eternity of woe.

4 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapor so it flies:
For the bygone years retreating,
Pardon grant, and make us wise;

5 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin;
Stay not in our work nor slumber
Till Thy holy rest we win.

6 Soon before the Judge all-glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

Rev. Edward Caswall, 1858

633 NOTTINGHAM C. M.

Jeremiah Clark, 1708

1. Let chil - dren hear the might - y deeds Which God per-formed of old;
Which in our youn - ger years we saw, And which our fa - thers told.

2 He bids us make His glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey His wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget His works,
But practise His commands.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

634 BERA L. M.

John E. Gould, 1849

1. Lord, when in Si - mon's house of yore, Thou with Thy friends didst sit at meat,
Ma - ry the pre - cious spike - nard bore, And poured it at Thy sa - cred feet.

2 Like incense sweet, the perfume rare
Rose through the house, and sought
the skies; [there
And Thou didst own with blessings
A woman's loving sacrifice.

3 So unto Thee, O Lord, this day,
A year of labor here we bring;
So at Thy feet the gift we lay;
Accept, O Lord, the offering.

Sarah E. Henshaw, 1878

635 NUN DANKET 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6 Crüger's Praxis Pietatis Melica, 1648

VOICES IN UNISON. *Slow and sustained.*

1. Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voi - ces,

Who won-drous things hath done, In whom His word re - joi - ces;

Who, from our moth - ers' arms, Hath blessed us on our way

With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Rev. Martin Rinkart (1586–1649): Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

636 O PERFECT LOVE 11. 10. 11. 10

Arr. from Sir Joseph Barnby, 1889

1. O per - fect Love, all hu-man thought tran-scend - ing, Low - ly we kneel in pray'r be - fore Thy throne, That theirs may be the love which knows no end - ing, Whom Thou for ev - er - more dost join in one.

2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Our tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

4 Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ Thy coeternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored.

Dorothy F. Blomfield, 1883; Verse 4, Rev. John Ellerton, 1875

The Aged

637 ADORO 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8 — Sir Joseph Barnby, 1871

1. When gath'ring clouds a-round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain Ex - pe-rienc'd ev - 'ry hu - man pain;

Slower.

He sees my wants, al - lays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe, —
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

4 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

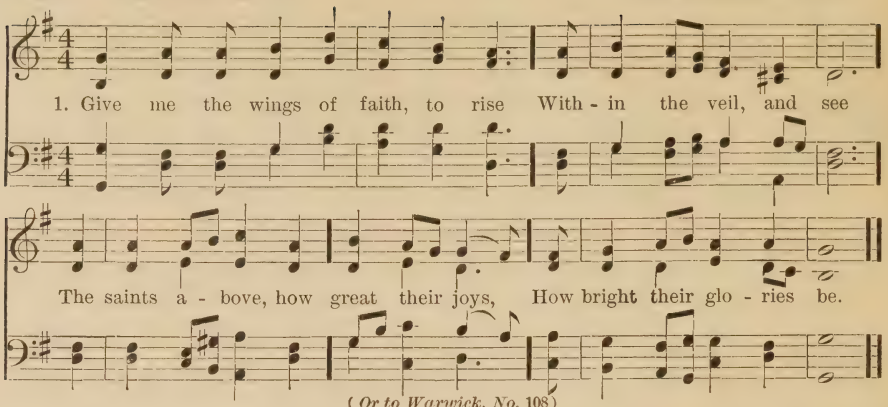
5 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while, —
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

6 And O when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last;
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

415 — Sir Robert Grant, 1806 (Text of 1812)

638 DEDHAM C. M.

William Gardiner, 1812



(*Or to Warwick, No.* 108)

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory
They, with united breath, came?
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

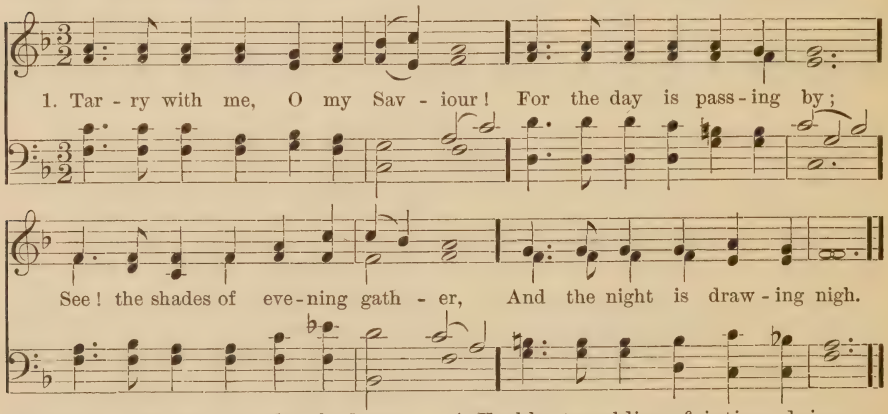
4 They marked the footsteps that He trod;
His zeal inspired their breast:
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

639 SYLVESTER 8. 7. 8. 7

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862



2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

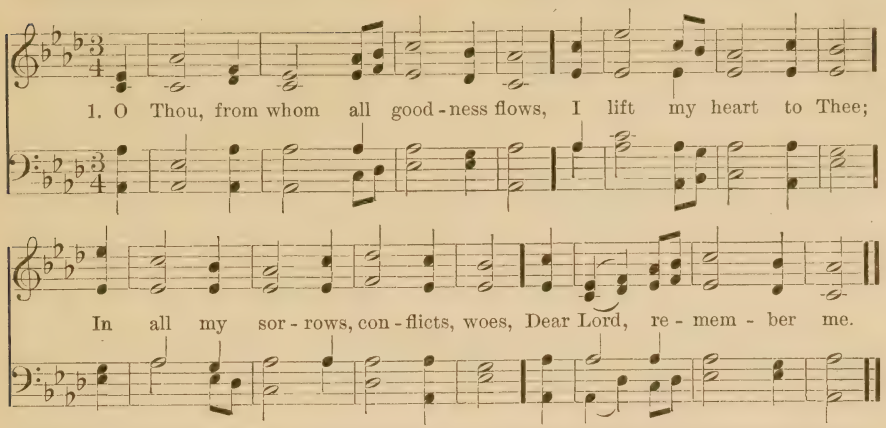
4 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

5 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me,
Morning of eternal rest.

Mrs. Caroline S. Smith, 1852, ab.

640 AVON C. M.

Hugh Wilson, c. 1800



2 When groaning on my burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart;
In love, remember me.

3 Temptations sore obstruct my way.
And ills I cannot flee,
O give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good, remember me.

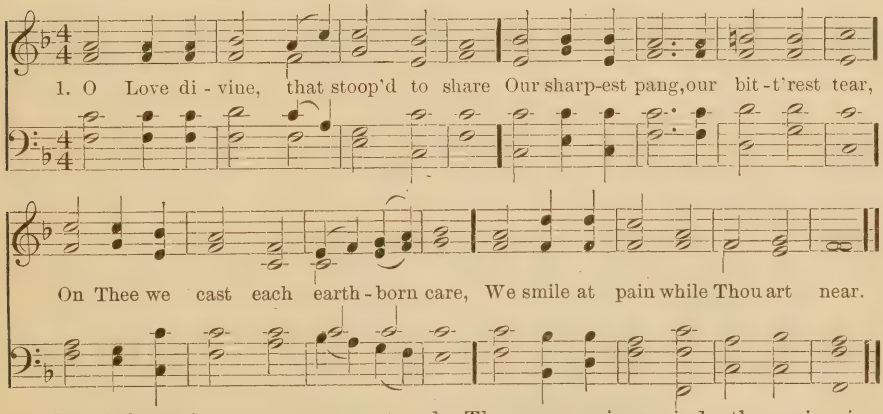
4 Distressed with pain, disease, and grief;
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Hear, and remember me.

5 The hour is near; consigned to death,
I own the just degree,
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, remember me.

Rev. Thomas Haweis, 1791

641 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1848



2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

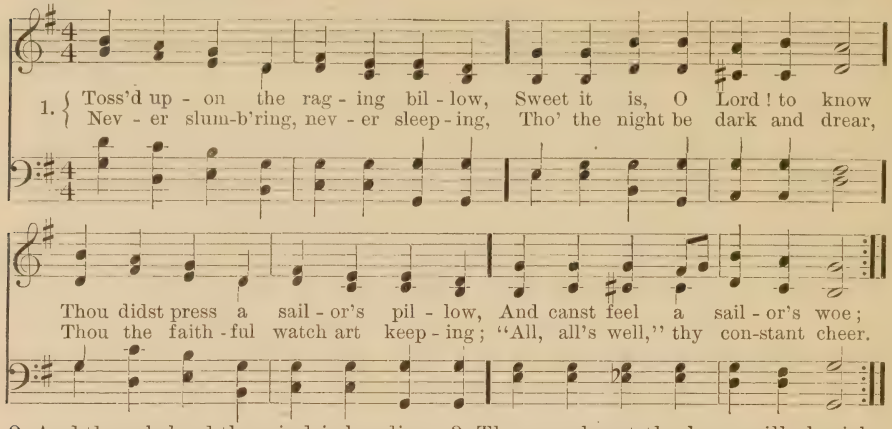
3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us Thou art near.

4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear!
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1859

642 BROCKLESBURY 8. 7. 8. 7

Charlotte A. Barnard, c. 1860



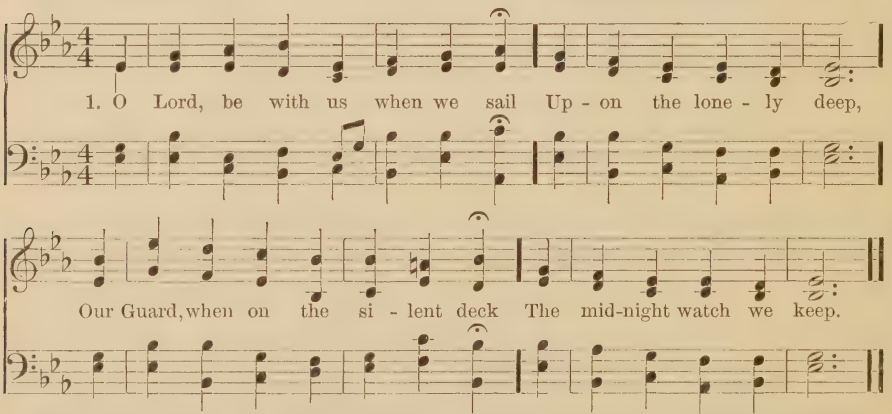
2 And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce though flash the lightnings red,
Darkly though the storm-cloud's scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head;—
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still,
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of Thy will.

3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to Thee I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry:
And though mast and sail be riven,
Soon life's voyage will be o'er;
Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

Rev. George W. Bethune, 1825

643 DUNDEE C. M.

Arr. from Christopher Tye, 1553



2 We need not fear, though all around,
'Mid rising winds, we hear
The multitude of waters surge;
For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
That pass from land to land,
All, all are Thine, are held within
The hollow of Thy hand.

4 If duty calls from threatened strife
To guard our native shore,
And shot and shell are answering
The booming cannon's roar,

5 Be Thou the Mainguard of our host,
Till war and dangers cease;
Defend the right, put up the sword,
And through the world make peace.

6 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

7 To Thee, the Father, Thee, the Son,
Whom earth and sky adore,
And Spirit moving on the deep,
Be praise for evermore.

Rev. Edward A. Dayman, 1865

644 MELITA 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther! strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the rest - less wave,
Who bid'st the might - y o - cean deep Its own ap-point - ed lim - its keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in per - il on the sea.

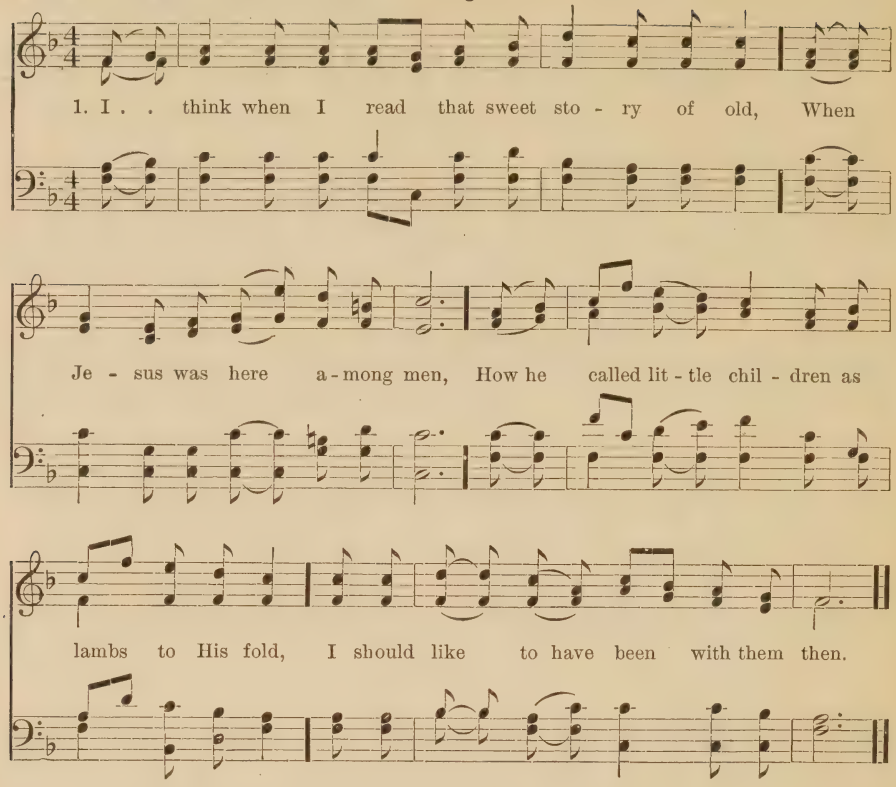
2 O Saviour, whose almighty word,
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light, and life, and peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go,
And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting, 1860

645 SWEET STORY 11. 8. 11. 9 Irregular



2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven:
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

5 I long for the joys of that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime,
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

Jemima Luke, 1842

646 BETHANY (Smart) 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Henry Smart, 1866

1. Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, send Thy bless - ing On Thy chil - dren gath - ered here,

May they all, Thy name con - fess - ing, Be to Thee for - ev - er dear;

May they be like Jo - seph, lov - ing, Du - ti - ful, and chaste, and pure;

And their faith, like Da - vid, prov - ing, Stead - fast un - to death en - dure.

2 Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to Thee.
Bear Thy lambs when they are weary
In Thine arms and at Thy breast;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit from above;
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love:
Temples of Thy glorious Godhead,
May they with Thy presence shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1863

647 MONTGOMERY 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7

Edward J. Hopkins, 1875

1. Gra - cious Sav - iour, gen - tle Shep-herd, Chil-dren all are dear to Thee;
Gath - ered with Thine arms, and car - ried In Thy bos - om, may they be;
Sweet - ly, fond - ly, safe - ly tend - ed, From all want and dan - ger free.

2 Let Thy holy Word instruct them;
Guide them daily by its light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain them
To approve whate'er is right;
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,
Strengthened with Thy heavenly might.

3 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeignèd,
May they their thank-offerings bring;
Then with all the saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord and King.

Henry Bateman, 1862

648 SILOAM C. M.

1 Remember thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thine early vow,
And listen to thy praise.

2 Remember thy Creator now,
Seek Him while He is near;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.

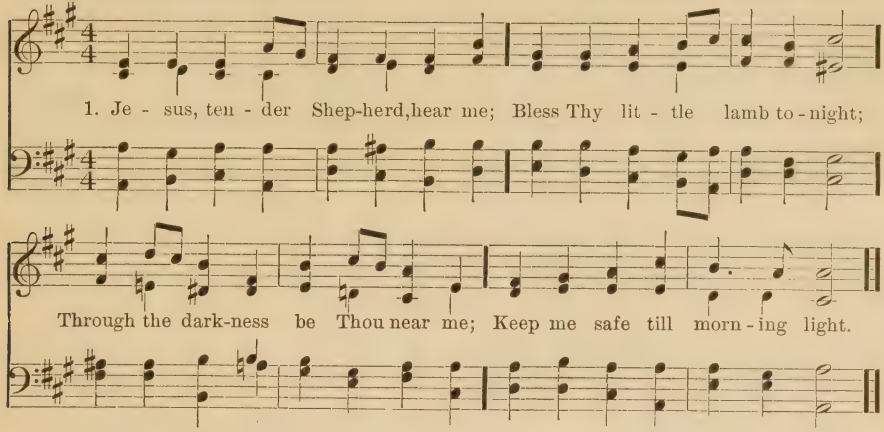
3 Remember thy Creator now;
His willing servant be:
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.

4 Almighty God! our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be Thine,
Devoted to Thy fear.

Anon.

649 DAY BY DAY 8. 7. 8. 7

Rev. Edmund S. Carter, 1874



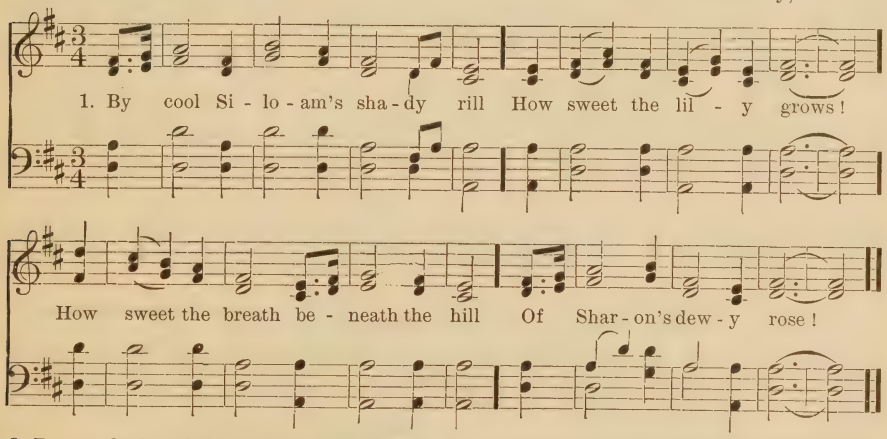
2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed
Listen to my evening prayer! [me;

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well:
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Mary L. Duncan, 1839

650 SILOAM C. M.

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1842



2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away:

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

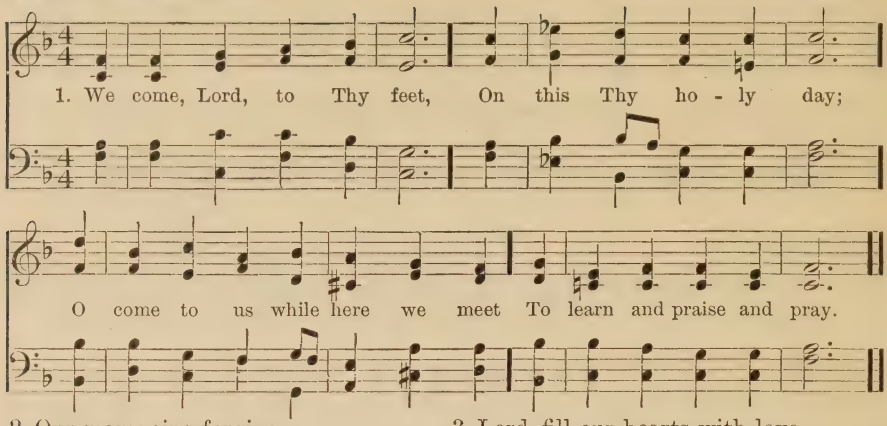
5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue
Were all alike Divine; [crowned,

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1812 (Text of 1827)

651 NEALE S. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1863



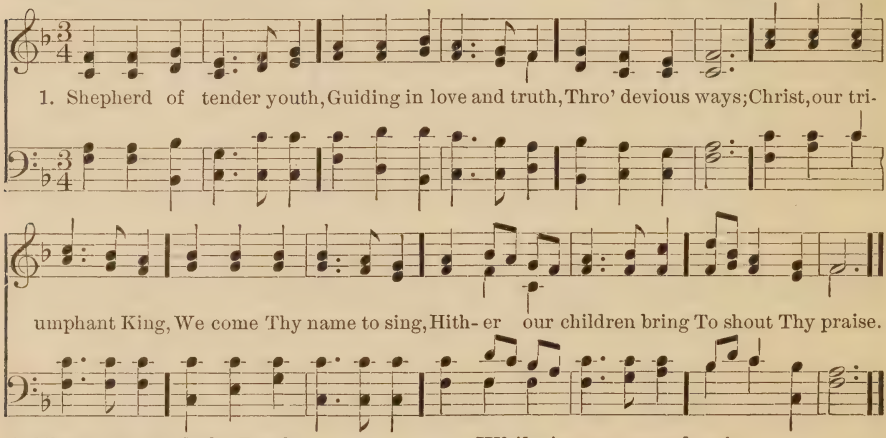
2 Our many sins forgive,
The Holy Spirit send;
And teach us to begin to live
The life that knows no end.

3 Lord, fill our hearts with love,
Our teachers' labor own,
That we and they may meet above
To sing before Thy throne.

Ascribed to Lady Lucy E. G. Whitmore; Alt. Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1858

652 AMERICA 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

Harmonia Anglicana, 1742



2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife;
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love:
While in our mortal pain
None calls on Thee in vain;
Help Thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

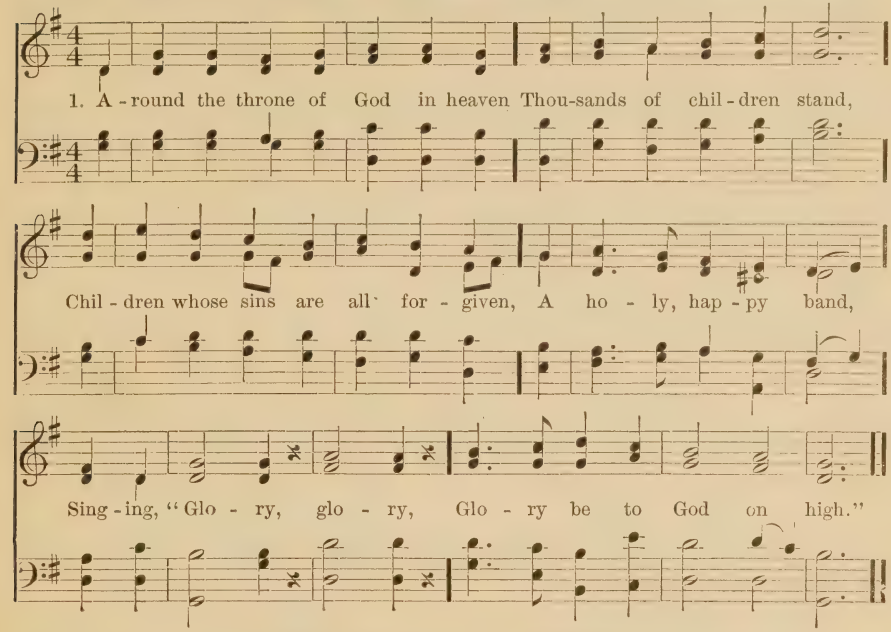
4 Ever be Thou our guide,
Our shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song;
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing;
Infants and the glad throng
Who to Thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King!

Ascribed to Clement of Alexandria (—c. 220); Tr. Rev. Henry M. Dexter, 1846

653 CHILDREN'S PRAISES C. M. with Refrain

H. E. Matthews, 1854



2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;
How came those children there,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high?"

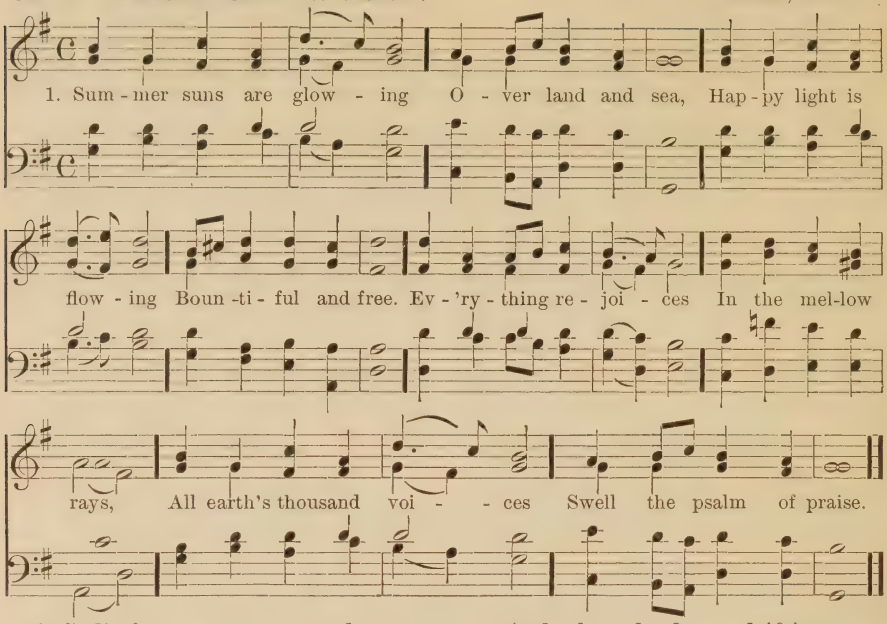
4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

Anne H. Shepherd, 1835

654 PRINCETHORPE 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

W. Pitts, 1871



2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above
Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

Bishop William W. How, 1871

655 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

1 Lead us, heavenly Father,
In our opening way,
Lead us in the morning
Of our little day.
While our hearts are happy,
While our souls are free,
May we give our childhood
As a song to Thee.

2 Lead us, heavenly Father,
As the way grows long,
Be our strong salvation,
Be our joyous song.
Gladdened by Thy mercies,
Chastened by Thy rod,
May we walk through all things
Humbly with our God.

3 Lead us, heavenly Father,
By Thy voices clear, —
Through Thy prophets holy,
Through Thy Son so dear, —
Him who took the children,
In His arms of love;
May we all be gathered
In His home above.

Rev. Brooke Herford, 1893

Present Life

656 NEARER HOME S. M. D.

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1852
Har. by Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1. For - ev - er with the Lord! A - men, so let it be; Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty: Here in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam, Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A day's march near- er home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear:
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower:
Then, then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

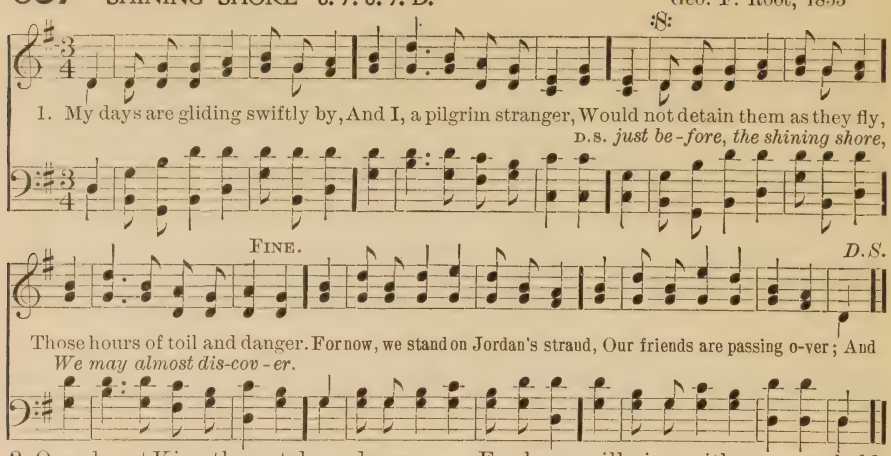
4 Forever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil:
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail,
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

5 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery, 1835

657 SHINING SHORE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Geo. F. Root, 1855



2 Our absent King the watchword gave,—
"Let every lamp be burning";
We look afar, across the wave,
Our distant home discerning.—Ref.

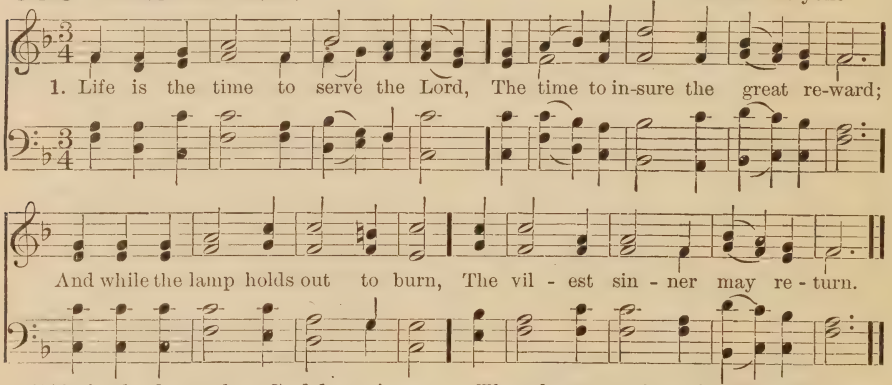
3 Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow,
For hope will sing with courage bold·
"There's glory on the morrow."—Ref.

4 Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,
Each cord on earth to sever,—
Then—bright and joyous in the skies—
There is our home forever.—Ref.

Rev. David Nelson, 1835

658 HINGHAM L. M.

Samuel Holyoke



2 Life is the hour that God has given
To escape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace — and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love are lost,
Their envy buried in the dust:
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue:
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

659 PRESTON 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Joseph Maclean, 1898

1. And is it so? "A lit - tle while," And then the life un - dy - ing,
The light of God's un-cloud-ed smile, The sing - ing for the sigh - ing?
"A lit - tle while!" O glo-rious word, Sweet sol - ace of our sor - row:
And then "for - ev - er with the Lord," The ev-er - last - ing mor - row.

(Or to Shining Shore, opposite.)

2 Then be it ours to journey on
In paths that He decrees us,
Where His own feet before have gone,
Our strength, our hope, our Jesus;
In lowly fellowship with Him
The cross appointed bearing;
For O a crown no grief can dim
One day we shall be wearing.

3 O 'twill be passing sweet to gaze
On Him in all His glory;
And lost in love and glad amaze
To shout redemption's story;
Till angels bend to catch the strain
Our human lips are swelling,
And "worthy is the Lamb once slain,"
Resounds through heaven's high dwelling.

Anon. in "Songs of Zion," 1864

660 LANGDON S. M.

John P. Campbell, 1900

1. One sweet-ly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,
Near-er my home to-day am I Than e'er I've been be-fore.

(*Or to Addison, No.* 670)

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer, to-day, the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;
Nearer to gain the crown.

4 But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the silent, unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

5 Ev'n now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.

6 Father, perfect my trust;
Strengthen my spirit's faith;
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

Miss Phœbe Cary, 1852

661 LISBON S. M.

Daniel Read, 1785

1. The pi-ty of the Lord, To those that fear His name,
Is such as ten-der par-ents feel; He knows our fee-ble frame.

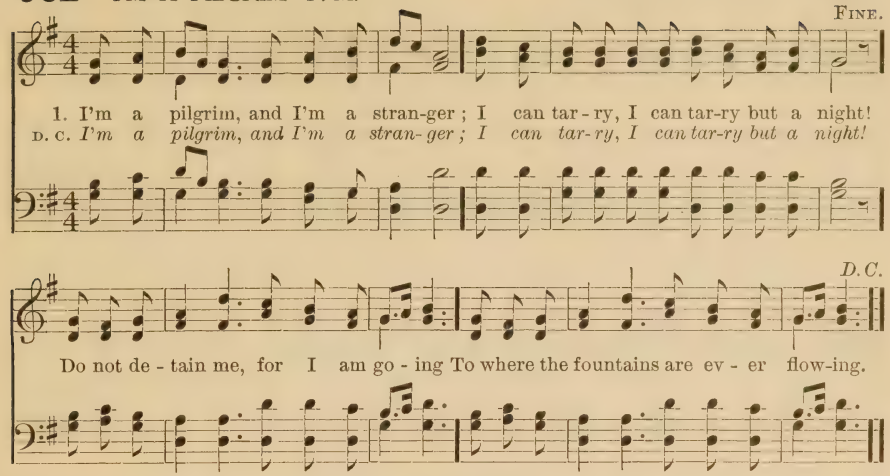
2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath:
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

662 I'M A PILGRIM P. M.



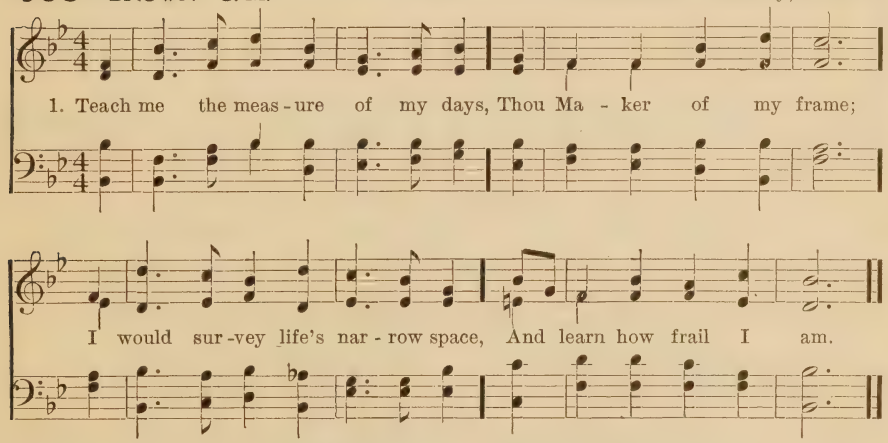
2 There the sunbeams are ever shining!
I am longing, I am longing for the sight.
Within a country, unknown and dreary,
I have been wandering, forlorn and weary:
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

3 Of that country, to which I'm going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light!
There are no sorrows, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying!
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

Mary S. B. Dana

663 BROWN C. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1844



2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time:
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.

3 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

4 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

Present Life

664 AXSON 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6 — John P. Campbell, 1899

1. Lo! on a nar-row neck of land, 'Twixt two un-bound-ed seas I stand,
Yet how in-sen-si-ble! A point of time, a mo-ment's space,
Re-moves me to yon heav'n-ly place, Or shuts me up in hell.

(*Or to Meribah, No.* 301)

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply, on my thoughtless heart,
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place in bright array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar:
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

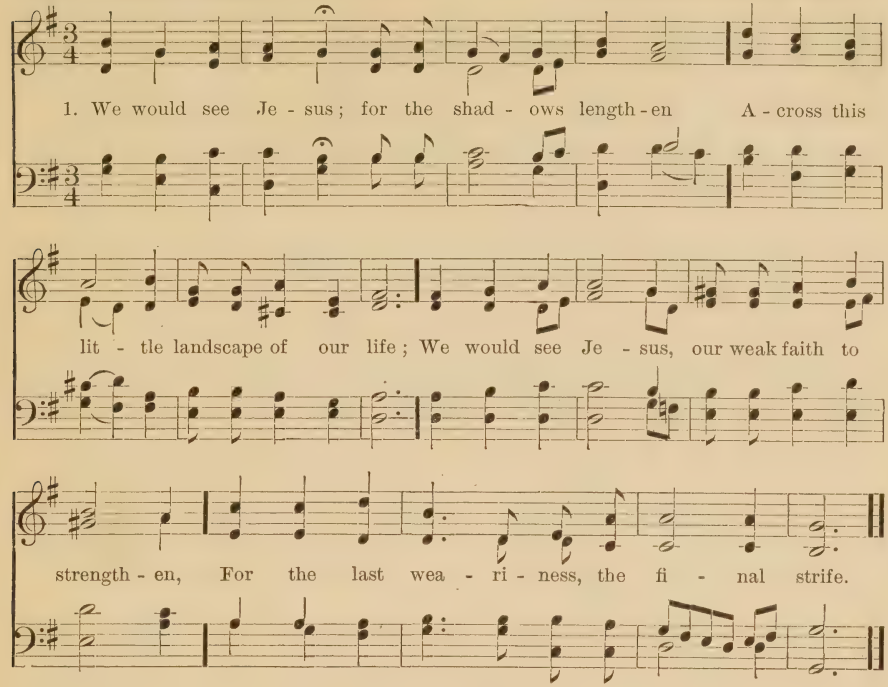
4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with Thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749

665 VISIO DOMINI 11. 10. 11. 10

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1871



(*Or to Raynolds, No.* 15)

2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace:
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing;
We would not mourn for them, for we go to Thee.

4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.

5 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.

6 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

Anna B. Warner, 1858

666 MIRIAM 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Joseph P. Holbrook, 1865

1. O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been,
What time the tem - pest ra - ges, Our dwell - ing-place se - rene:
Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,
To end - less gen - er - a - tions, The Ev - er - last - ing Thou.

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2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
And unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

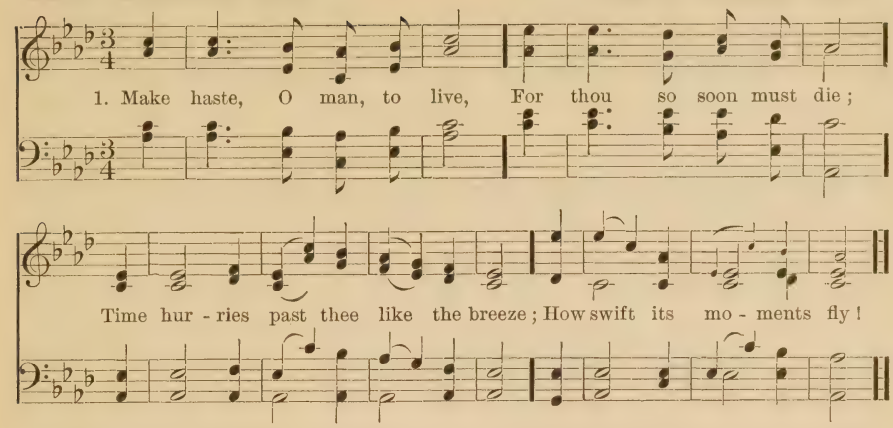
3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light forever,
We see Thee face to face:
A joy no language measures,
A fountain brimming o'er,
An endless flow of pleasures,
An ocean without shore.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1866

667 LEIGHTON S. M.

Henry W. Greatorex, 1849



2 To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve,
To move in idleness through earth—
This, this is not to live.

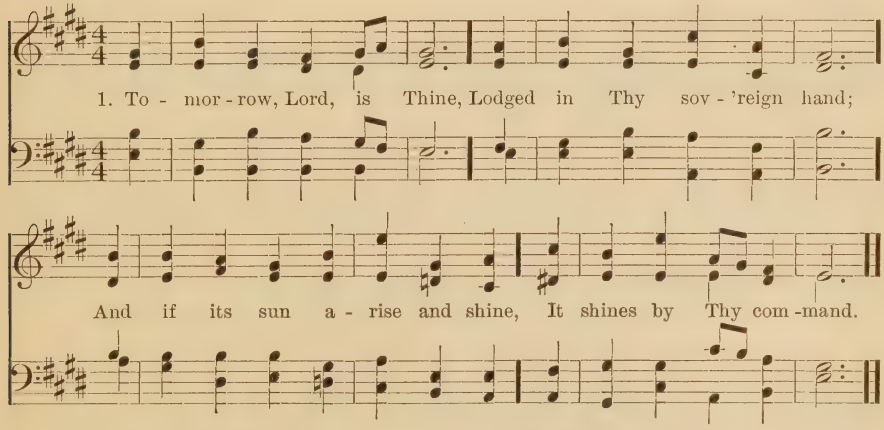
3 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.

4 Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away—
This is no time for thee to sleep—
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1856

668 LACY S. M.

John P. Campbell, 1899



2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by Thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

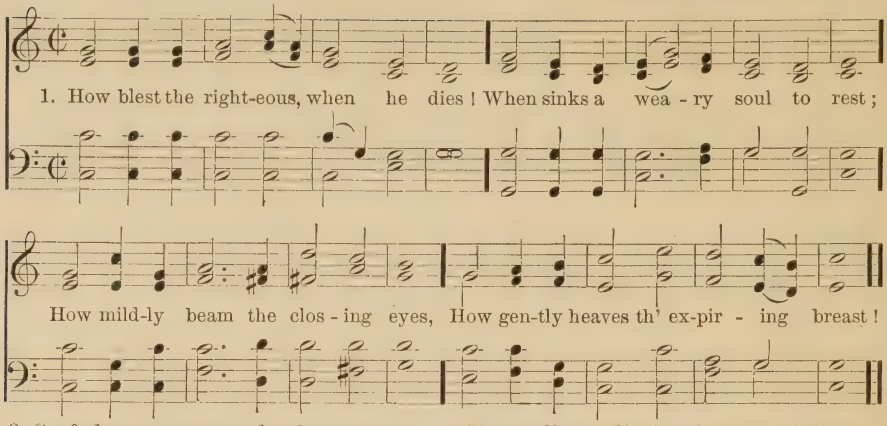
4 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755

669 ZEPHYR L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1843



2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er:
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

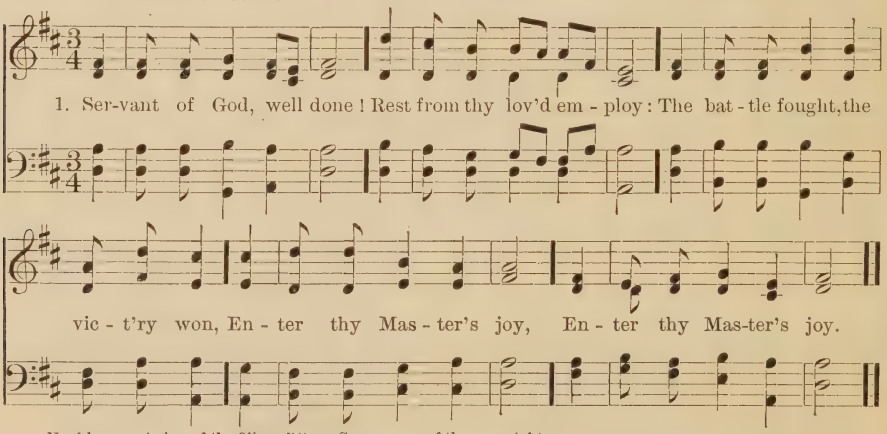
4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears,
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Anna L. Barbauld, 1773

670 ADDISON S. M.

Luther O. Emerson



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2 The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear:
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

3 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye,
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

4 His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay:
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

5 The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

6 Soldier of Christ! well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery, 1825

671 MEINHOLD 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7

German

1. Gen - tle Shep-herd, Thou hast stilled Now Thy lit - tle lamb's brief weep - ing;

Ah, how peace - ful, pale, and mild, In its nar - row bed 'tis sleep - ing,

And no sigh of an - guish sore Heaves that lit - tle bo - som more.

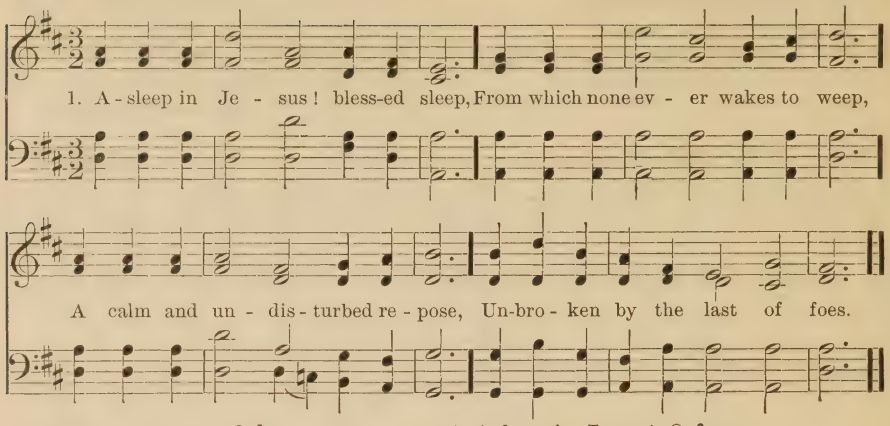
2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny, heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving:
Then the gain of death we prove
Though Thou take what most we love.

Rev. Johann W. Meinhold, 1835; Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

672 REST L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1843



2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

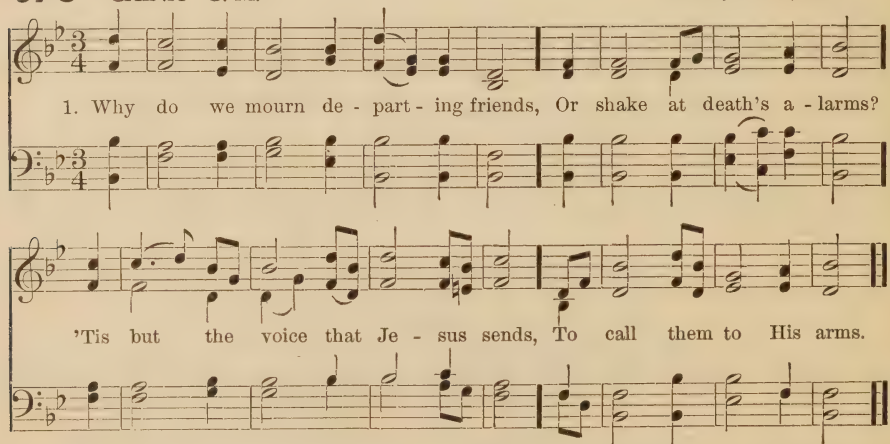
4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mrs. Margaret Mackay, 1832

673 CHINA C. M.

Timothy Swan, 1800



2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish our hours more
To keep us from our love. [slow

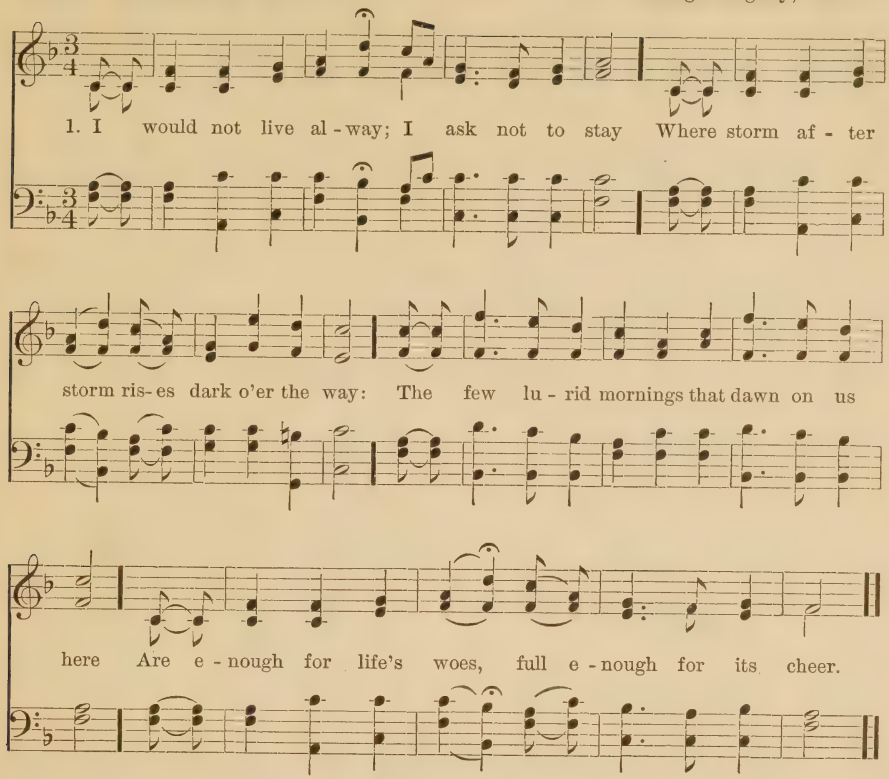
3 The graves of all the saints He blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

4 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

674 FREDERICK 11. 11. 11. 11

George Kingsley, 1833



2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

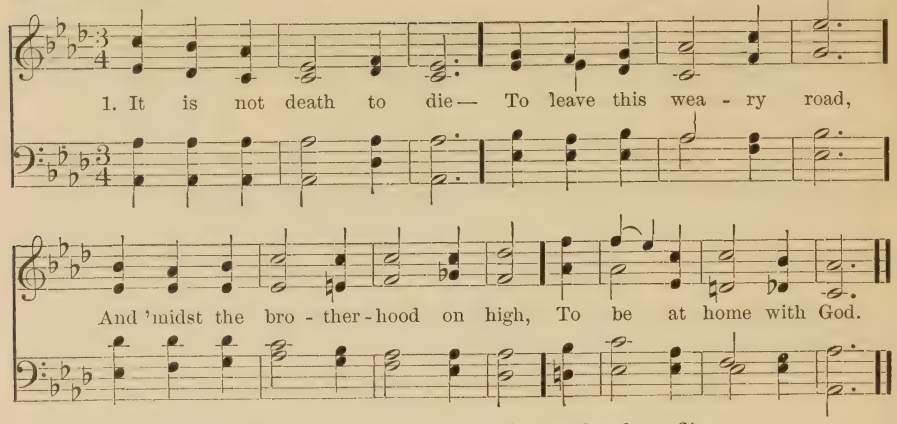
4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God?
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Rev. William A. Muhlenberg, 1826

675 GREENWOOD S. M.

Joseph E. Sweetser, 1849



2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

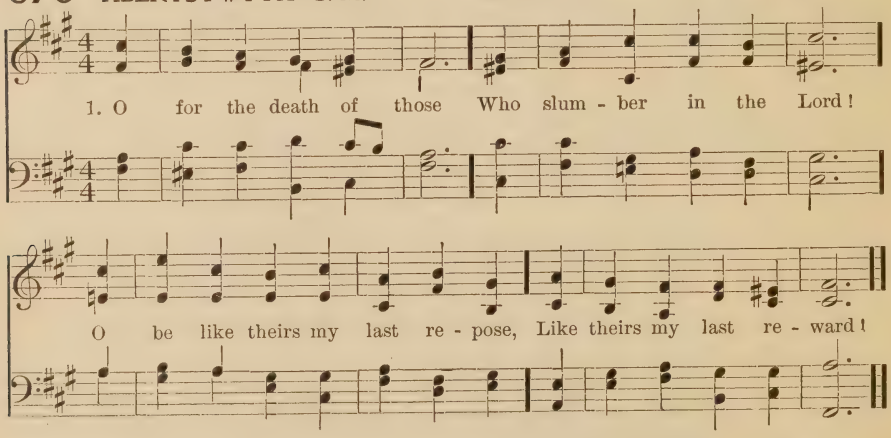
4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

Rev. H. A. Caesar Malan, 1832
Tr. Rev. George W. Bethune, 1847

676 ABERYSTWYTH S. M.

Rev. Sir Frederick A. G. Ouseley, 1861



2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with Him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

Rev. Wm. Maxwell, 1831

677 RUTHERFORD 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 4

Chrétien D'Urhan, 1834
Arr. by Edward F. Rimbault, 1866

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.
Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land.

2 O Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams of earth I've tasted;
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred with His love:
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace;
Not at the crown He gifteth,
But on His pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Emmanuel's land.

Anne R. Cousin, 1857

678 PEACE 7.7.7.7.8.8

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875

1. Now the la - borer's task is o'er; Now the bat - tle - day is past;

Now up - on the far-ther shore Lands the voy - a - ger at last. Fa - ther,

pp

poco rall.

dim.

in Thy gra - cious keep - ing Leave we now Thy ser - vant sleep - ing.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

3 There the sinful souls, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ, the Lord, shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust;"
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the Resurrection-day,
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1871

679 THE LAST SLEEP 4. 6. 4. 6. D.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869

1. Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sor - row; Rest, where none weep,
Till th' e-ter - nal mor - row; Tho' dark waves roll . O'er the si - lent
riv - er, Thy faint - ing soul . Je - sus can de - liv - er.

2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin and sadness;
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness:
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest:
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

Rev. Edward A. Dayman, 1868

680 WARE L. M.

G. Kingsley, 1838

1. What sin-ners val - ue I re - sign; Lord! 'tis e-nough that Thou art mine;
I shall be-hold Thy bliss-ful face, And stand com-plete in right - eous - ness.

2 This life's a dream—an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 O glorious hour!—O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains, with sweet sur-
And in my Saviour's image rise. [prise,

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

681 BERLIN 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7

Berliner Gesangbuch, 1653

1. { Je - sus lives and so shall I; Death, thy sting is gone for - ev - er.
{ He, who deign'd for me to die, Lives, the bands of death to sev - er.
He shall raise me with the just: Je - sus is my Hope and Trust.

2 Jesus lives and reigns supreme,
And, His Kingdom still remaining,
I shall also be with Him,
Ever living, ever reigning.
God has promised; be it must;
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

3 Jesus lives, and God extends
Grace to each returning sinner;
Rebels He receives as friends,
And exalts to highest honor.
God is true as He is just:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

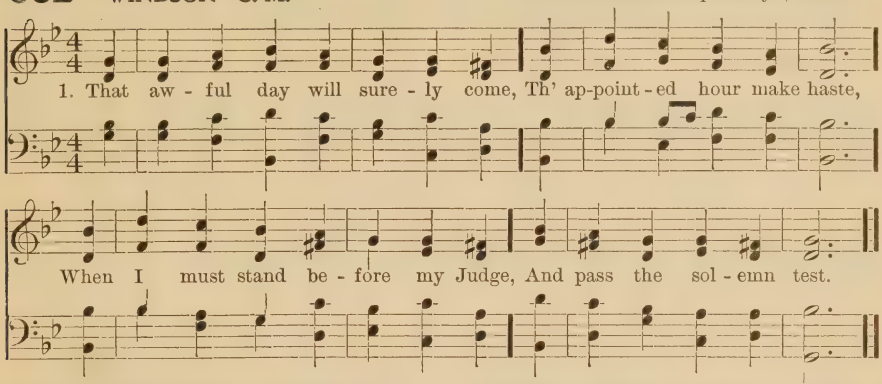
4 Jesus lives, and by His grace,
Vict'ry o'er my passions giving,
I will cleanse my heart and ways,
Ever to His glory living.
Th' weak He raises from the dust:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

5 Jesus lives, and death is now
But my entrance into glory.
Courage! then, my soul, for thou
Hast a crown of life before thee;
Thou shalt find thy hopes were just:
Jesus is the Christian's Trust.

Christian F. Gellert, 1757; Tr. Anon.

682 WINDSOR C. M.

Arr. from Christopher Tye, 1553



2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear Thy voice
Pronounce the word, "Depart!"

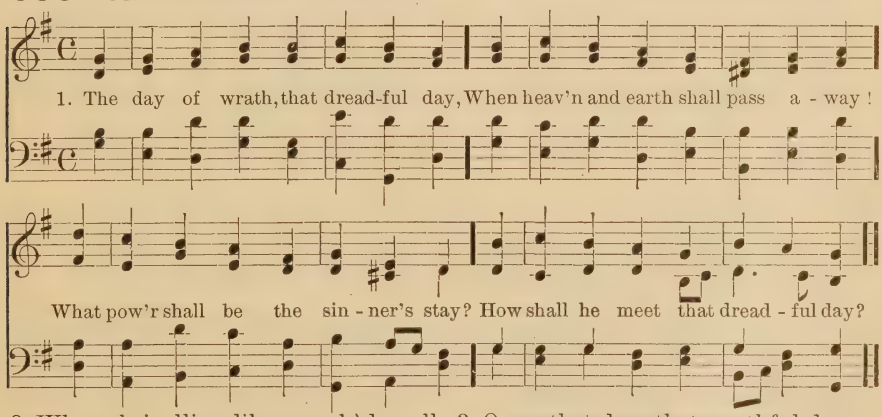
3 Jesus, I throw my arms around
And hang upon Thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from Thee,
My spirit can not rest.

4 O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on Thy hands!
Show me some promise in Thy book,
Where my salvation stands!

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

683 COMMANDMENTS L. M.

Genevan Psalter, 1551



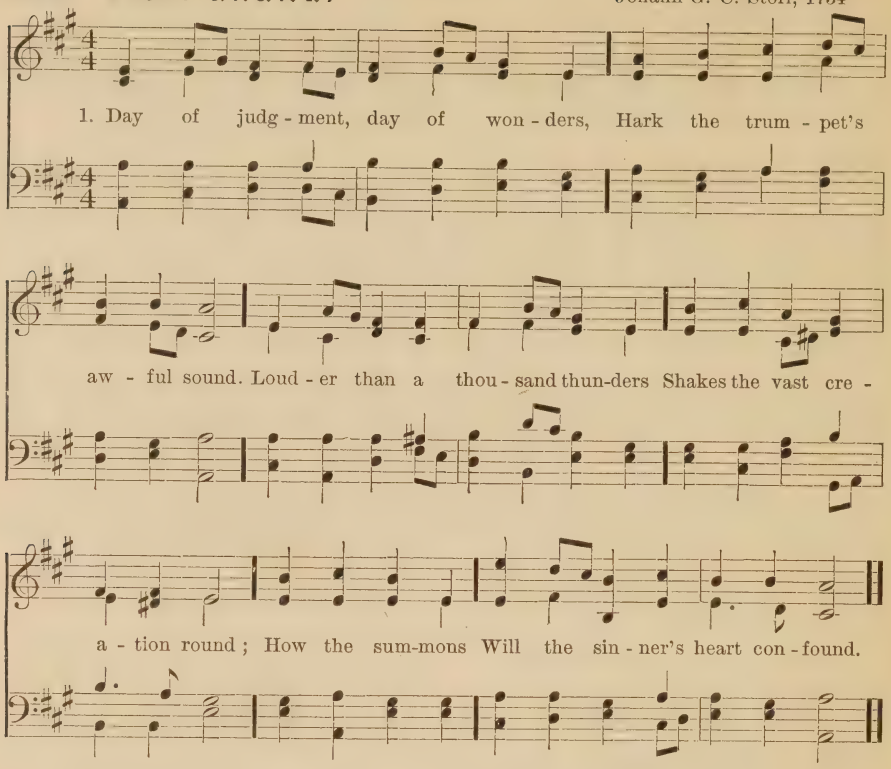
2 When, shrivelling, like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

3 O on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

445 "Dies Irae." Trans. Sir Walter Scott, 1805

684 STÖRL 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7

Johann G. C. Störl, 1734



2 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken
By His looks prepare to flee;
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

3 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine;
You who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, This God is mine!
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

685 MENDON L. M.

1 There is a God who reigns above,
Lord of the heaven and earth and seas;
I fear His wrath, I ask His love,
And with my lips I sing His praise.

2 There is a law which He has made,
To teach us all that we must do;
My soul, be His commands obeyed,
For they are holy, just, and true.

3 There is a gospel rich in grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw;
Lord, I repent and seek Thy face,
For I have often broke Thy law.

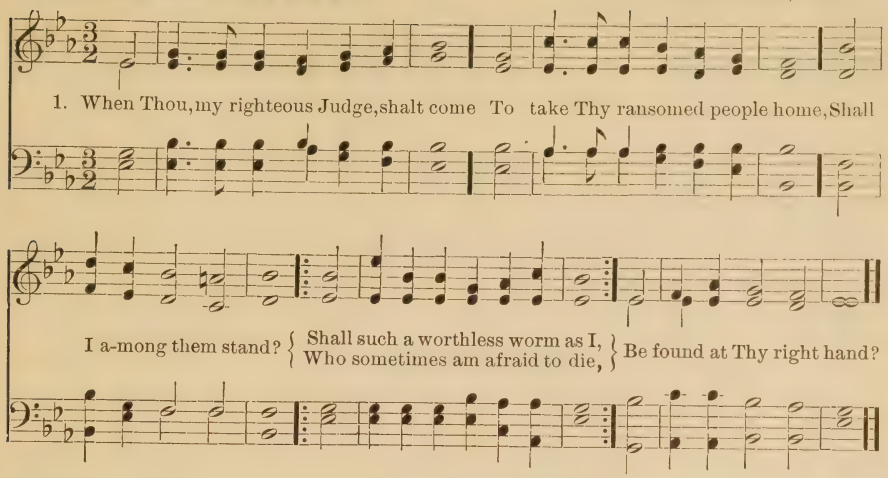
4 There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
How many younger much than I, [doom!
Have passed by death to hear their

5 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offered to the dead.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

686 MERIBAH 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6

Lowell Mason, 1839



2 I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

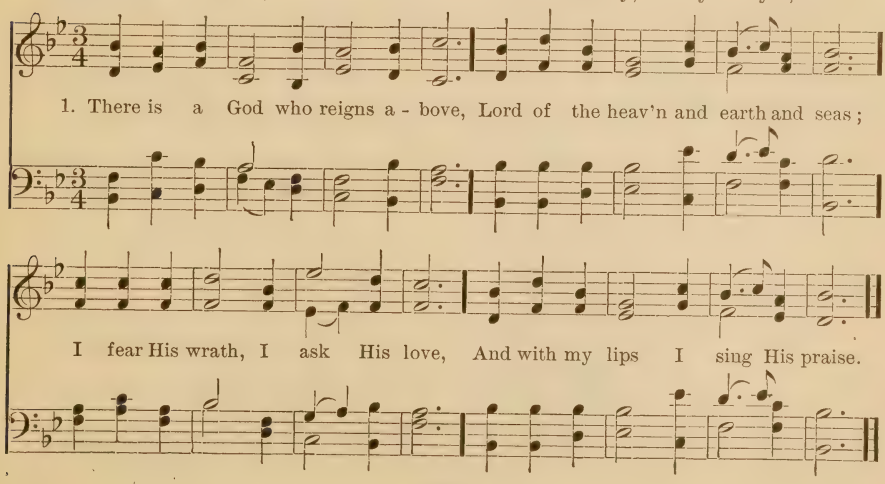
3 Prevent, prevent it by Thy grace;
Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among Thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see Thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Lady Huntingdon, 1764

MENDON L. M.

German Melody, arr. by S. Dyer, 1824



687 LUTHER'S HYMN 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7

Joseph Klug's Geistliche Lieder, Wittenberg, 1535

1. { Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - a - ted! }
{ The Judge of man - kind doth ap - pear On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed! }

The trum - pet sounds; the graves re - store The dead which they con -

tained be - fore; Pre - pare, my soul, to meet Him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

Verse 1, Anon., 1802; Verses 2, 3, 4, Rev. William B. Collyer, 1812
Alt. Rev. Thomas Cotterill, 1820

688 AMSTERDAM 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 7. 6

The Foundery Collection, 1742

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things T'ward heav'n, thy na - tive place:
Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view His glorious face
Forward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

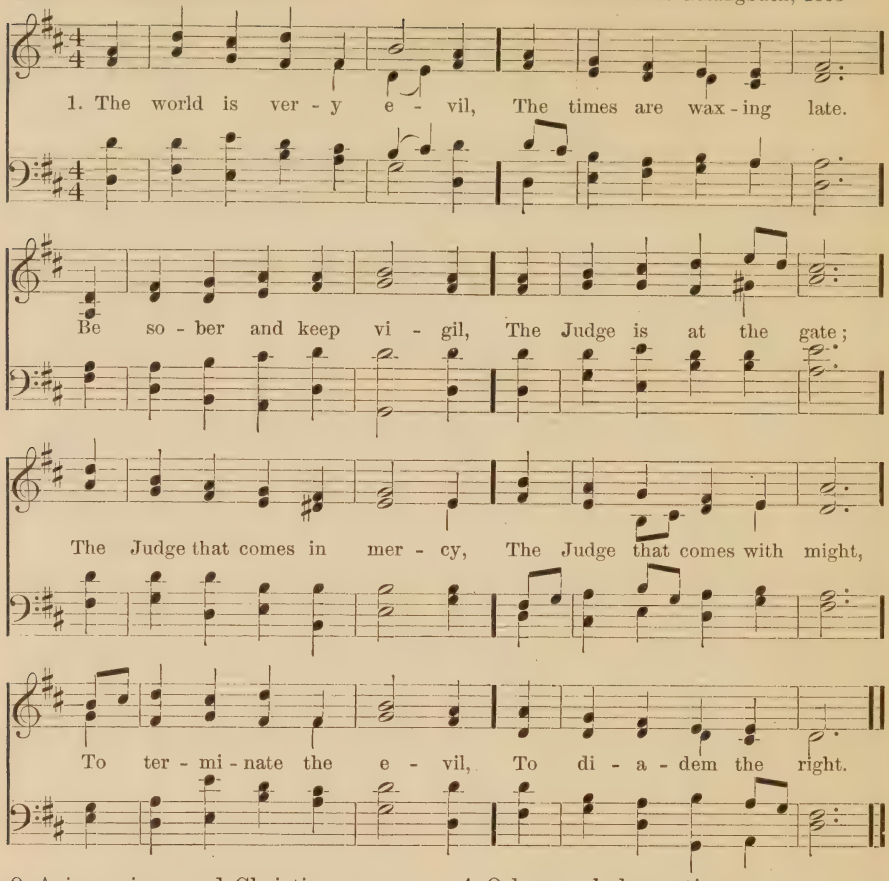
3 Fly me riches, fly me cares,
Whilst I that coast explore;
Flattering world, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Rev. Robert Seagrave, 1742

689 PEARSALL 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

St. Gall Katholisches Gesangbuch, 1863



2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3 The home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn:
'Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around.

4 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest!
Strive, man, to win that glory,
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145; Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1851

690 EWING 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Alexander Ewing, 1853

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there;
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O mine, my golden Zion!
O lovelier far than gold!
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe, victorious fold:
O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?

5 Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only and forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.
Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only and forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145; Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1851
Verse 1, ll. 6, 8, Verse 2, l. 2, alt.

691 HOMELAND 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1867

1. For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep;
For ver - y love be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep:
The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,
And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;

3 Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up thy fabric,
And the Corner-stone is Christ.
The cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

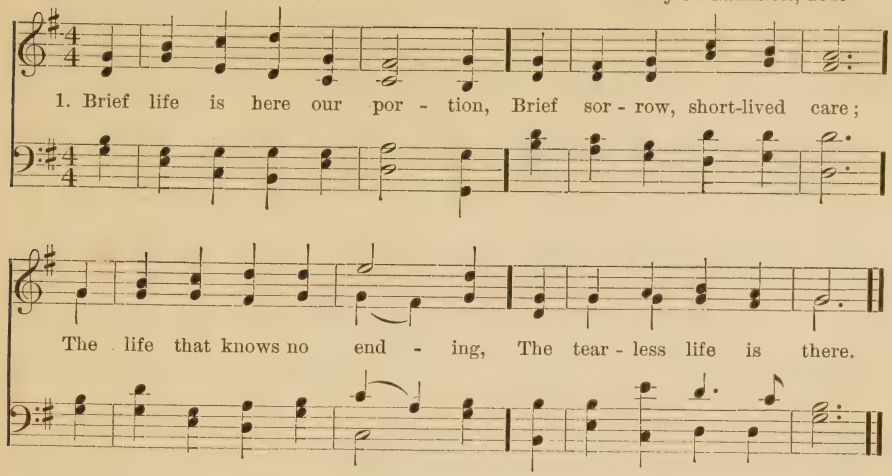
4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear Fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145; Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1851

692 ALPHEGE 7. 6. 7. 6

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1848



2 O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;

4 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope;

5 But He, whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

6 The morning shall awaken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

7 Yes, God, my King and Portion,
In fullness of His grace,
We then shall see forever,
And worship face to face.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1851; Verse 6, l. 1, alt.

693 HOMELAND 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

1 The Homeland! O the Homeland!
The land of souls freeborn!
No gloomy night is known there,
But aye the fadeless morn:
I'm sighing for that Country,
My heart is aching here;
There is no pain in the Homeland
To which I'm drawing near.

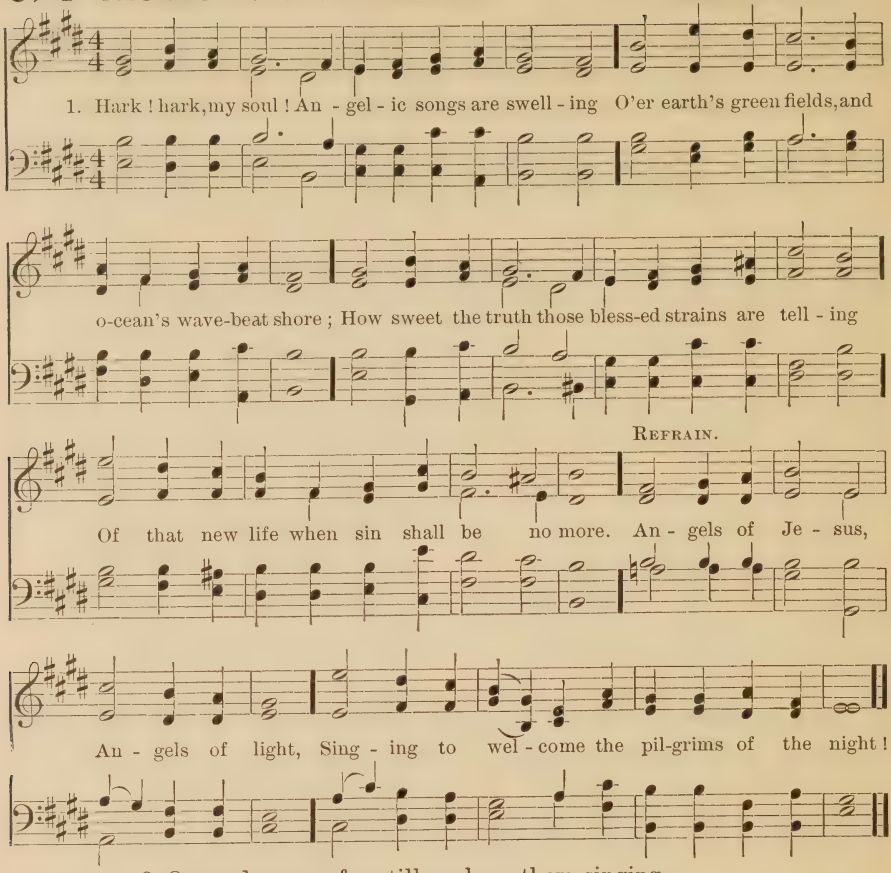
2 My Lord is in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
No sinful thing nor evil,
Can ever enter there;
The music of the ransomed
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland,
My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the Homeland
Are waiting me to come
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invade their holy home:
O dear, dear native Country
O rest and peace above!
Christ bring us all to the Homeland
Of His eternal love.

Rev. Hugh R. Haweis, 1855

694 PILGRIMS 11. 10. 11. 10. with Refrain

Henry Smart, 1868



2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home. — Ref.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee. — Ref.

4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—Ref.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love. — Ref.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1854

Heaven

VOX ANGELICA 11. 10. 11. 10. with Refrain (*Second Tune*)

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1868

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and

o-cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing

p REFRAIN.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,

cres. *f*

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night!

Sing -

cres. *rall.*

. . . . ing

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims, the pil - grims of the night.

695 MATERNA C. M. D.

Samuel A. Ward, 1885

1. O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

2. O hap - py har - bor of the saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!
In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.

3 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

4 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

5 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green,
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

6 Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.

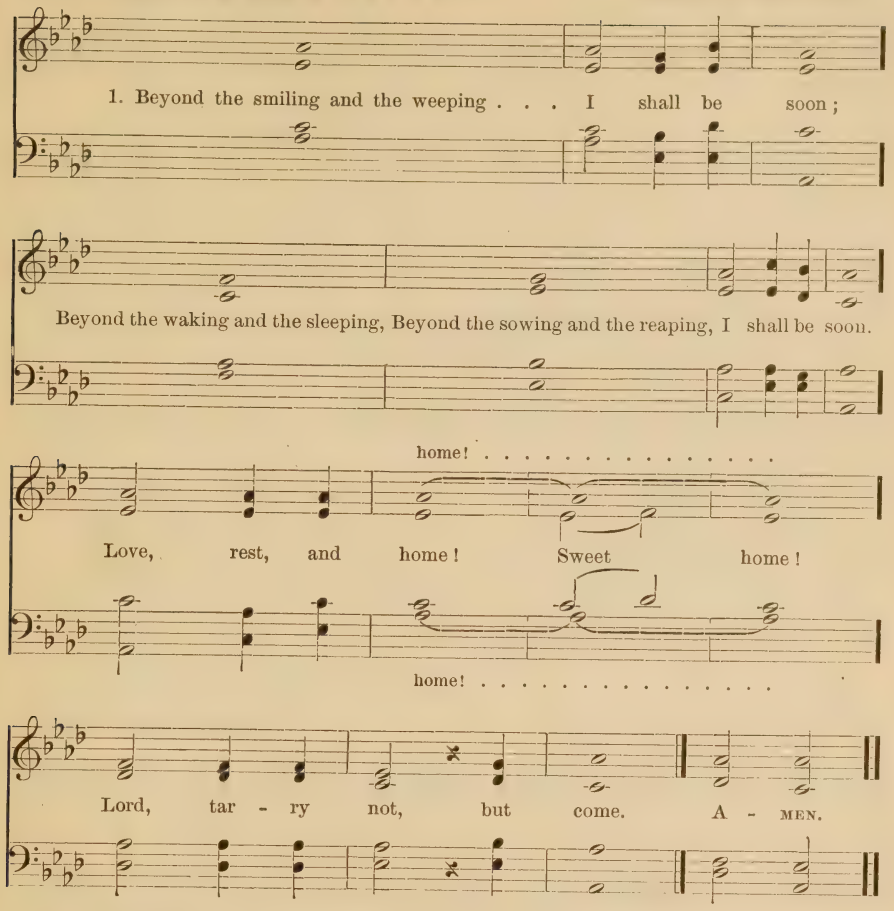
7 There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

8 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

F. B. P., in MSS. of 16th or 17th cent.
Verse 1, l. 1, from W. Prid, 1585

696 A LITTLE WHILE 9. 4. 9. 9. 4. 6. 6

William A. Tarbutton



2 Beyond the blooming and the fading | I shall be soon; ‖
Beyond the shining and the shading, |
Beyond the hoping and the dreading, | I shall be soon. ‖
Love, rest, and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

3 Beyond the rising and the setting | I shall be soon; ‖
Beyond the calming and the fretting, |
Beyond remembering and forgetting, | I shall be soon. ‖
Love, rest, and home! Sweet home!
Lord tarry not, but come.

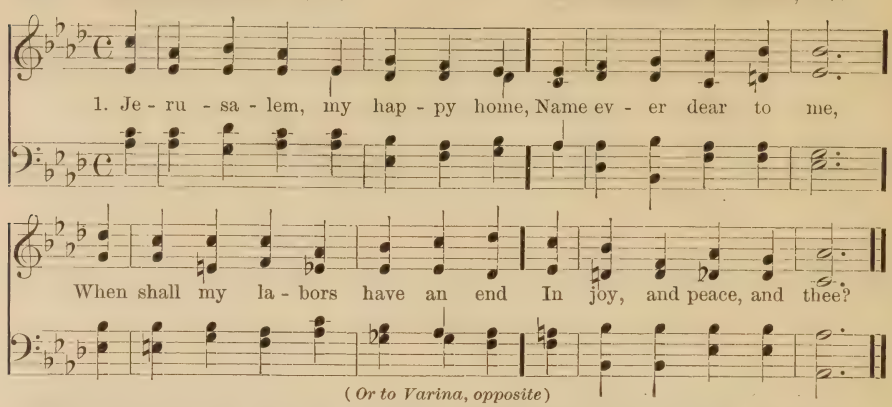
4 Beyond the parting and the meeting | I shall be soon; ‖
Beyond the farewell and the greeting, |
Beyond the pulse's fever-beating, | I shall be soon. ‖
Love, rest, and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

5 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever | I shall be soon; ‖
Beyond the rock-waste and the river, |
Beyond the ever and the never, | I shall be soon. ‖
Love, rest, and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857

697 MARGUERITE C. M.

Rev. Edmund C. Walker, 1876



(*Or to Varina, opposite*)

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou City of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

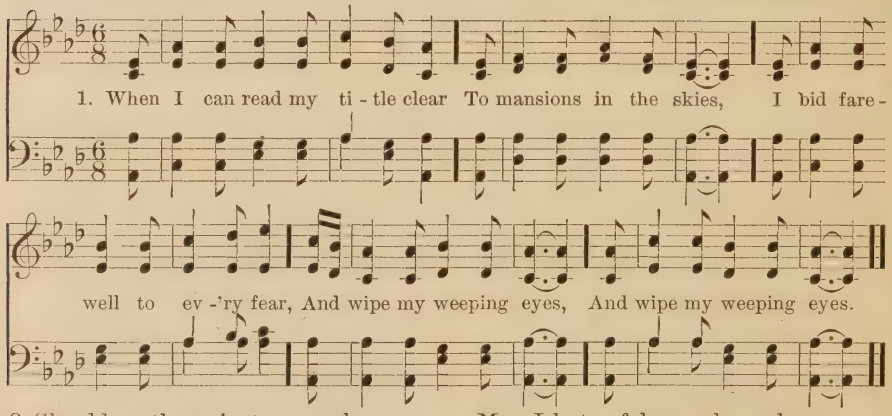
5 Why should I shrink at pain or woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

Anon. (ascribed to J. Montgomery), Eckington Coll., c. 1796
(based on F. B. P. in MSS. of 16th or 17th Cent.)

698 ORTONVILLE C. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1837



2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

699 VARINA C. M. D.

Arr. by George F. Root, 1849

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
In-finite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. } There ever-last-ing spring abides,

And never-withering flowers; Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes:
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

700 ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866

1. Fa - ther, I long, I faint to see The place of Thine a - bode:

I'd leave Thine earth - ly courts, and flee Up to Thy seat, my God.

2 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon Thy throne:
Pleasure springs fresh forever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

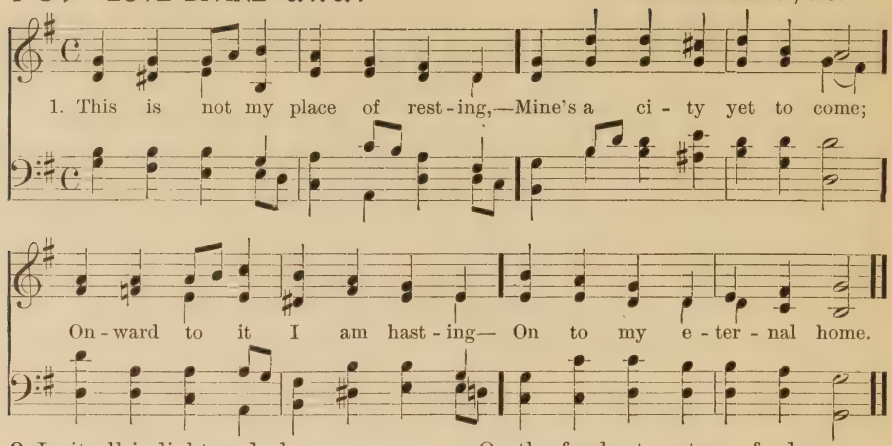
3 There all the heavenly hosts are seen;
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.

4 The more Thy glories strike my eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

701 LOVE DIVINE 8. 7. 8. 7

Sir John Stainer, 1889



2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, hath passed away.

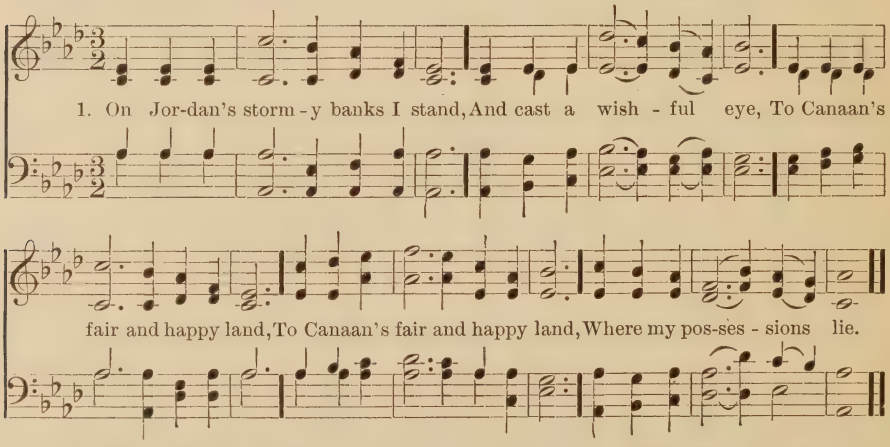
3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads
By the streams of life along,— [us
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more are sad or weary,
Never, never sin again!

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1845

702 TAPPAN C. M.

George Kingsley, 1838



2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There generous fruit, that never fails,
On trees immortal grow; [vales,
There rocks and hills, and brooks and
With milk and honey flow.

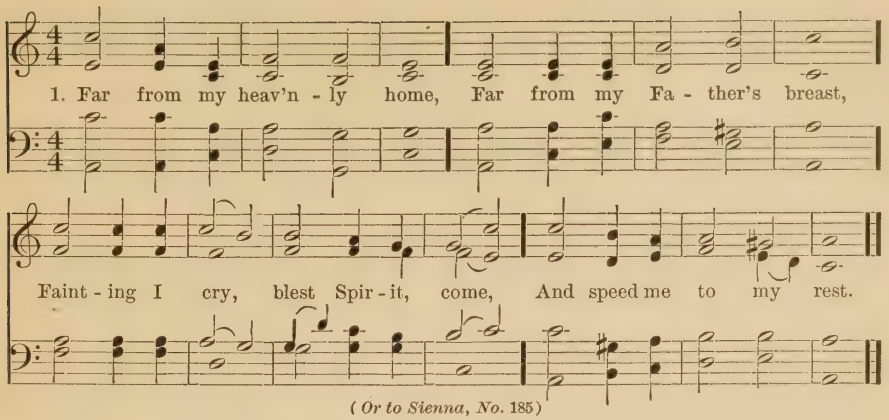
4 On all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1787

703 LYTE S. M.

John B. Wilkes, 1861



(Or to Sienna, No. 185)

2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung;
How should I sing a cheerful song,
Till Thou inspire my tongue?

3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

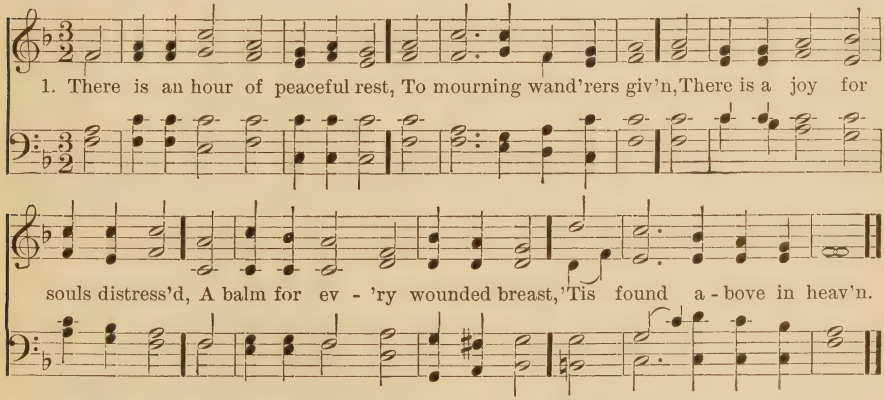
4 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

5 God of my life, be near:
On Thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

704 WOODLAND 8. 6. 8. 8. 6

N. D. Gould, 1840



2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven; [shoals,
When tossed on life's tempestuous
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There, fragrant flowers, immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There, rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

William B. Tappan, 1818

705 PARADISE 8. 6. 8. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1867

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;
Where loy - al hearts and true,
Where loy - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
All rap - ture, thro' and thro,' In God's most ho - ly sight?

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on Thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above,
Where loyal hearts, etc.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1862; H. A. & M., 1868

706 ALFORD 7. 6. 8. 6. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875

1. Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand In spark - ling rai - ment bright,
The ar - mies of the ran-somed saints Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis fin - ished! all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin;
Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.

2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power, and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home:
Show in the heav'ns Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

Henry Alford, 1864

707 KNIGHTSBRIDGE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

J. Baden Powell, 1885

1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chant - ing at the crys - tal sea,
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee;
Mul - ti - tude which none can num - ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,
Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold - ing Palms of vic - t'ry in their hands.

2 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

3 Marching with Thy cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered:
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste forever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

708 BARNETT 8. 8. 8. 8. D.

John P. Campbell, 1901

1. Ye an - gels who stand round the throne, And view my Im-man - u - el's face,
In rap - tu - rous songs make Him known; O tune your soft harps to His praise.
He formed you the spir - its you are, So hap - py, so no - ble, so good;
While oth - ers sank down in de - spair, Con - firmed by His pow-er, ye stood.

(*Or to De Fleury, No.* 371)

2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at His feet,
His grace and His glory display,
And all His rich mercy repeat:
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair;
For you He was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 O when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong;
I'm fettered and chained up in clay,
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

4 I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to His name.
I want — O I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.

Maria De Fleury, 1791

709 O QUANTA 10. 10. 10. 10

Ancient

1. O what the joy and the glo - ry must be, . . Those end - less Sab - baths the bless-ed ones see! Crown for the val - iant, to wea - ry ones rest; God shall be all, in all ev - er blest.

2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
O that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Zion shall sing;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessèd people eternally raise.

5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

6 Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;
Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One.

P. Abelard, 12th Cent.
Tr. John M. Neale, 1854

710 GREENLAND 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arr. from J. M. Haydn

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the glo - rious! The glo - ry of th' e - lect,—
O dear and fu - ture vis - ion That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!
Ev'n now by faith I see thee, Ev'n here thy walls dis - cern;
To thee my thoughts are kin - dled, And strive, and pant, and yearn!

(*Or to Miriam, No.* 666)

2 O none call tell Thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise;
O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device:
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart:
And none, O Peace, O Zion,
Can sing thee as thou art.

3 Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?

4 I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, yes!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1851

711 BONAR 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1867

1. Up - ward where the stars are burn - ing, Si - lent, si - lent
in their turn - ing Round the nev - er chang - ing pole;
Up - ward where the sky is bright - est, Up - ward where the
blue is light - est, Lift I now my long - ing soul.

2 Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving,
That must be the home of homes.

4 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him;
Son of God, they own, they own Him;
With His Name the palace rings.

5 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessèd feet;
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866

712 HEAVEN IS MY HOME 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4 Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. I'm but a stran - ger here, Heav'n is my home;
Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home:
Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on ev - 'ry hand;
Heav'n is my fa - ther - land, Heav'n is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home:
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
And there I too shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home:
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

Rev. Thomas R. Taylor, pub. 1836

713 ANNUE CHRISTE 6. 6. 6. 6. D. Ancient

Voices in Unison.

1. There is a bless-ed home, Be-yond this land of woe, Where tri - als nev - er
come, Nor tears of sor - row flow. Where faith is lost in sight, And pa-tient hope is
crown'd; And ev - er - last - ing light Its glo - ry throws a - round.

2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore

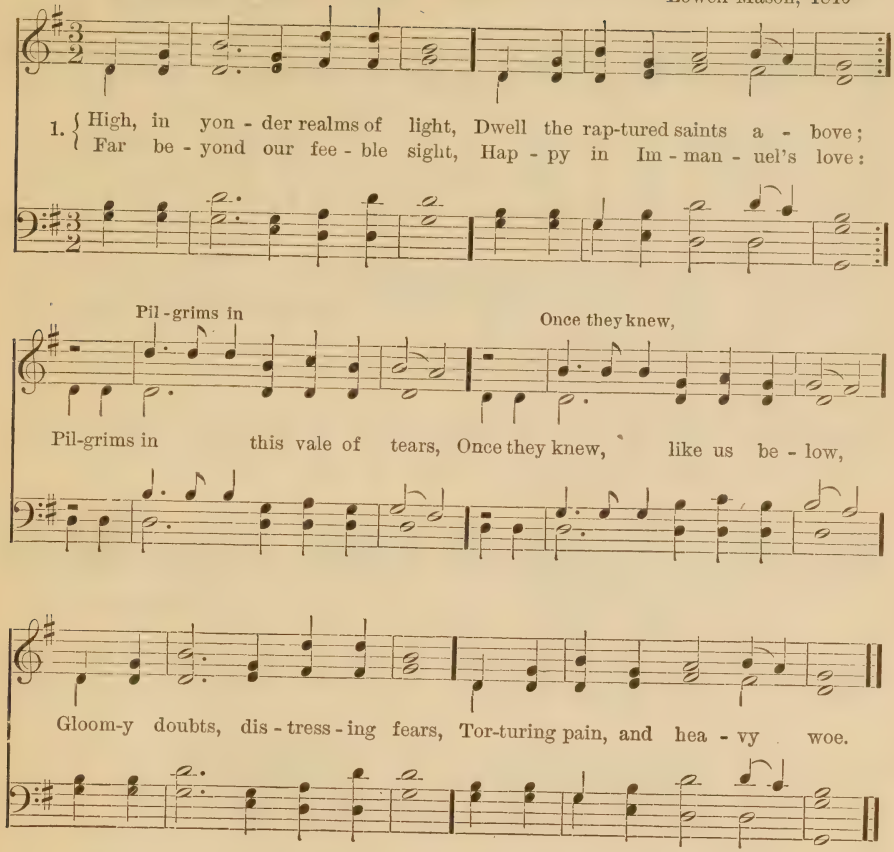
3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done!

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe:
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, 1861

714 ELTHAM 7s. D.

Lowell Mason, 1840



2 Oft the big unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek
Told, in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak.
But these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again.

3 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.
Happy spirits, ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lulled to rest, the aching head,
Soothed, the anguish of the mind.

4 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows.
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

Rev. Thomas Raffles, 1812

715 HOME 11. 11. 11. 11. with Refrain

Ascribed to Sir Henry R. Bishop, 1823

1. { 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea - ture com-plaints,
How sweet to my soul is com - mu - nion (*Omit.* . .) with saints;

To find at the ban - quet of mer - cy there's room,
And feel in the pres - ence of (*Omit* . . . . . .) Je - sus at home!

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Pre-pare me, dear Sav - iour, for heav - en, my home.

2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace;
And thrice blessèd Jesus, whose love cannot cease:
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee, in glory, at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all, will be peace, when I'm with Thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions, to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of Thy face;
Inspire me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in Thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.

Rev. David Denham, 1837

Doxologies

S. M.

Give to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of His grace
Be equal honor done.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady's New Version, 1696

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1693

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given:
Crown Him in every song;
To Him your hearts belong,
Let all His praise prolong
On earth, in heaven.

Rev. Edwin F. Hatfield, 1843

6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8

To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise:
And while our lips their tribute bring,
Our faith adores the name we sing.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

7. 7. 7. 7

Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7

Praise the name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last.

Anon., 1827

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. or 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7

Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One.
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

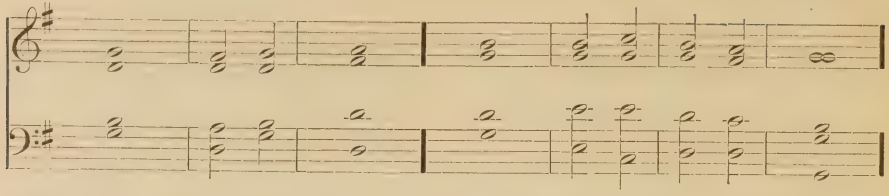
11. 11. 11. 11

O Father Almighty, to Thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blest,
All glory and worship from earth, and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

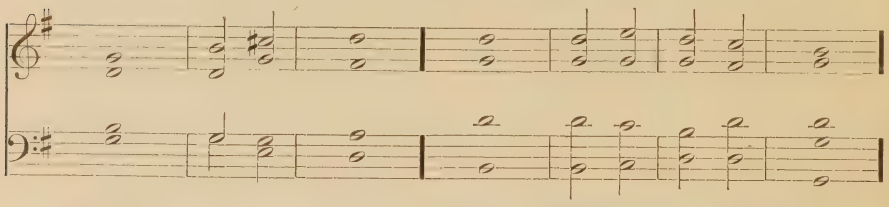
Anon.

716 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

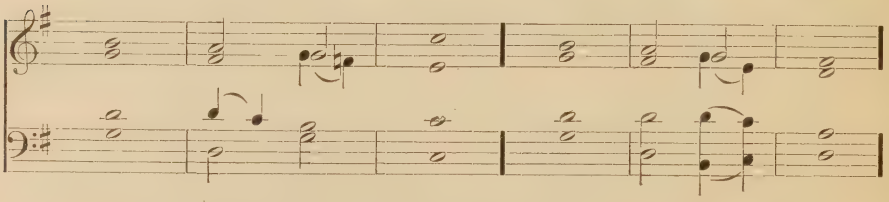
Old Chant



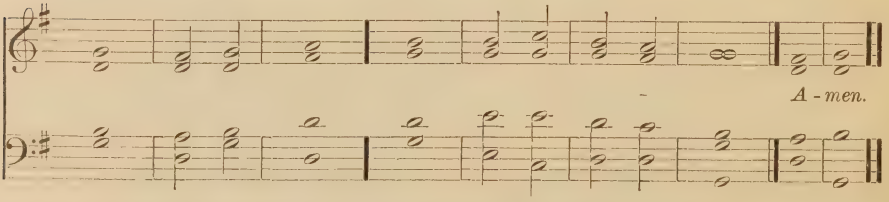
1 Glory *be* to | God on | high ‖ and on *earth* | peace good | will · towards | men.
2 We praise Thee, we bless *Thee* we | wor-ship | Thee ‖ we glorify Thee, we give *thanks* to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



3 O Lord *God* | Heaven- · ly | King ‖ *God* the | Fa-ther | Al- — | mighty.
4 O Lord, the only begotten *Son* | Je-sus | Christ ‖ O Lord God, Lamb of *God* | Son — | of the | Father,



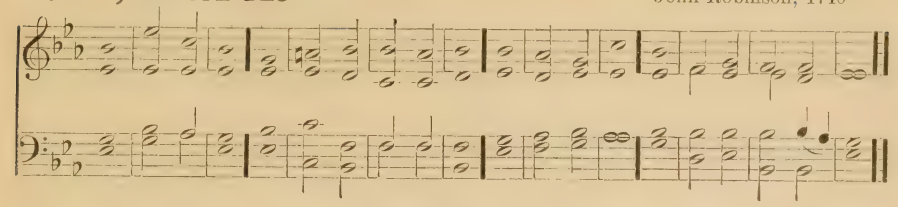
5 That takest a*way* the | sins · of the | world ‖ have *mer*cy up- | on — | us.
6 Thou that takest a*way* the | sins · of the | world ‖ have *mer*cy up- | on — | us.
7 Thou that takest a*way* the | sins · of the | world ‖ *re*- | ceive our | prayer.
8 Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father ‖ have *mer*cy up- | on — | us.



9 For Thou *on*ly | art — | holy ‖ *Thou* | on-ly | art the | Lord.
10 Thou only, O *Christ* with the | Ho-ly | Ghost ‖ art most *high* in the | glory · of | God the | Father.

717 JUBILATE DEO

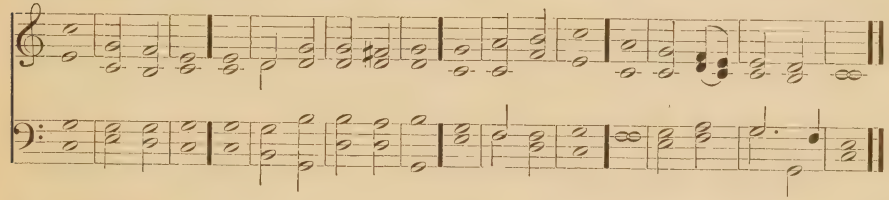
John Robinson, 1740



1 O be joyful in the *Lord* | all ye | lands: ‖ serve the Lord with gladness, and come be*fore* His | presence | with a | song.
2 Be ye sure that the *Lord* | He is | God: ‖ it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are His people *and* the | sheep of | His— | pasture.
3 O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and *in*to His | courts with | praise: ‖ be thankful unto *Him* and | speak good | of His | name.
4 For the Lord is gracious, His *mer*cy is | ever- | lasting and His truth endureth from *gen*er- | ation · to | gen-er- | ation.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be ‖ *world* without | end.— | *A*-— | *men.*

718 VENITE EXULTEMUS DOMINO

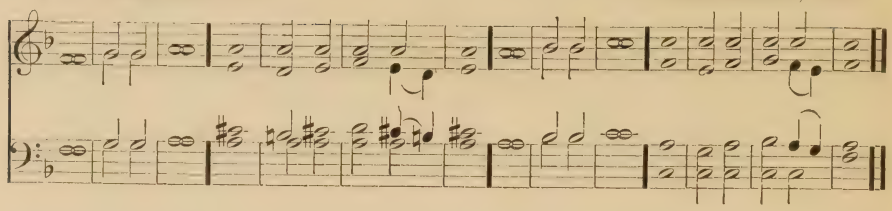
William Boyce, 1791



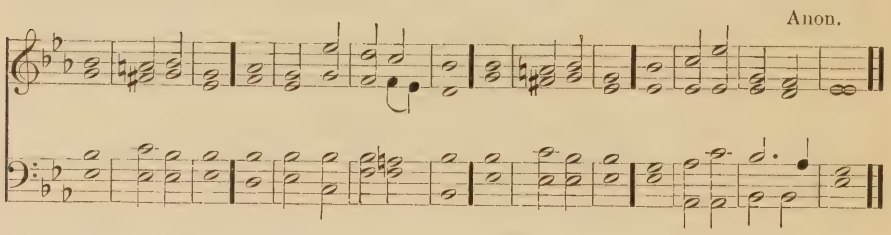
1 O come, let us *sing* | unto · the | Lord ‖ Let us heartily re*joice* in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.
2 Let us come before His *pre*sence with | thanks-— | giving ‖ And show our*selves* | glad in | Him with | psalms.
3 For the *Lord* is a | great— | God ‖ And a *great* | King a- | bove all | gods.
4 In His hand are all the *cor*ners | of the | earth ‖ And the *strength* of the | hills is | His— | also.
5 The sea is *His* | and He | made it ‖ And His *hands* pre- | pared · the | dry— | land.
6 O come, let us *wor*ship and | fall— | down ‖ And *kneel* be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
7 For *He* is the | Lord our | God ‖ And we are the people of His pasture, *and* the | sheep of | His— | hand.
8 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty · of | holiness ‖ Let the whole *earth* | stand in | awe of | Him.
2nd part 9 For He cometh, for He *com*eth to | judge the | earth ‖ And with righteousness to judge the *world* and the | peo-ple | with His | truth.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be ‖ *world* without | end— | *A*-— | *men.*

719 BENEDICTUS

Alfred Bennett, 1825



Anon.



1 Blessed be the Lord *God* of | Is-ra- | el || for He hath *visit*ed | and re- | deem-ed . His | people :

2 And hath raised up a *might*y sal- | va-tion | for us || in the *house* | of His | ser-vant | David ;

3 As He spake by the *mouth* of His | ho-ly | Prophets || which have *been* | since the | world be- | gan ;

4 That we should be *sav*ed | from our | enemies || and from the *hand* of | all that | hate — | us ;

5 To perform the mercy *promis*ed to | our fore- | fathers || and to re*mem*ber His | ho-ly | Cov-e- | nant ;

6 To perform the oath which He sware to our fore*fa*ther | A-bra- | ham || *that* | He would | give — | us ;

7 That we being delivered out of the *hand* of our | en-e- | mies || might *serve* | Him with- | out — | fear ;

8 In holiness and *right*eous- | ness be- | fore Him || *all* the | days of | our — | life.

9 And thou Child, shalt be called the *Proph*et | of the | Highest || for thou shalt go before the face of the *Lord* | to pre- | pare His | ways ;

10 To give knowledge of sal*va*tion | unto · His | people || *for* the re- | mis-sion | of their | sins,

11 Through the tender *mer*cy | of our | God || whereby the day-spring *from* on | high hath | visit- · ed | us ;

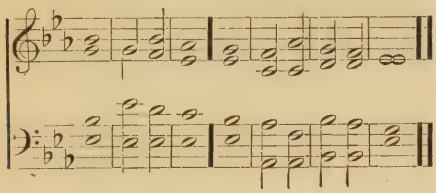
12 To give light to them that sit in darkness, and *in* the | shadow · of | death || and to guide our *feet* | into · the | way of | peace.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

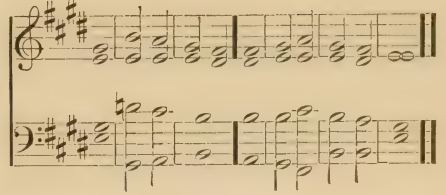
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | *A*- — | *men.*

720 NUNC DIMIT'TIS

Sir Joseph Barnby



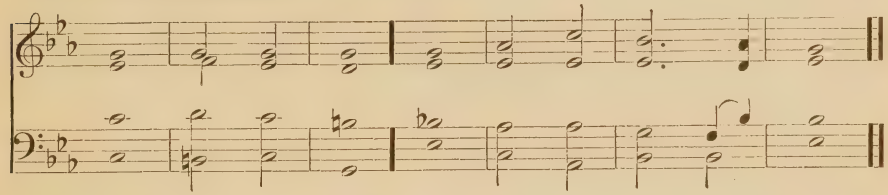
Gregorian



1 LORD, now lettest Thou Thy ser*vant* de- | part in | peace ‖ *ac-* | cord-ing | to Thy | word.
2 *For* mine | eyes have | seen ‖ *Thy* | — sal- | va- — | tion,
3 *Which* Thou | hast pre- | pared ‖ be*fore* the | face of | all — | people;
4 To be a *light* to | lighten · the | Gentiles ‖ and to be the *glo*ry of Thy | peo-ple | Is-ra- | el.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be ‖ *world* without | end— | *A-* — | *men.*

721 DE PROFUNDIS

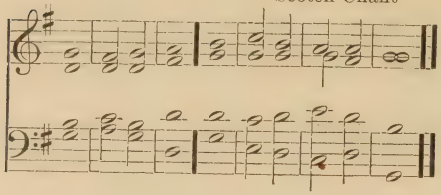
Rev. W. Felton, 1791



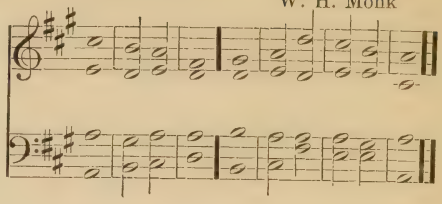
1 Out of the depths have I cried *un* — to | Thee, O | Lord. ‖ *Lord* | hear — | my — | voice.
2 Let thine *ears* | be at- | tentive ‖ *to* the | voice of · my | suppli- | cation.
3 If Thou, *Lord* shouldst | mark in- | iquities, ‖ O | Lord, who | — shall | stand?
4 But there *is* for- | giveness · with | Thee, ‖ that · thou | mayest · be | fear — | ed.
5 I wait for the *Lord* my | soul doth | wait, ‖ and *in* His | word — | do I | hope.
6 My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that *watch* | for the | morning; ‖ I say, more than *they* that | watch — | for the | morning.
7 Let Israel hope in the Lord, for with the *Lord* | there is | mercy, ‖ *and* with | Him is | plenteous · re- | demption.
8 And he shall re*deem* | Isra- | el ‖ *from* | all — | his in- | iquities.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be ‖ *world* without | end.— | *A-* — | *men.*

722 MAGNIFICAT

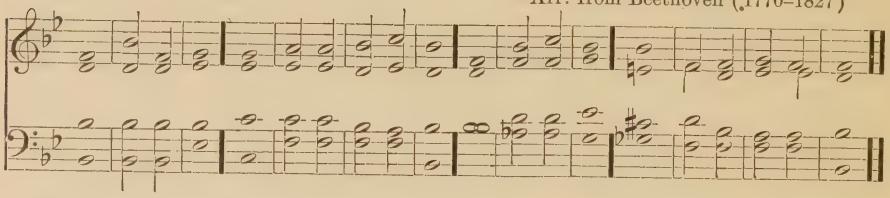
Scotch Chant



W. H. Monk



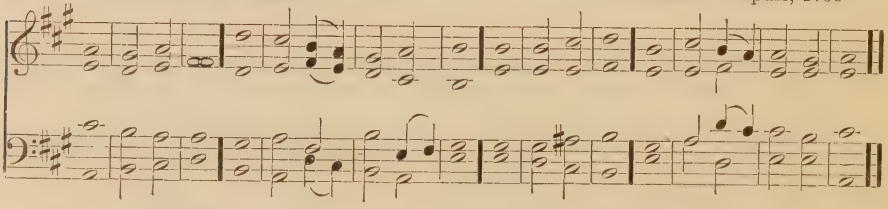
Arr. from Beethoven (1770–1827)



1 My soul doth *mag*ni | fy the | Lord ‖ and my spirit *hath* re | joiced · in | God my | Saviour.
2 *For* He | hath re | garded ‖ the *low*li | ness of | His hand | maiden.
3 *For* be | hold from | henceforth ‖ *all* gener | ations · shall | call me | blessed.
4 For He that is *might*y hath | magni · fied | me ‖ *and* | holy | is His | Name.
5 And His *mer*cy is on | them that | fear Him ‖ *through* | out all | gener | ations.
6 He hath showed *strength* | with His | arm ‖ He hath scattered the proud in the im*ag*in | ation | of their | hearts.
7 He hath put down the *might*y | from their | seat ‖ and *hath* ex | alted · the | humble · and | meek.
8 He hath filled the *hun*gry with | good · = | things ‖ and the *rich* He | hath sent · = | empty · a | way.
2nd part 9 He remembering His mercy hath *holp*en His | servant | Israel ‖ as He promised to our forefathers, *A*braham | and his | seed for | ever.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be ‖ *world* without | end · | *A* · = | *men.*

723 CANTATE DOMINO

Thomas S. Dupuis, 1768



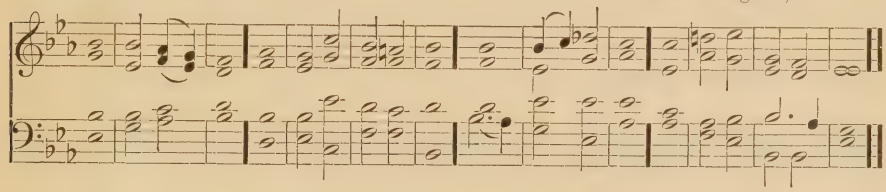
1 O sing unto the *Lord* a | new — | song ‖ For *He* hath | done — | mar-vellous | things.
2 With His own right hand, and *with* His | ho-ly | arm ‖ *Hath* He | gotten · Him- | self the | victory.

3 The Lord de*clared* | His sal- | vation || His righteousness hath He openly *showed* in the | sight — | of the | heathen.
4 He hath remembered His mercy and truth to*ward* the | house of | Israel || And all the ends of the world have *seen* the sal- | va-tion | of our | God.
5 Show yourselves joyful unto the *Lord* | all ye | lands || *Sing* re- | joice and | give — | thanks.
6 Praise the *Lord* up- | on the | harp || Sing to the *harp* with a | psalm of | thanks- — | giving.
7 With *trum*pets | also · and | shawms || O show yourselves *joy*ful be- | fore the | Lord the | King.
8 Let the sea make a noise, and *all* that | there-in | is || The round *world* and | they that | dwell there- | in.
9 Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful togethe*r* be- | fore the | Lord || *For* He | cometh · to | judge the | earth.
10 With righteous*ness* shall He | judge the | world || *And* the | peo-ple | with — | equity.

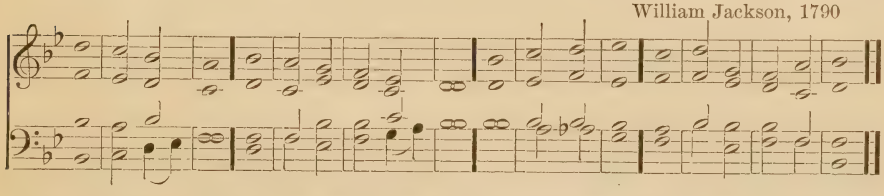
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end — | *A-* — | *men.*

724 DEUS MISEREATUR

Richard Langdon, 1774



William Jackson, 1790

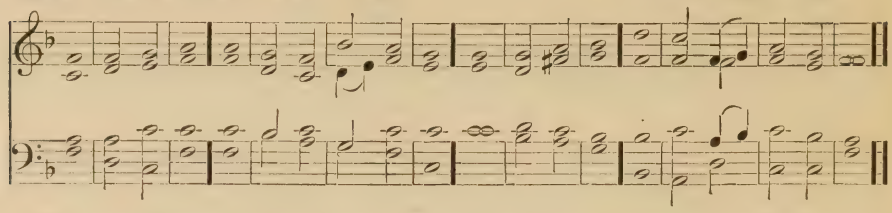


1 God be merciful un*to* | us, and | bless us : || And show us the light of His countenance, *and* be | merci-ful | un-to | us.
2 That Thy *way* may be | known up-on | earth : || Thy *sav*ing | health a- | mong all | nations.
3 Let the people *praise* | Thee, O | God : || *Yea*, let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.
4 O let the nations re*joice* | and be | glad : || For Thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and *gov*ern the | nations · up- | on — | earth.
5 Let the people *praise* | Thee, O | God : || *Let* | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.
6 Then shall the earth *bring* | forth her | increase : || And God, even our own *God*, shall | give — | us His | blessing.
2nd part 7 *God* | shall — | bless us : || And all the *ends* of the | world shall | fear — | Him.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end — | *A-* — | *men.*

725 BONUM EST CONFITERI

Richard Langdon, 1774



1 It is a good thing to give *thanks* | unto · the | Lord, ‖ and to sing praises *un*to Thy | name — | O Most | Highest;

2 To tell of Thy loving-kindness *ear*ly | in the | morning; ‖ and of Thy | truth · in the | night— | season;

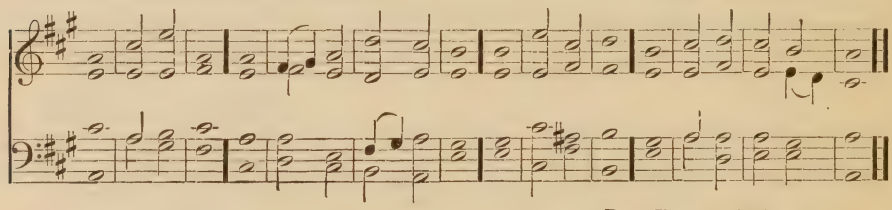
3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, *and* up- | on the | lute; ‖ upon a loud *in*strument | and up- | on the | harp.

4 For thou Lord hast made me *glad* | through thy | works; ‖ and I will rejoice in giving praise for the *op*er- | ations | of thy | hands.

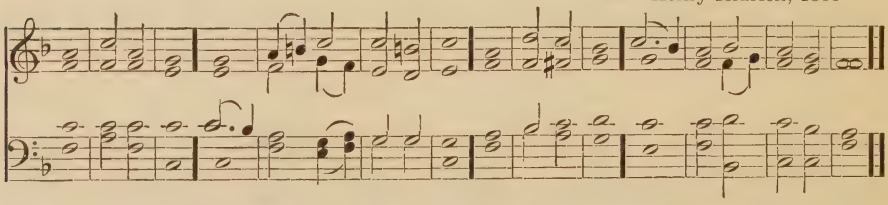
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be | *world* without | end— | *A*- — | *men.*

726 BENEDIC ANIMA MEA

Thomas Norris, 1810



Rev. Henry Aldrich, 1848



1 Praise the *Lord* | O my | soul ‖ And all that is with*in* me | praise His | ho-ly | name.

2 Praise the *Lord* | O my | soul ‖ *And* for- | get not | all His benefits;

3 Who for*giv*eth | all thy | sin ‖ And *heal*eth | all — | thine in- | firmities;

4 Who saveth thy *life* | from de- | struction ‖ And crowneth *thee* with | mercy · and | lov-ing- | kindness;

5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of His, *ye* that ex- | cel in | strength ‖ Ye that fulfill His commandment, and hearken unto the | voice — | of His | word.

6 O praise the *Lord* all | ye His | hosts ‖ Ye *serv*ants of | His that | do His | pleasure.

2nd part 7 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all *pla*ces of | His do- | minion ‖ praise *thou* the | Lord— | O my | soul.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be ‖ *world* without | end— | *A*- — | *men.*

727 SANCTUS

Taylor

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of hosts, Heav'n and earth are full of Thy glo - ry; Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord Most High. A - men, A - men.

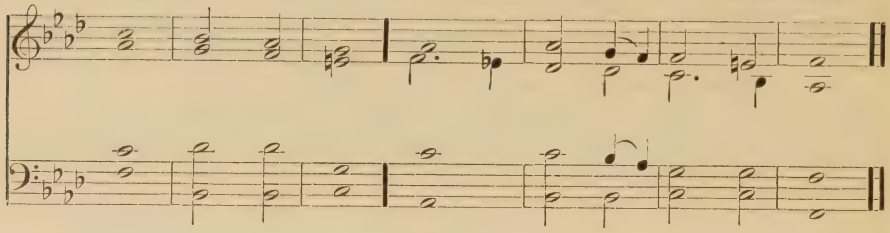
728 GLORIA PATRI

Henry W. Greatorex, 1851

1. Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be-ginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A - men! A - men.

729 CHRIST OUR PASSOVER

Sir Joseph Barnby



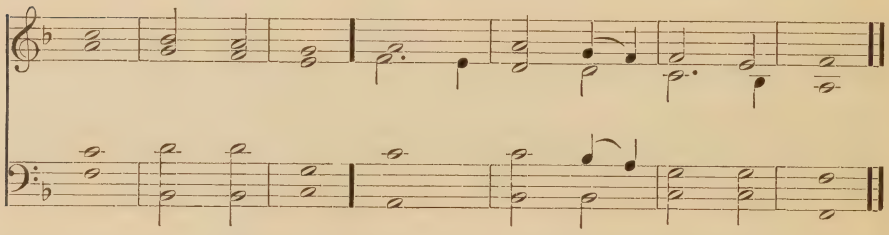
1 CHRIST our Passover is *sac*ri | ficed | for us ‖ *there*fore | let us | keep the | feast,

2 Not with old leaven, neither with the *leav*en of | malice · and | wickedness ‖ but with the unleavened *bread* of sin | ceri | ty and | truth.

3 Christ being raised from the *dead* | dieth · no | more ‖ death hath no *more* do | minion | over | Him.

4 For in that He died, He *die*d unto | sin · = | once ‖ but in that He *liv*eth He | liveth | unto | God.

5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead in*deed* | unto | sin ‖ but alive unto *God* through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord.



6 Now is Christ *ris*en | from the | dead ‖ and become the *first* | fruits of | them that | slept.

7 For *since* by | man came | death ‖ by man came also the *res*ur | rection | of the | dead.

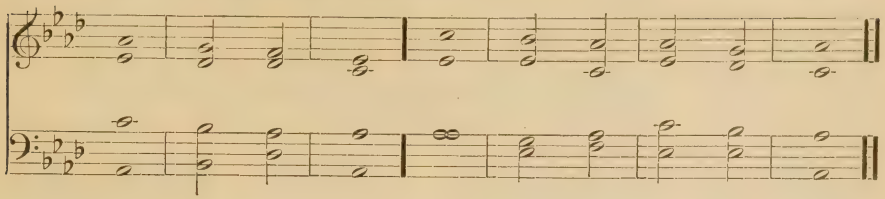
8 For as in *A*dam | all · = | die ‖ even so in *Christ* shall | all be | made a | live.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be ‖ *world* without | end · = | A · = | men.

730 AT THE BAPTISM OF INFANTS

Hart



Before the Administration

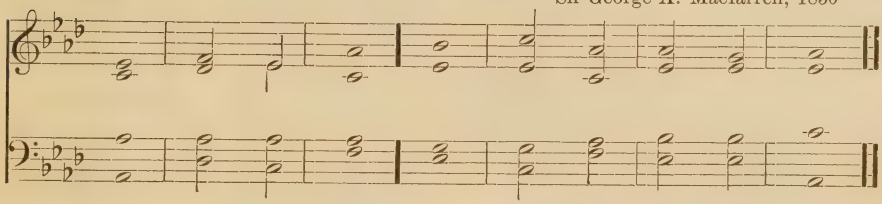
1 THE mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to ever*last*ing upon | them that | fear Him ‖ and His *right*eousness | unto | children's | children.

2 To *such* as | keep His | covenant ‖ and to those that remember *His* com | mand — | ments to | do them.

3 He shall feed his *flock* | like a | shepherd ‖ He shall gather the lambs with His *arm* and | carry · them | in His | bosom.

4 Suffer little children to come unto *Me* and for | bid them | not ‖ *for* of | such · is the | kingdom · of | heaven.

Sir George A. Macfarren, 1850



After the Administration

5 Then will I *sprin*kle clean | water · up | on you ‖ *and* | ye shall | be — | clean:

6 A new heart *al*so | will I | give you ‖ and a new *spir*it | will I | put with | in you,

7 And I will take away the stony *heart* | out of · your | flesh ‖ and *I* will | give · you a | heart of | flesh.

8 I will pour my *Spir*it up | on thy | seed ‖ *and* My | blessing · up | on thine | offspring:

9 And they shall spring *up* as a | mong the | grass ‖ as *wil*lows | by the | water | courses.

10 For the promise is unto *you* and | to your | children ‖ and to all that are afar off, even as *many* as the | Lord our | God shall | call.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be ‖ *world* without end — | A- — | men.

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